Serfojee Rajah

THE FARMER

A

Comic Opera

Performed with great applause at the

Theatre Royal Covent Garden

Selected & Composed by

Wm. SHIELD

The Words by J. O'Keefe Esqr.

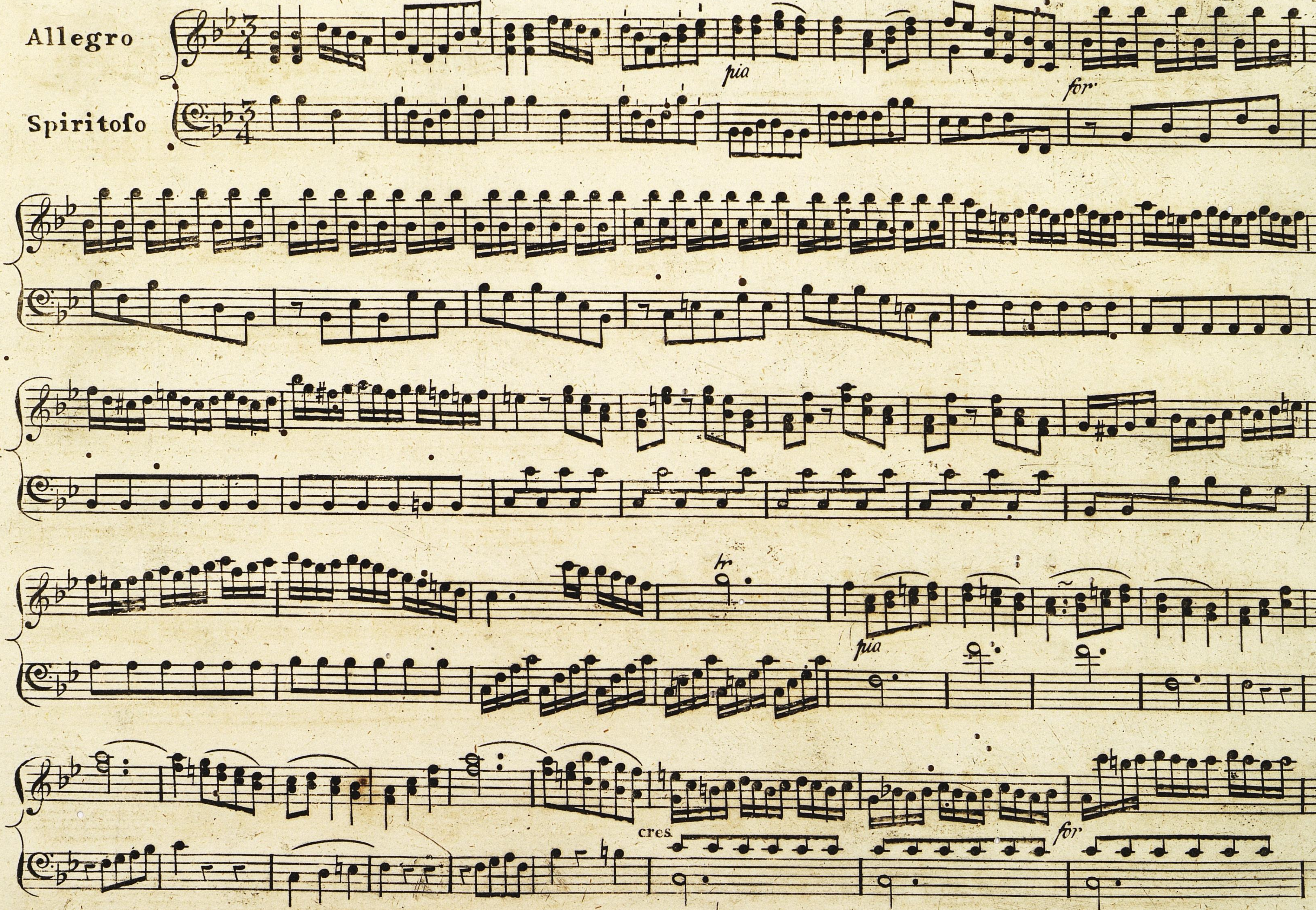
Entered at Stationer's Hall.

London, Printed by Muzio Clementi & Co. 26 Cheapside.

Musical Instruments in general manufactured and Sold wholesale and retail. Finger and Barrel Organs, Harps, Harpsichords, Piano Fortes &c. lent out, conveyed, and tuned, in Town & Country on the shortest notice; and, if Purchased, Payment made within eight months, the Hire will be abated.

OVERTURE Farmer.

Price 1s



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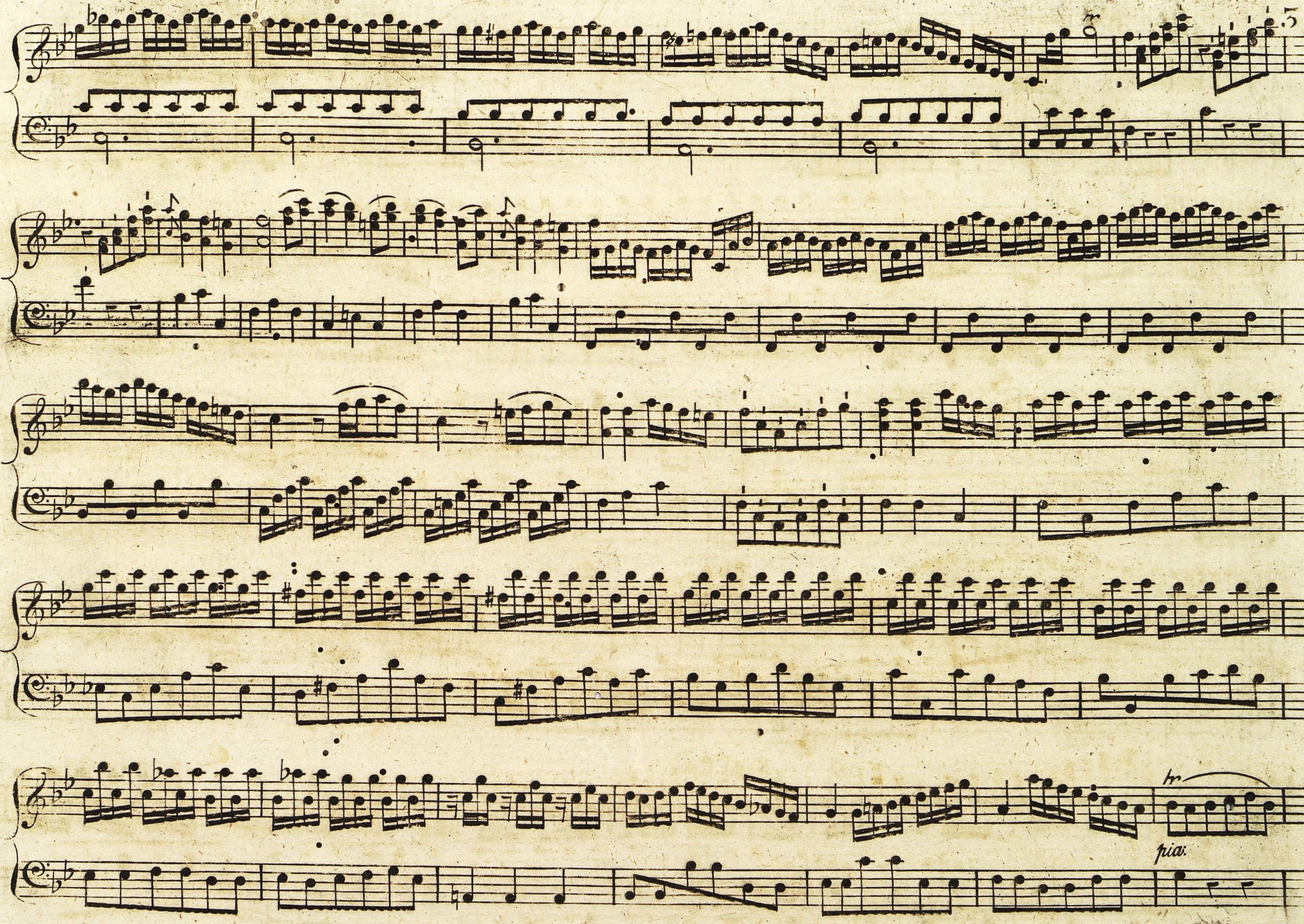
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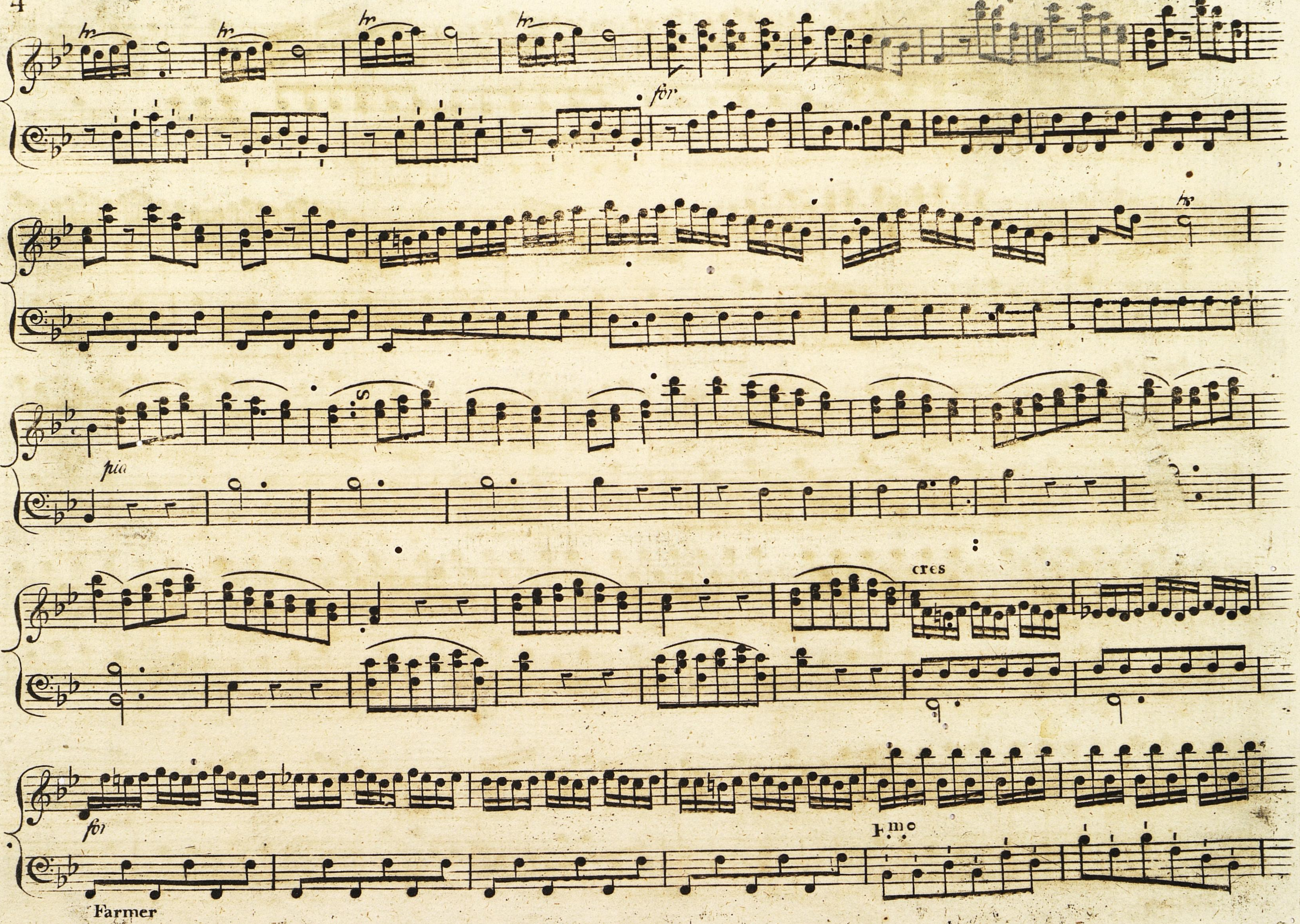
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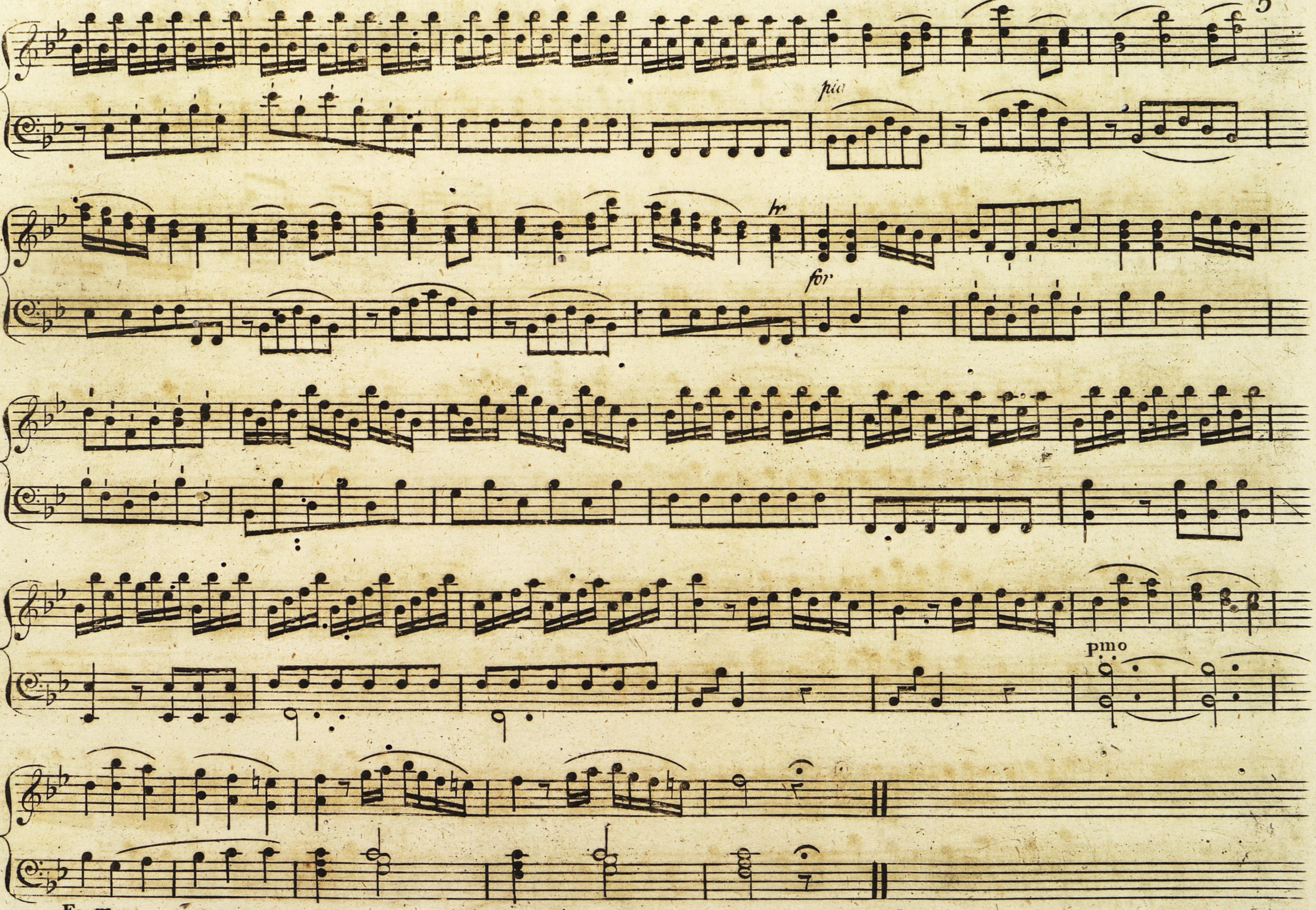
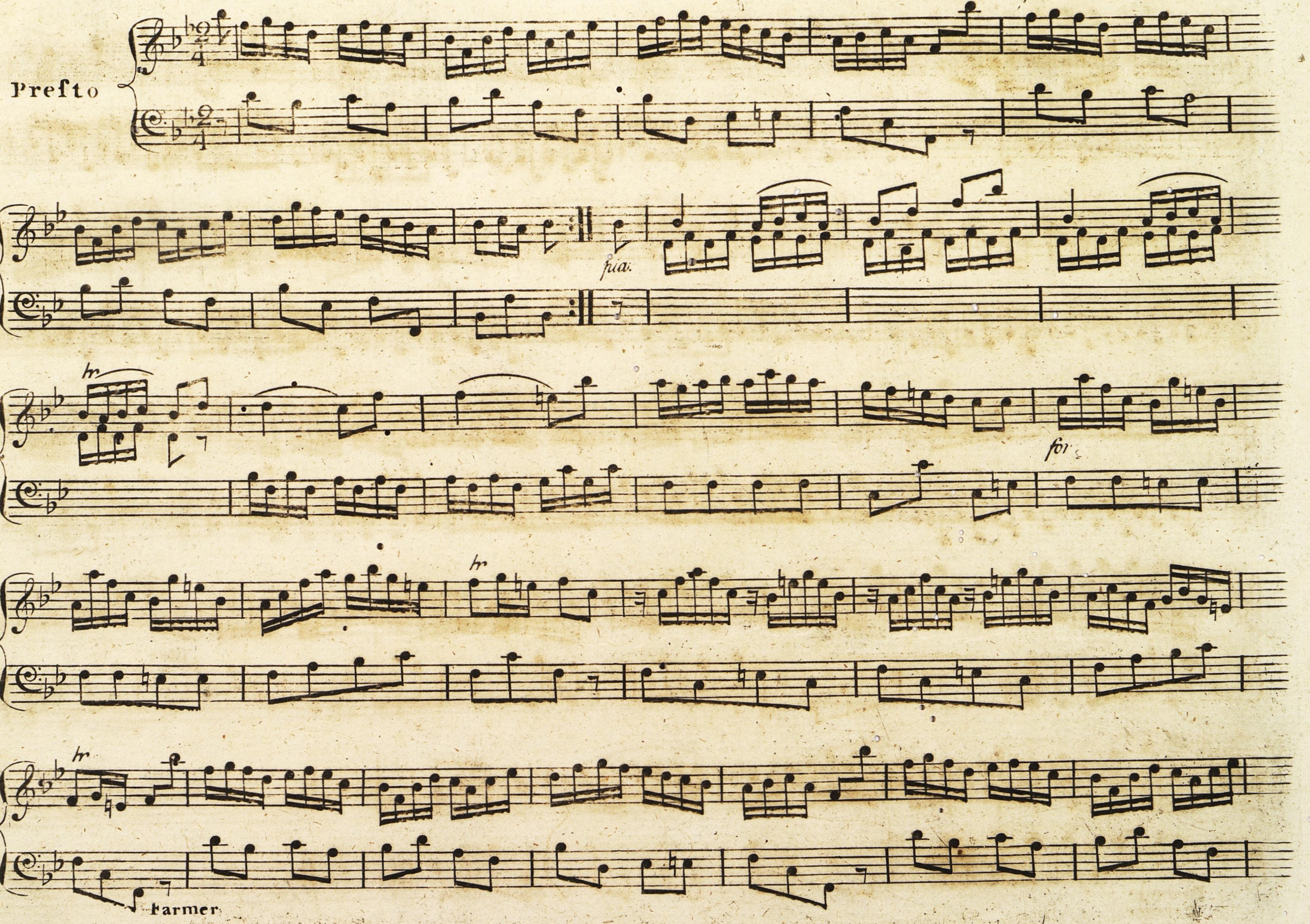


Farmer

V.S.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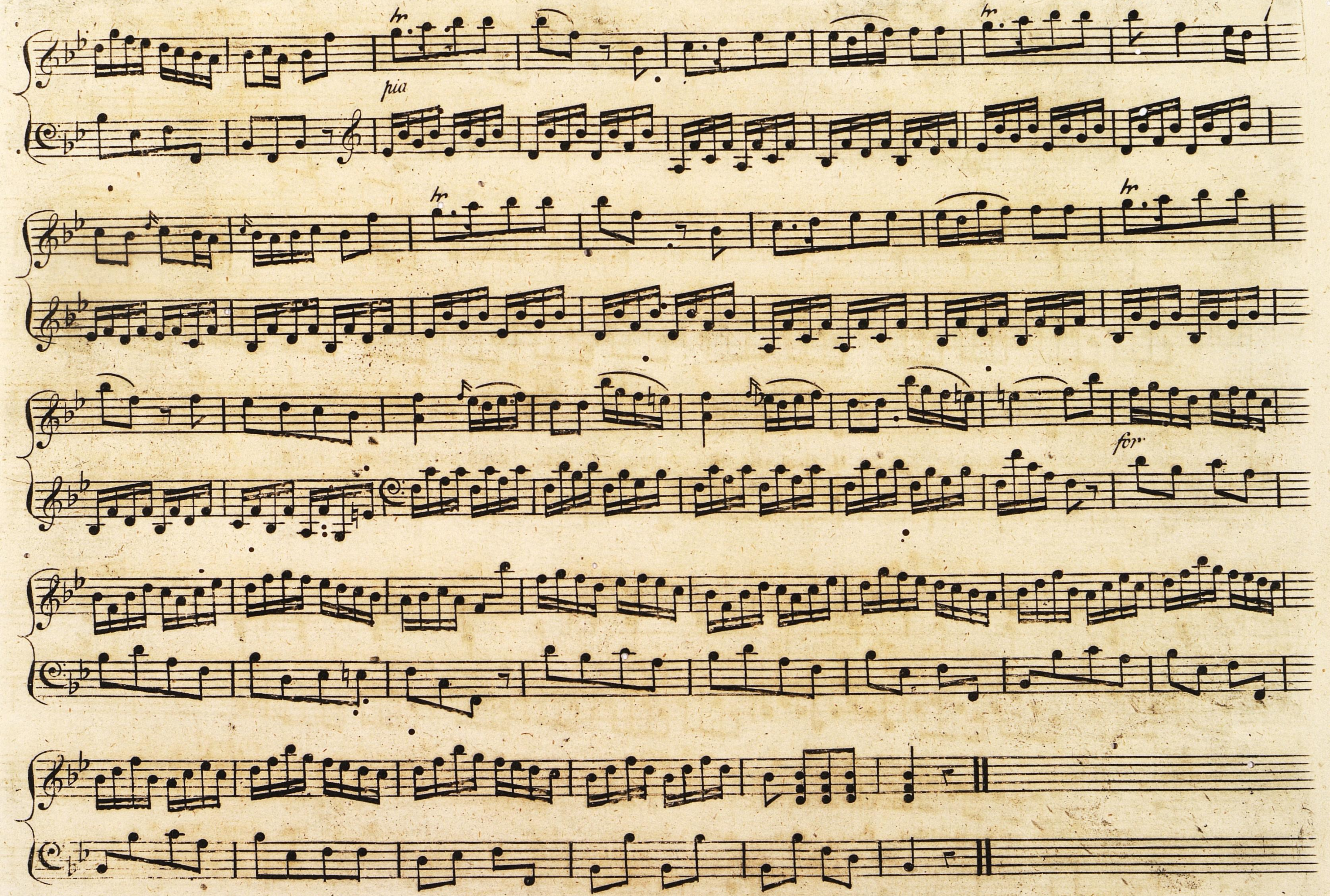
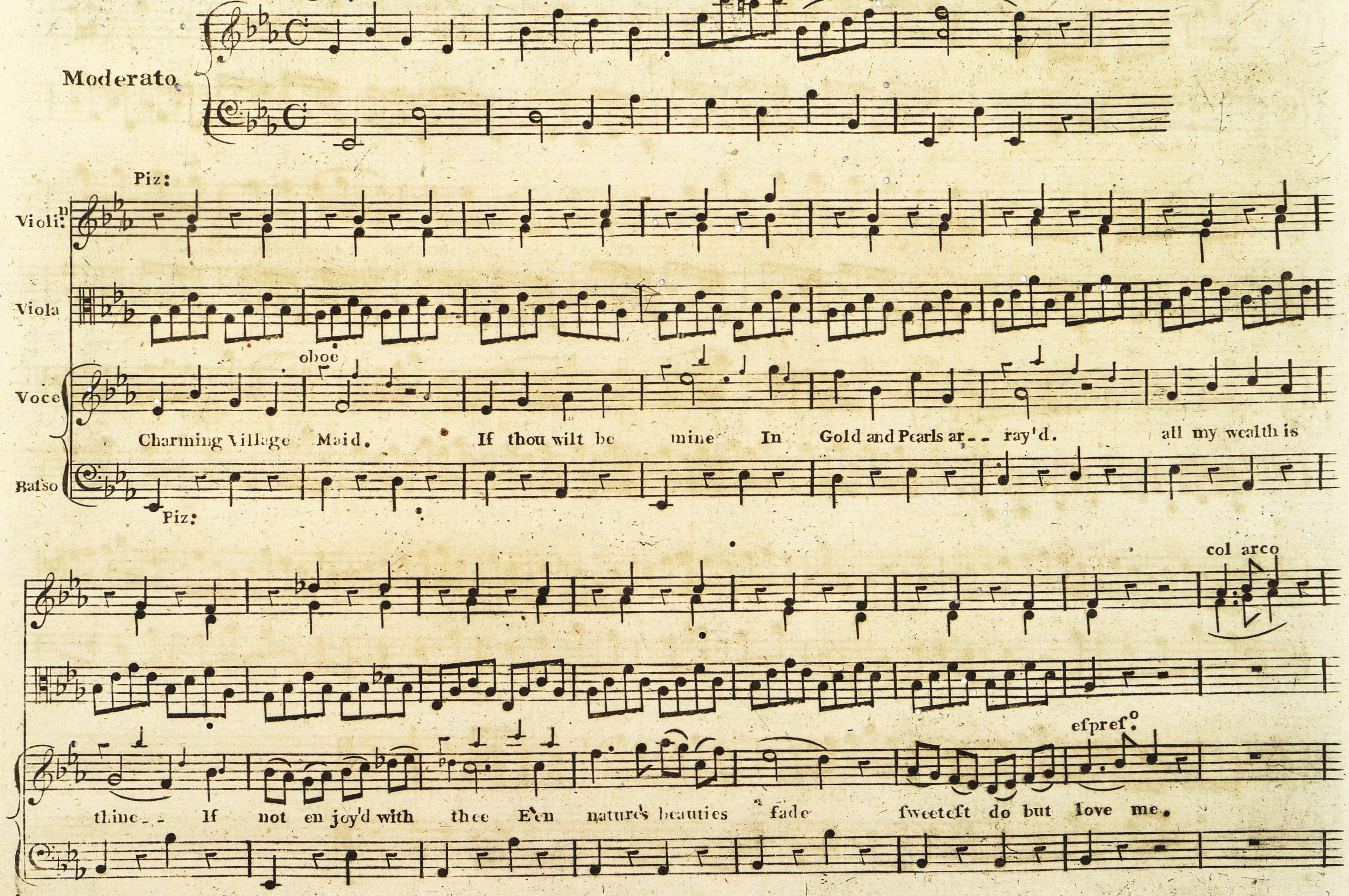
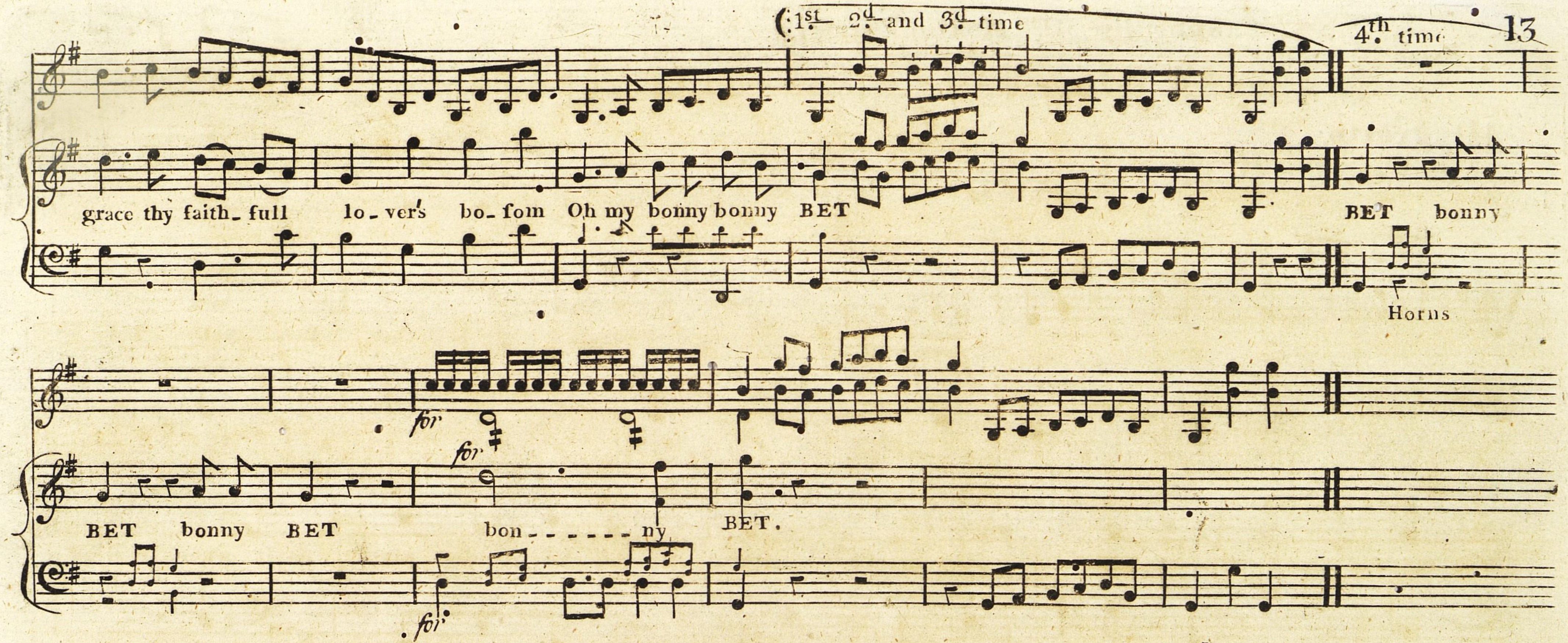


Farmer

Sung by Mr. Johnstone.





2.

Yet aſk me where thoſe beauties lie,
I cannot ſay in ſmile or dimple;
In blooming cheek or radiant eye,
'Tis happy nature wild and ſimple.
Oh, my bonny BET &c.

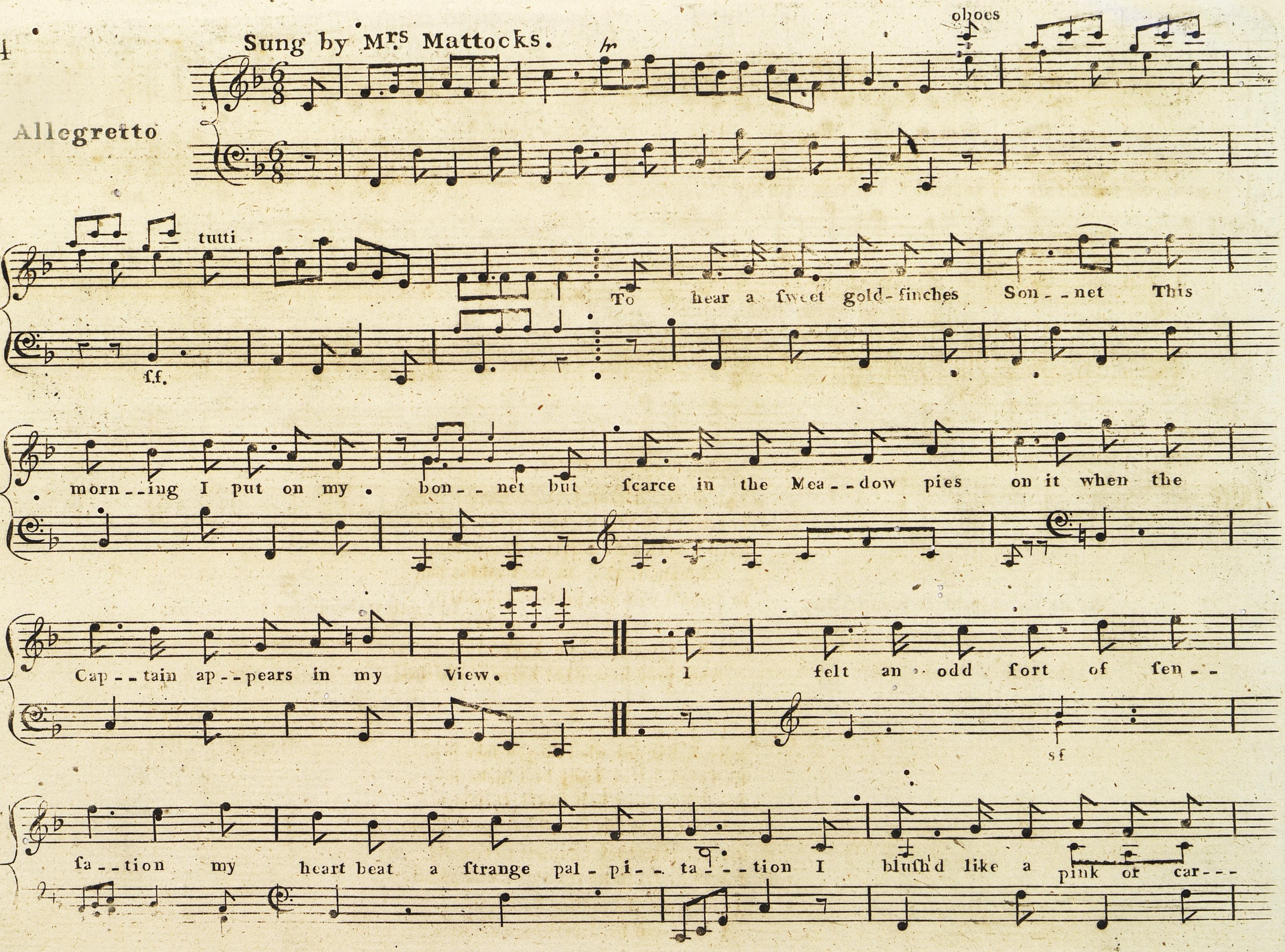
3

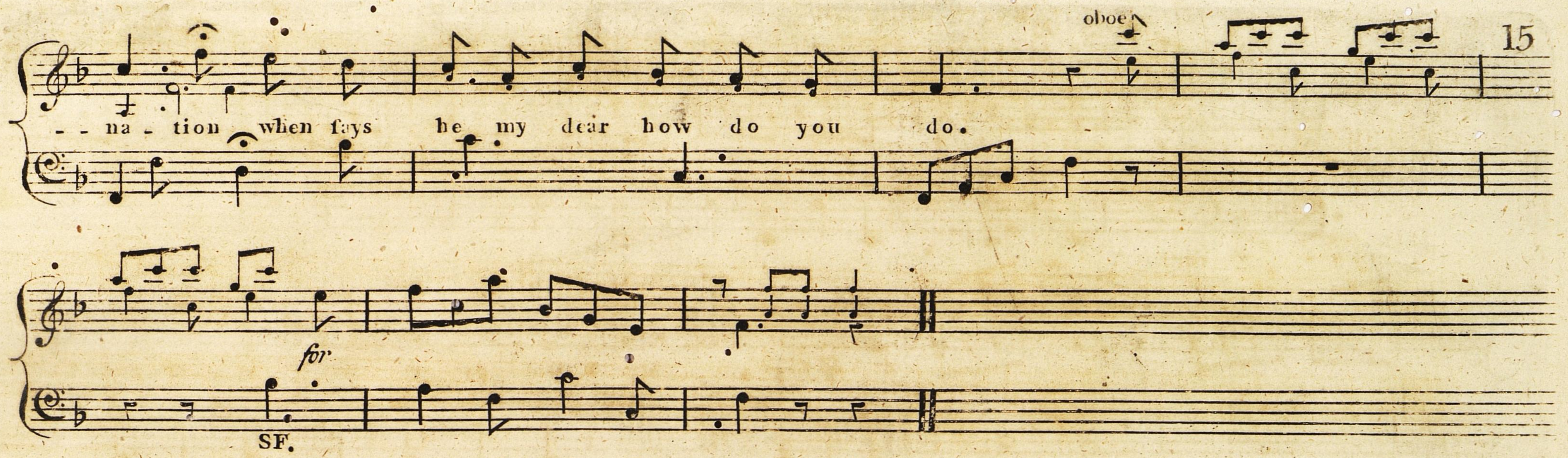
Let dainty beaux for ladies pine,
And ſigh in numbers trite and common;
Ye Gods! one darling wiſh be mine,
And all I aſk is lovely Woman.
O my bonny BET &c.

4

Come, deareſt girl, the roſy bowl,
Like thy bright eye with pleaſure da
My heaven art thou, ſo take my ſoul
With rapture ev'ry ſenſe entrancing

Sung by Mrs Mattocks.





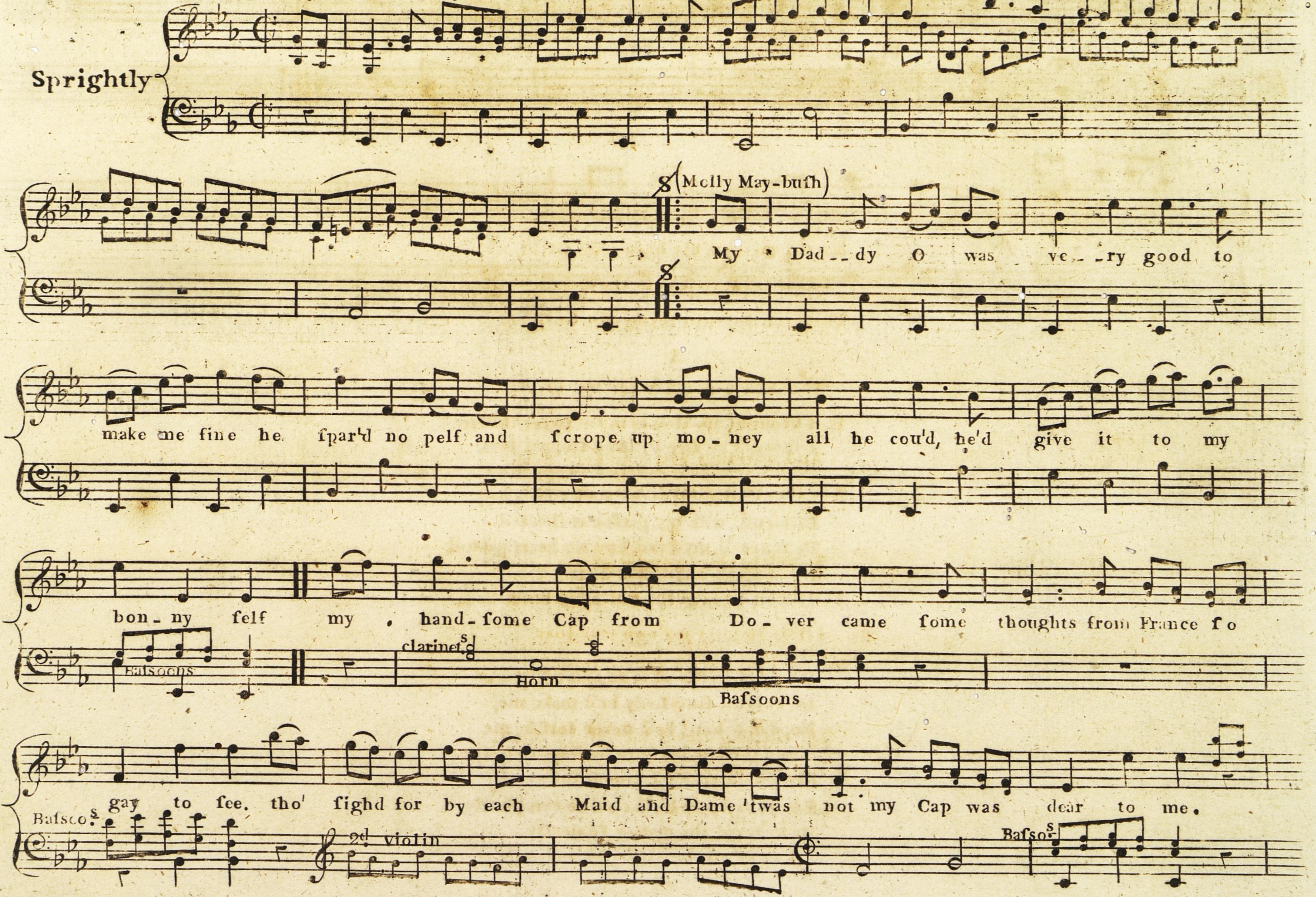
2

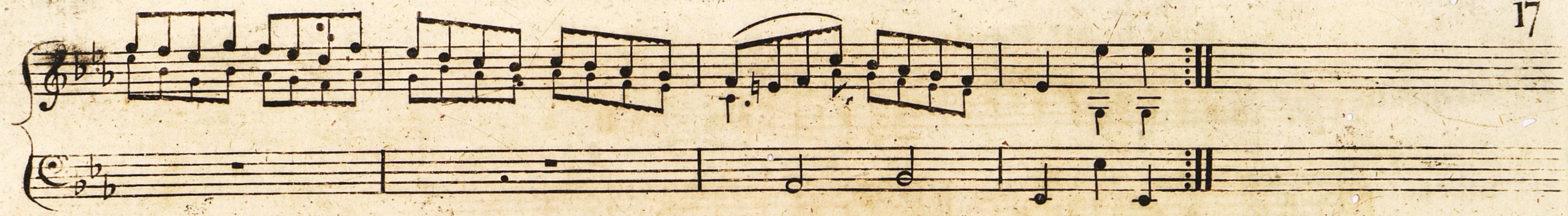
The dickins, thinks I, here has popp'd him,
I thought to ſlip by, but I ſtopp'd him,
So my very beſt curtſy I dropt him;
With an air then he took off his hat;
He ſeem'd with my perſon enchanted
He ſqueez'd my hand, how my heart panted!
He aſk'd for a kiſs, and I granted,
And, pray now, what harm was in that.

3

Says I, Sir, for what do you take me.
He ſwore a fine Lady he'd make me,
No, damn him! he'd never forſake me,
And then on his knee he flopp'd down;
His handkerchief, la! ſmelt ſo ſweetly,
His white teeth he ſhew'd ſo compleatly,
He manag'd the matter ſo neatly
I ne'er can be kiſs'd by a clown.

Sung by Mrs. Martyr.





2

Blythe Johnny O, upon his mare,
Adown the dell his horn rang ſweet,
To me preſented puſs the hare,
That o'er the wild thyme ran ſo fleet.

3

Tho' Ned a noſegay for my breaſt
Had brought, no flower more ſweet than he,
And warbling Will a linnet's neſt,
Nor flow'rs nor birds were dear to me.

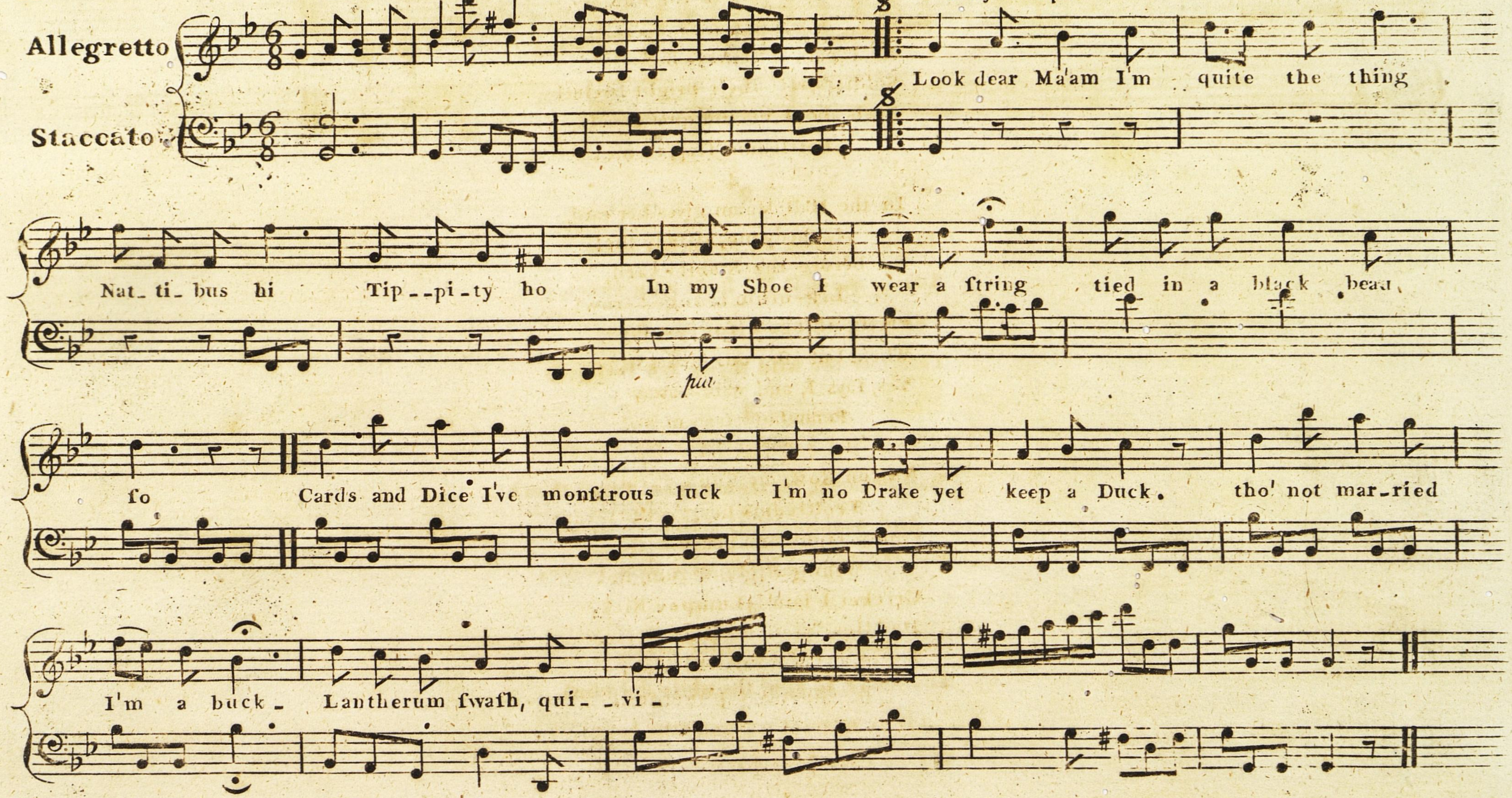
4

So ſoftly oh! to yonder grove,
The moon ſo kind the while did blink,
I ſtole to meet my own true love,
Yet on falſe love I fell to think.

5

The ruſtling leaves increaſe my fears
A footſtep falls, who can it be.
Oh joy! my Jemmy now appears
And he alone was dear to me.

Sung by Mr. Edwin.



2

I've a purſe well ſtock'd with—braſs
Chinkity hey! tinkity ho!
I've good eyes, but cock my glaſs,
Stare about, ſquintum ho!

In two boots I boldly—walk
Piſtol, ſword, I neve baul'
Meet my man, and bravely—talk,
Pippity pop, coupee.

3

Sometimes mount a ſmart cockade,
Puppydum hey, ſtruttledum, ho!
From Hyde-park to the Parade,
Cocky my cary kee.
As I paſs a ſentry-box,
Soldiers reſt their bright firelocks
Each about his muſquet knocks,
Rattledum ſlap, to me!

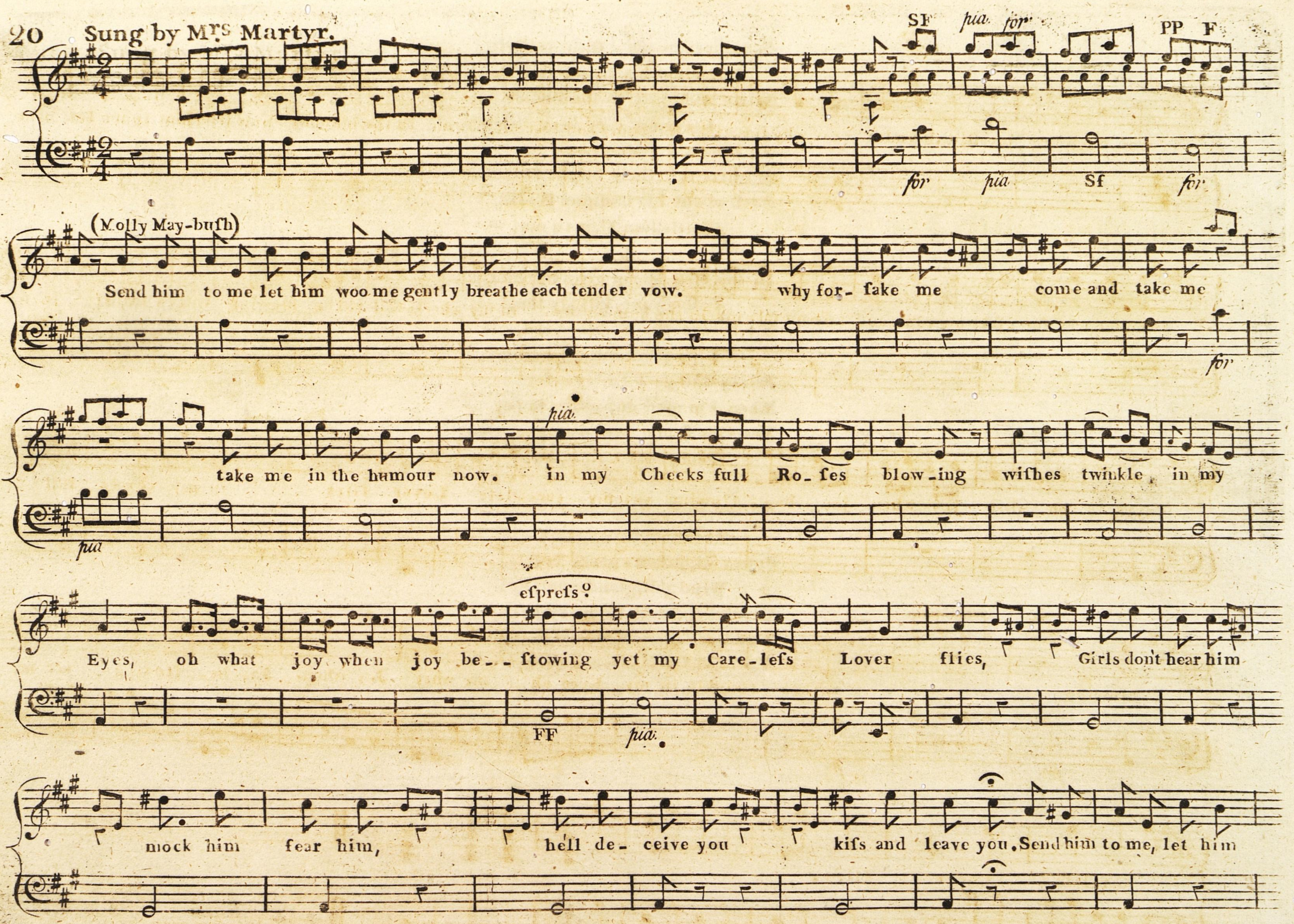
4

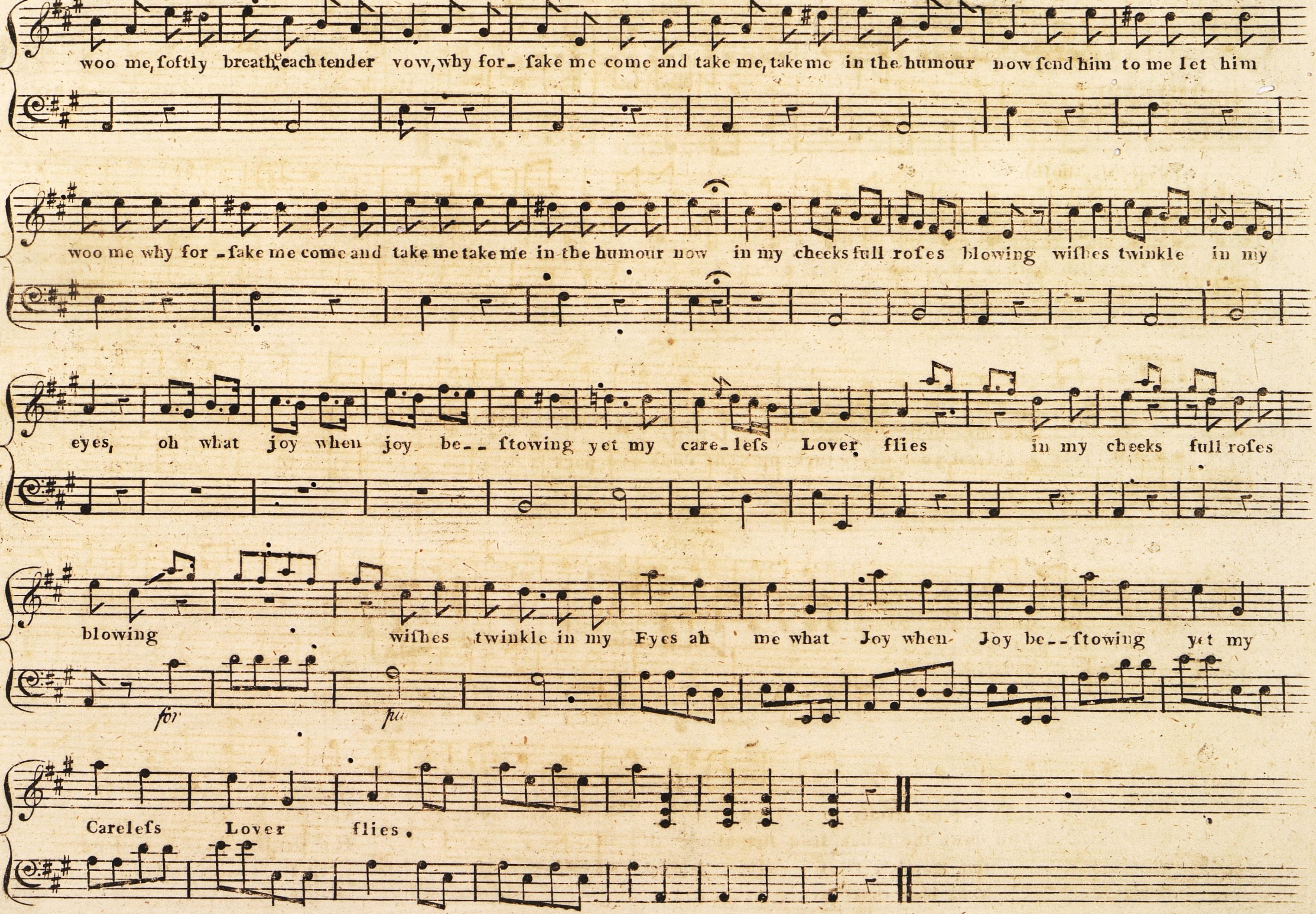
In the Mall, Ma'am gives her card,
Caſhedy me, kiſſady ſhe!
Sit before the Stable-yard,
Leg-orum lounge a-row!
Pretty things I ſoftly—ſay
When I'm aſk'd our chairs to pay,
Yes, ſays I, and walk—away
Pennybuſs tartum, ho!

5

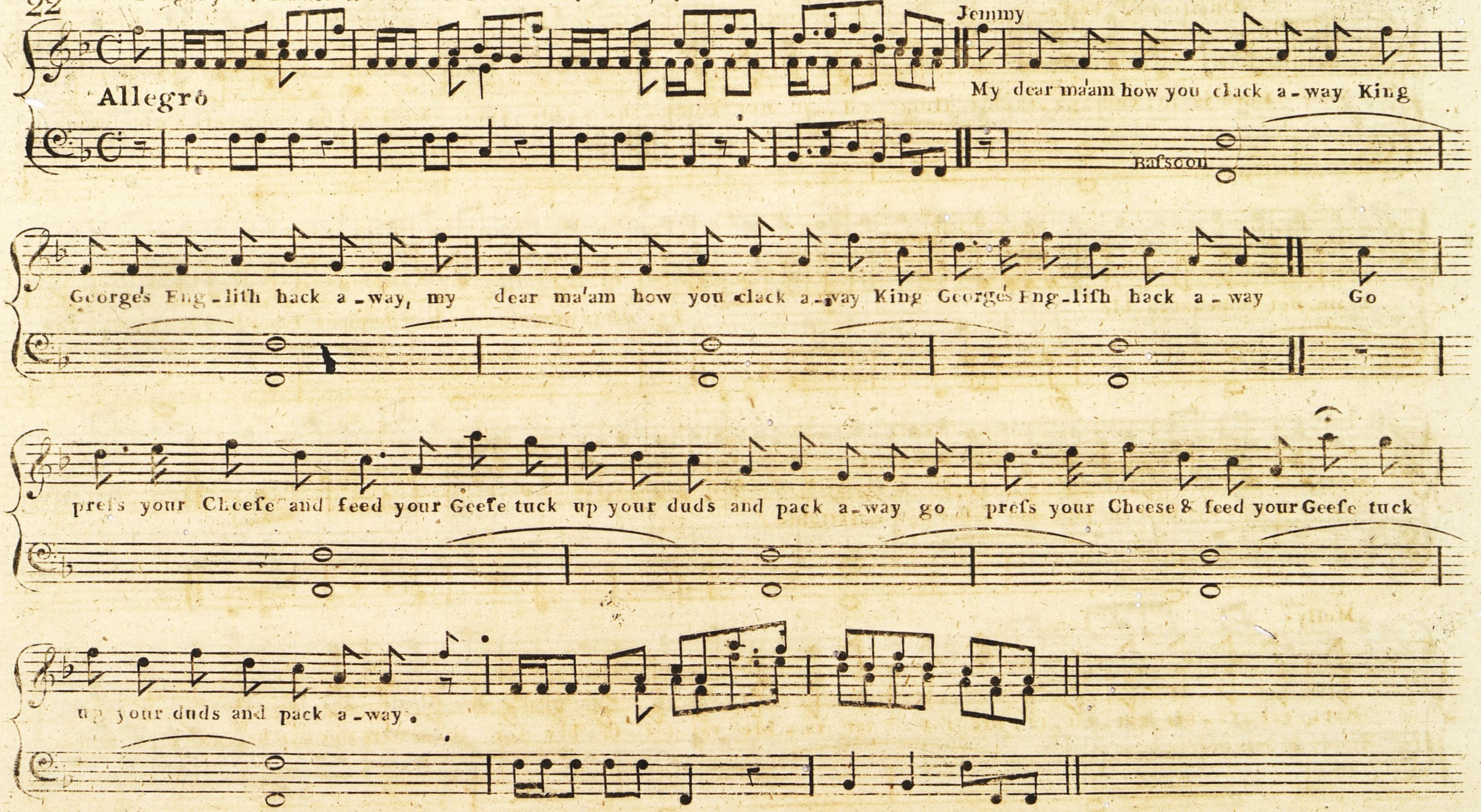
Rotten Row, my Sunday-ride,
Trottledum hey, tumble off ho
Poney eighteen-pence a-ſide,
Windgall, glanderum, ho!
Cricket, I fain'd Lumpey Nick,
Daddles, ſmouch Mendoza lick:
Up to, ah! I'm juſt the kick,
Allemande cap'rum toe!

Sung by Mrs Martyr.




woo me, ſoftly breath each tender vow, why for - ſake me come and take me, take me in the humour now ſend him to me let him
woo me why for - ſake me come and take me take me in the humour now in my cheeks full roſes blowing wiſhes twinkle in my
eyes, oh what joy when joy be - - ſtowing yet my care - leſs Lover flies in my cheeks full roſes
blowing wiſhes twinkle in my Eyes ah me what Joy when Joy be - - ſtowing yet my
for
Careleſs Lover flies.

Sung by Mr. Edwin Mr. Blanchard and Mrs. Martyr.

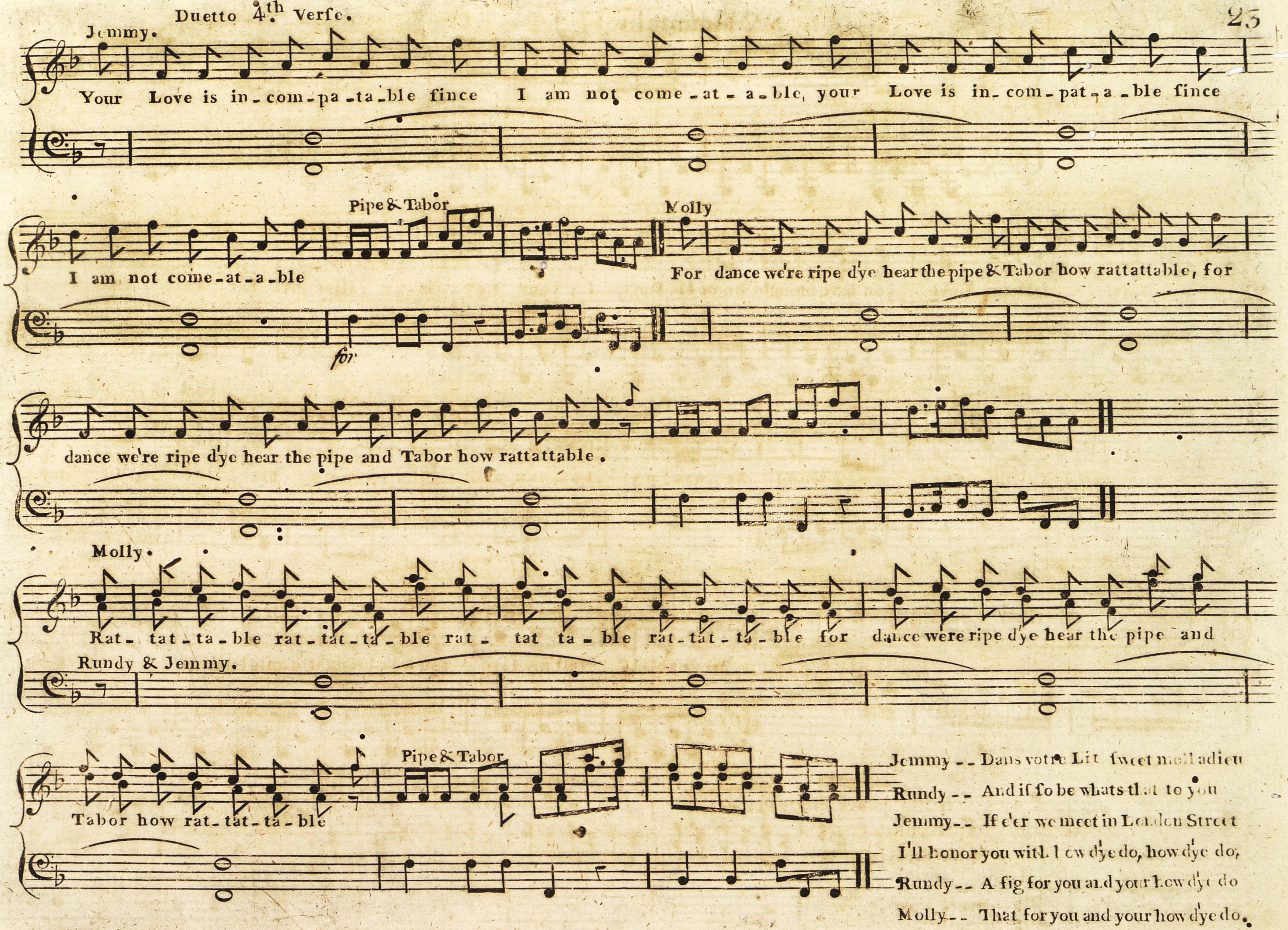


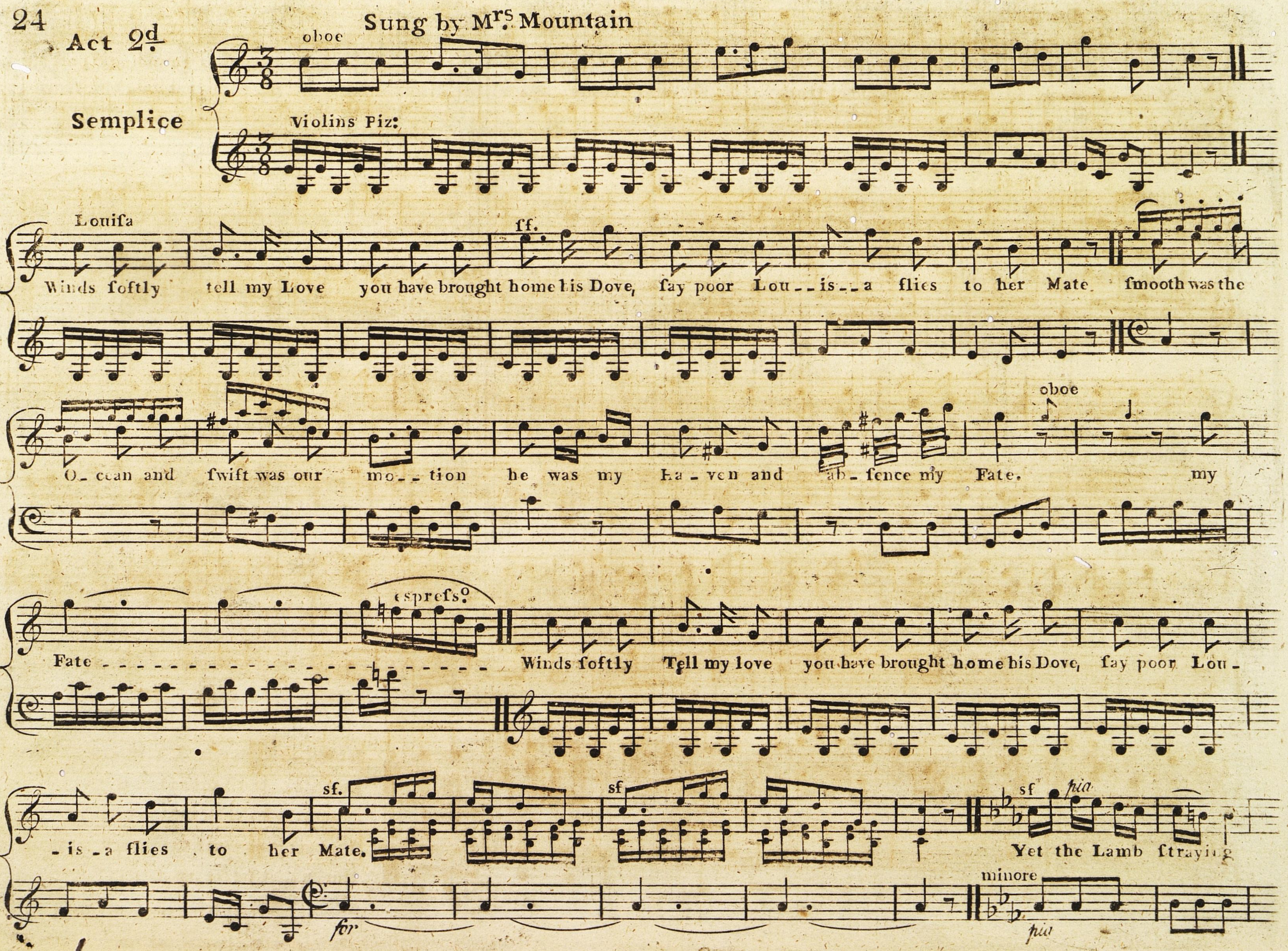
2

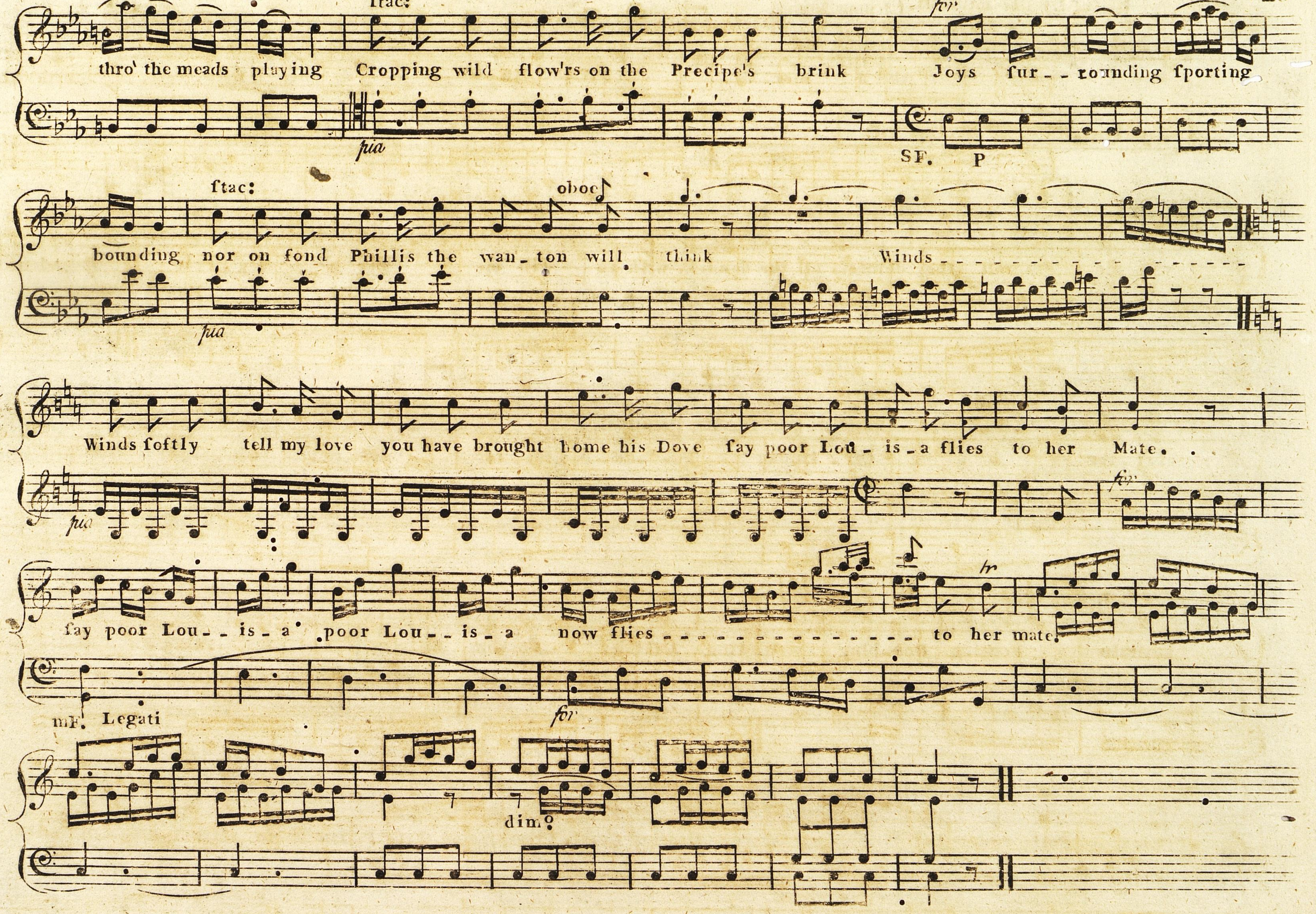
Molly........ Go hop my pretty Pet along
Rund...... And down the dance lead Bet along
Molly......... But Rundy's ftick
Rund......... Your back fhall lick
Molly..... You faucy Monkey get along.

3

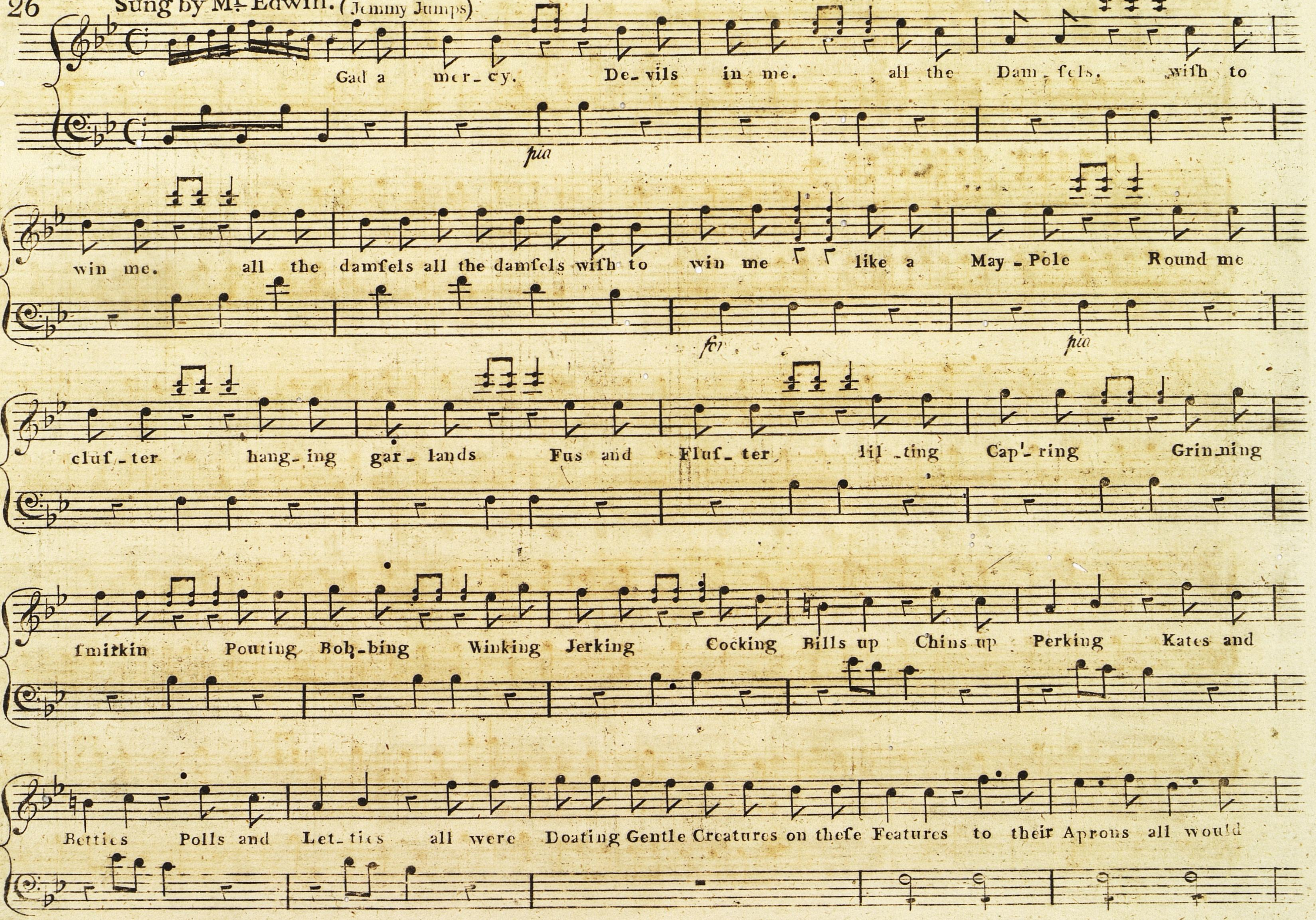
Jemmy........ Machere-Ami tout autre chofe
Tho' Gentleman of Bully knows-
Lord nothing yet
Before my Bet
I'd kick a Shin or pull a Nofe.

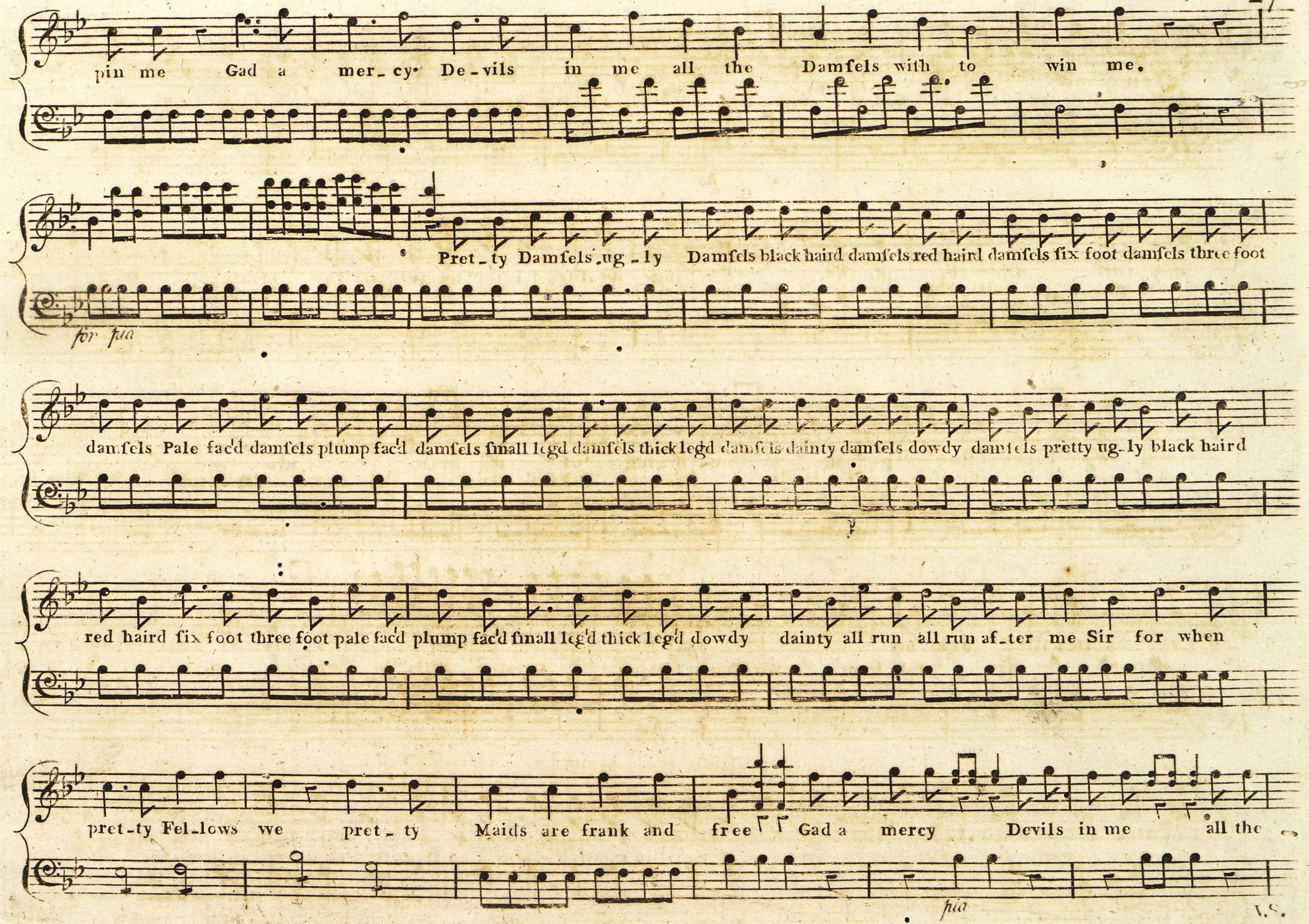

Duetto 4th Verfe.
Jemmy.
Your Love is in-com-pa-ta-ble fince I am not come-at-a-ble, your Love is in-com-pat-a-ble fince
I am not come-at-a-ble
Pipe & Tabor
Molly
For dance we're ripe d'ye hear the pipe & Tabor how rattattable, for
for
dance we're ripe d'ye hear the pipe and Tabor how rattattable.
Molly.
Rat-tat-ta-ble rat-tat-ta-ble rat-tat ta-ble rat-tat-ta-ble for dance were ripe d'ye hear the pipe and
Rundy & Jemmy.
Tabor how rat-tat-ta-ble
Pipe & Tabor
Jemmy -- Dans votre Lit fweet moll adieu
Rundy -- And if fo be whats that to you
Jemmy -- If e'er we meet in London Street
I'll honor you with how d'ye do, how d'ye do,
Rundy -- A fig for you and your how d'ye do
Molly -- That for you and your how d'ye do.

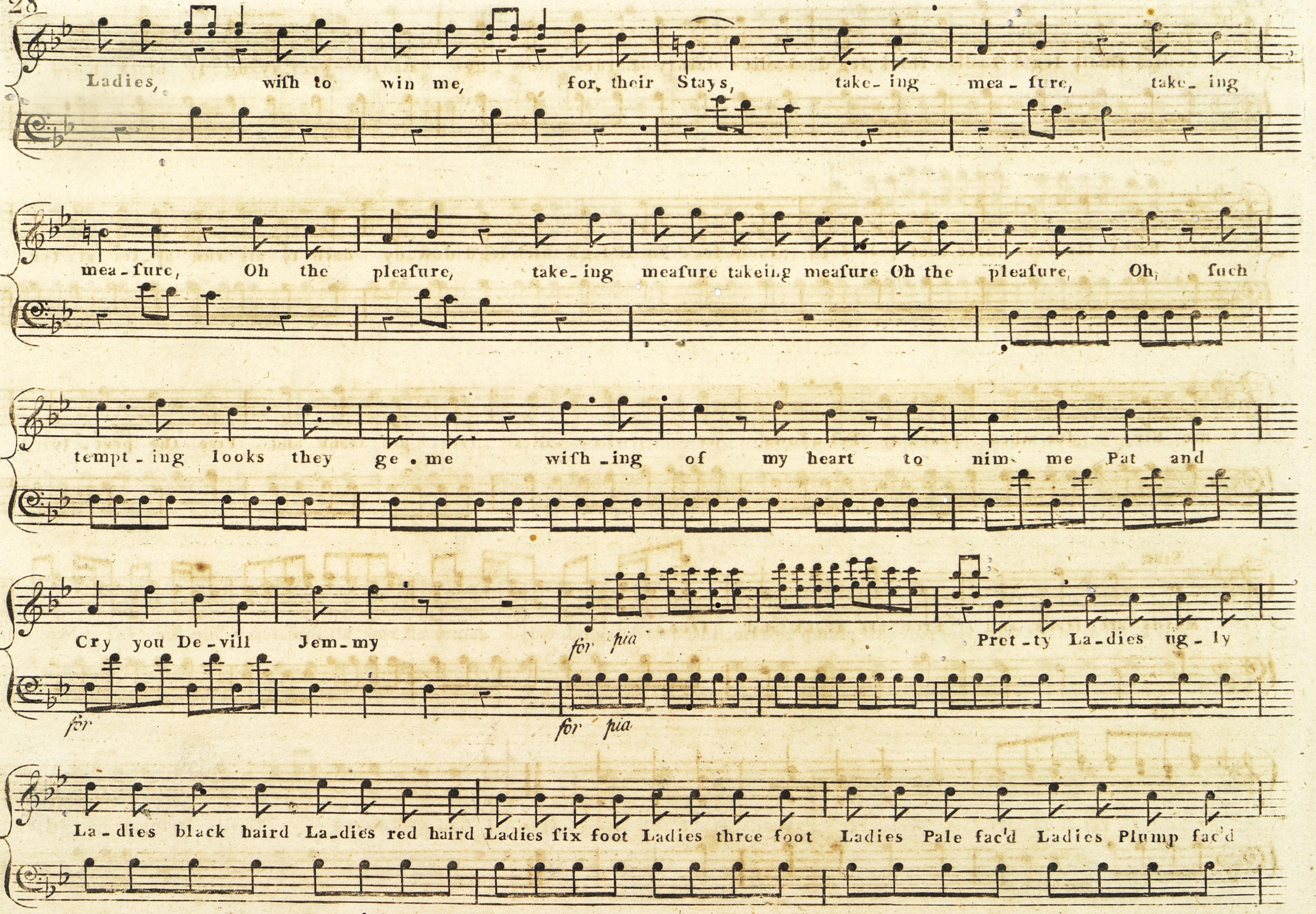

Act 2d.
Sung by Mrs. Mountain
Semplice
oboe
Violins Piz:
Louisa
ff.
Winds softly tell my Love you have brought home his Dove, say poor Lou--is--a flies to her Mate smooth was the
O-cean and swift was our mo--tion he was my Ha-ven and ab-sence my Fate. my
oboe
Fate
esprefso
Winds softly Tell my love you have brought home his Dove, say poor Lou-
-is-a flies to her Mate.
sf.
sf
sf
pia
Yet the Lamb straying
minore
for
piu

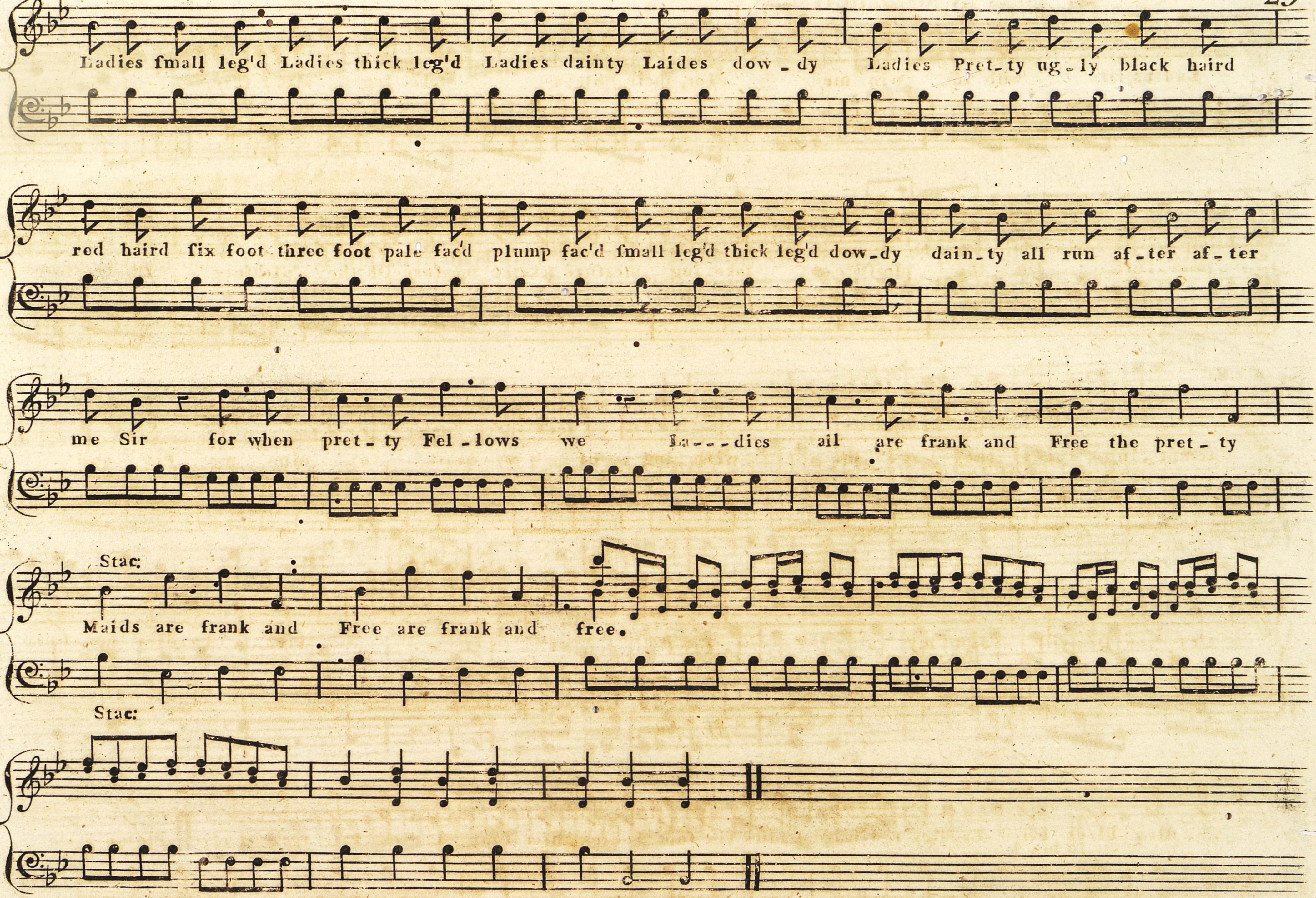

ftac:
for
thro' the meads playing Cropping wild flow'rs on the Precipe's brink Joys fur__rounding fporting
pia
SF. P
ftac:
oboe
bounding nor on fond Phillis the wan_ton will think Winds
pia
Winds foftly tell my love you have brought home his Dove fay poor Lou_is_a flies to her Mate.
pia
for
fay poor Lou__is_a poor Lou__is_a now flies to her mate
tr
mF. Legati
for
dim.

Sung by Mr. Edwin. (Jemmy Jumps)

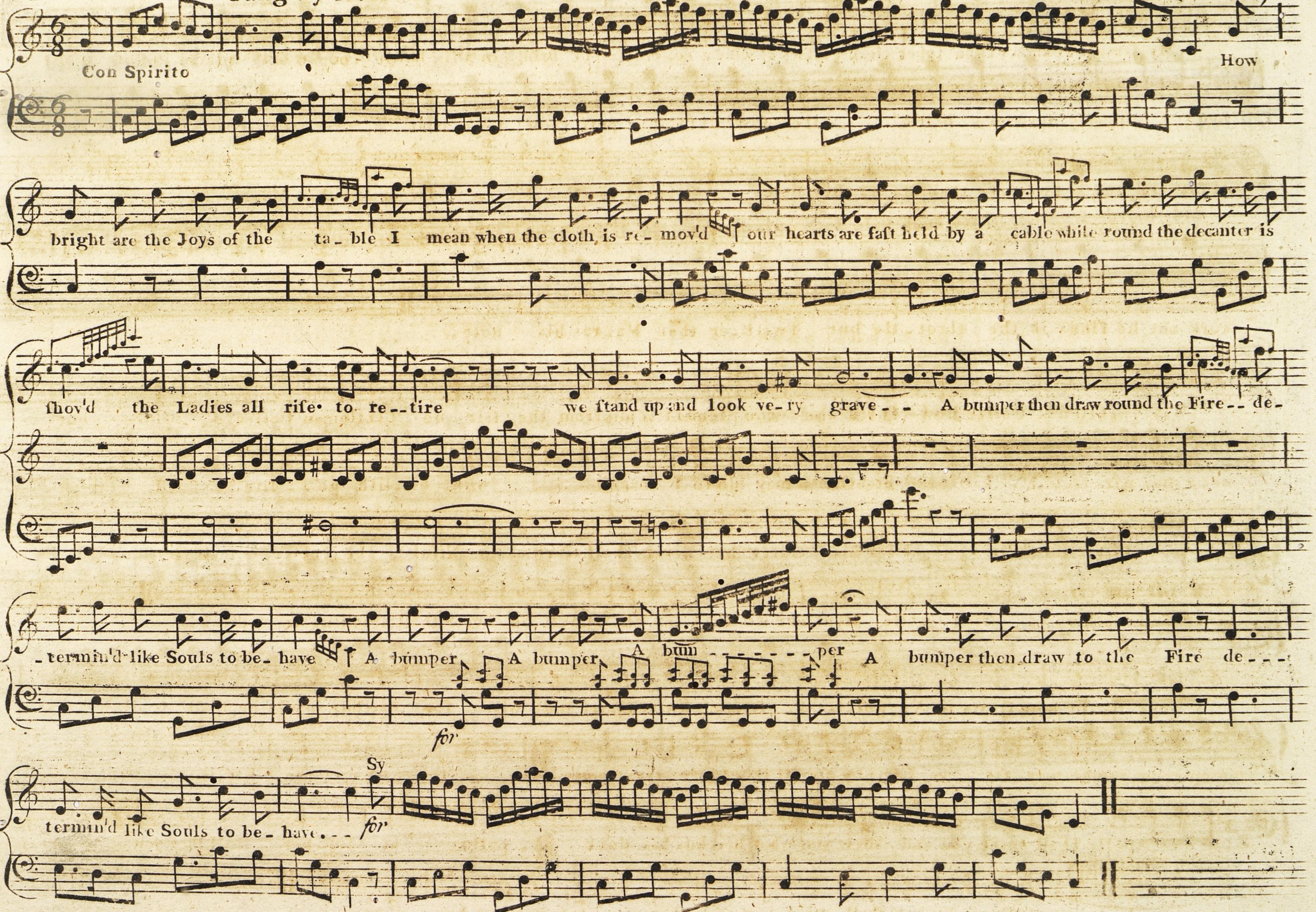


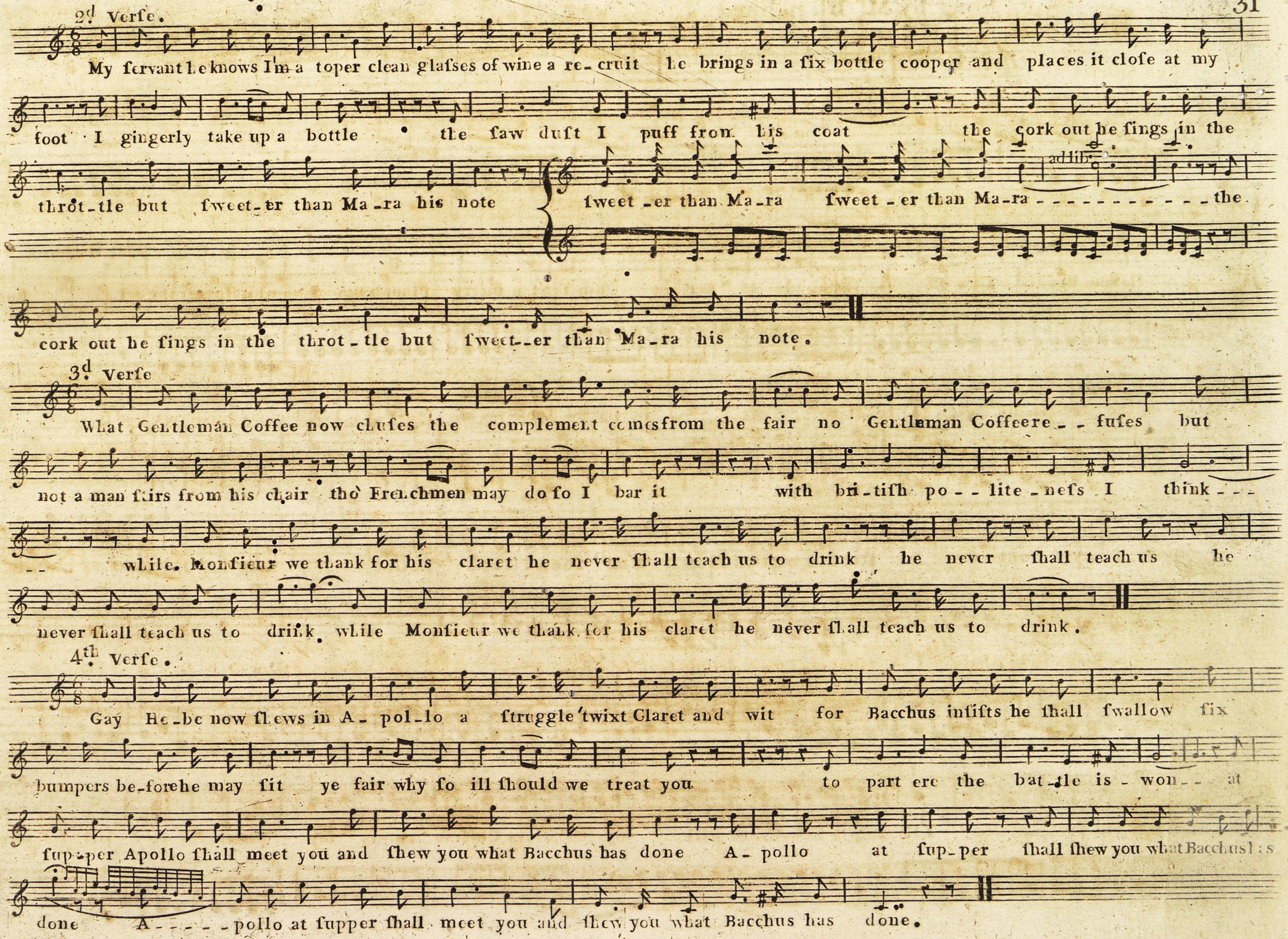

pin me Gad a mer_cy Devils in me all the Damſels with to win me.
for pia
Pret_ty Damſels ug_ly Damſels black haird damſels red haird damſels ſix foot damſels three foot
damſels Pale fac'd damſels plump fac'd damſels ſmall legd damſels thick legd damſels dainty damſels dowdy damſels pretty ug_ly black haird
red haird ſix foot three foot pale fac'd plump fac'd ſmall leg'd thick leg'd dowdy dainty all run all run af_ter me Sir for when
pret_ty Fel_lows we pret_ty Maids are frank and free Gad a mercy Devils in me all the
pia
V.S.


Ladies, wish to win me, for their Stays, take-ing mea-fure, take-ing
mea-fure, Oh the pleafure, take-ing meafure takeing meafure Oh the pleafure, Oh, fuch
tempt-ing looks they ge-me wish-ing of my heart to nim-me Pat and
Cry you De-vill Jem-my
for pia
Pret-ty La-dies ug-ly
for
for pia
La-dies black haird La-dies red haird Ladies fix foot Ladies three foot Ladies Pale fac'd Ladies Plump fac'd

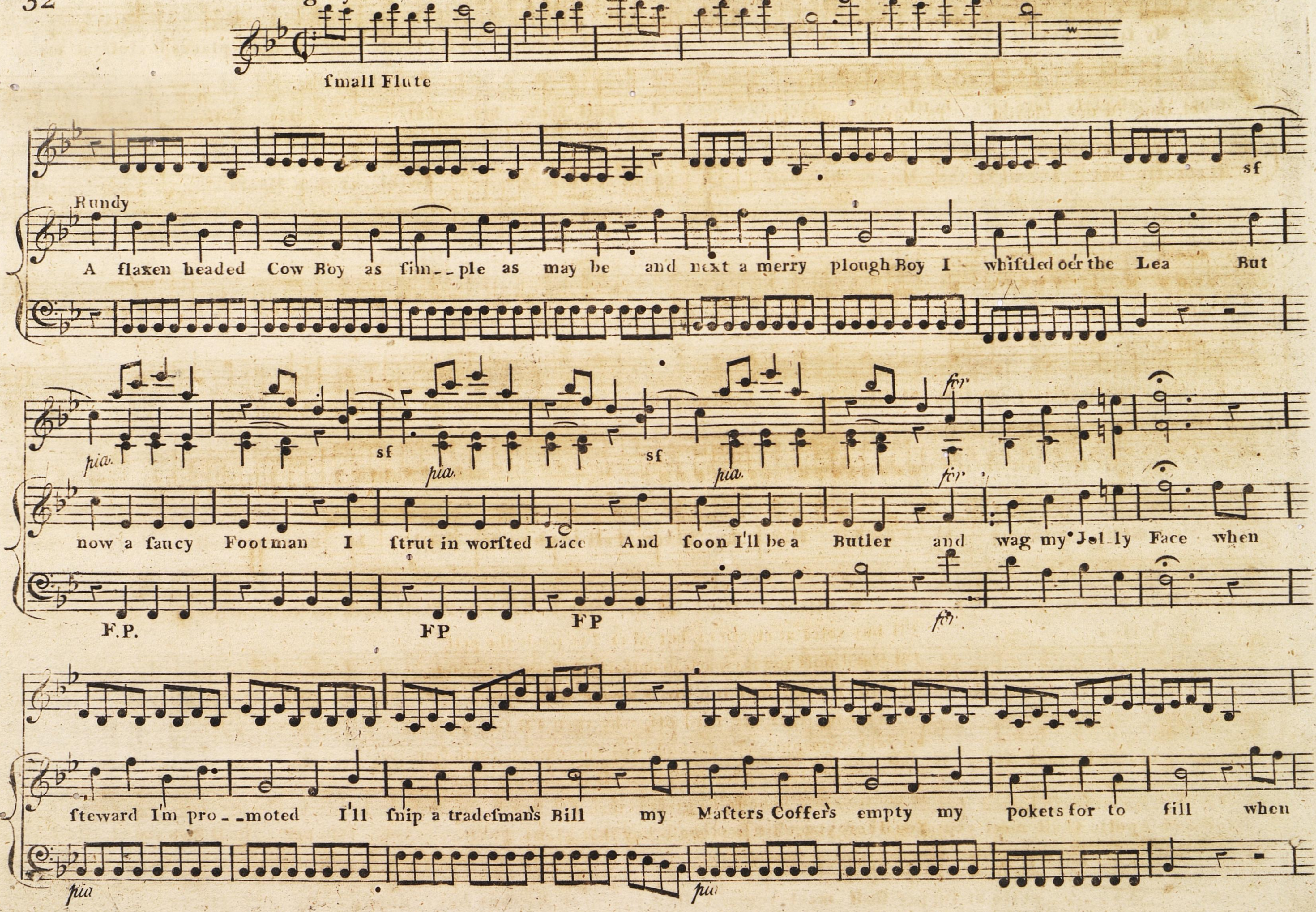

Ladies fmall leg'd Ladies thick leg'd Ladies dainty Laides dow_dy Ladies Pret_ty ug_ly black haird
red haird fix foot three foot pale fac'd plump fac'd fmall leg'd thick leg'd dow_dy dain_ty all run af_ter af_ter
me Sir for when pret_ty Fel_lows we La_ _ _dies ail are frank and Free the pret_ty
Stac:
Maids are frank and Free are frank and free.
Stac:

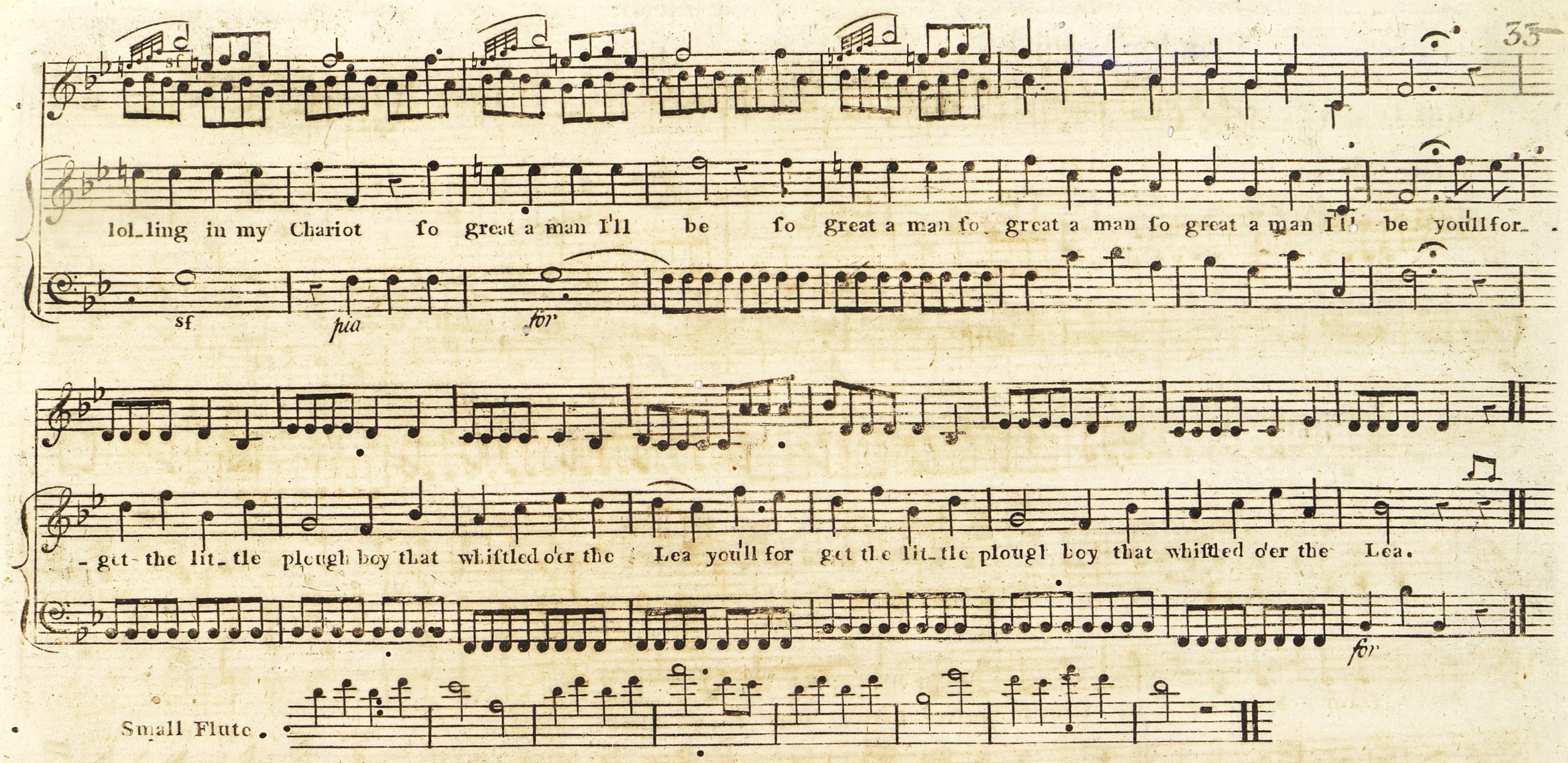
Sung by Mr. Johnstone (Valentine)




2d Verse.
My servant he knows I'm a toper clean glasses of wine a re-cruit he brings in a six bottle cooper and places it close at my
foot I gingerly take up a bottle the saw dust I puff from his coat the cork out he sings in the
throt-tle but sweet-er than Ma-ra his note
sweet-er than Ma-ra sweet-er than Ma-ra the
ad lib
cork out he sings in the throt-tle but sweet--er than Ma-ra his note.
3d Verse
What Gentleman Coffee now cluses the complement comes from the fair no Gentleman Coffee re--fuses but
not a man stirs from his chair tho' Frenchmen may do so I bar it with bri-tish po--lite-ness I think---
--while. Monsieur we thank for his claret he never shall teach us to drink he never shall teach us he
never shall teach us to drink while Monsieur we thank for his claret he never shall teach us to drink.
4th Verse.
Gay He-be now shews in A-pol-lo a struggle 'twixt Claret and wit for Bacchus insists he shall swallow six
bumpers be-fore he may sit ye fair why so ill should we treat you to part ere the bat-tle is-won-- at
sup-per Apollo shall meet you and shew you what Bacchus has done A-pollo at sup-per shall shew you what Bacchus has
done A-----pollo at supper shall meet you and shew you what Bacchus has done.

Sung by Mr. Blanchard

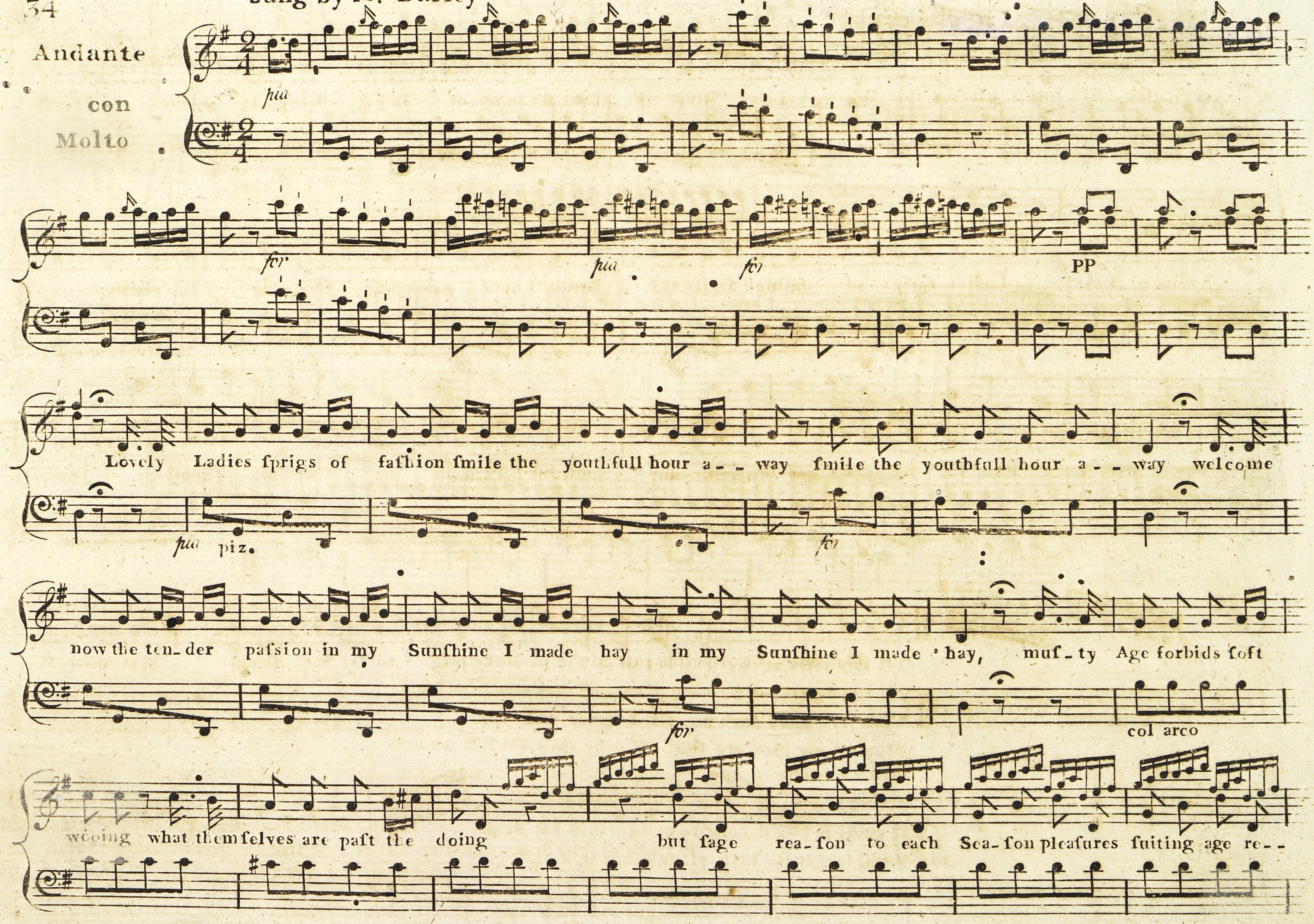


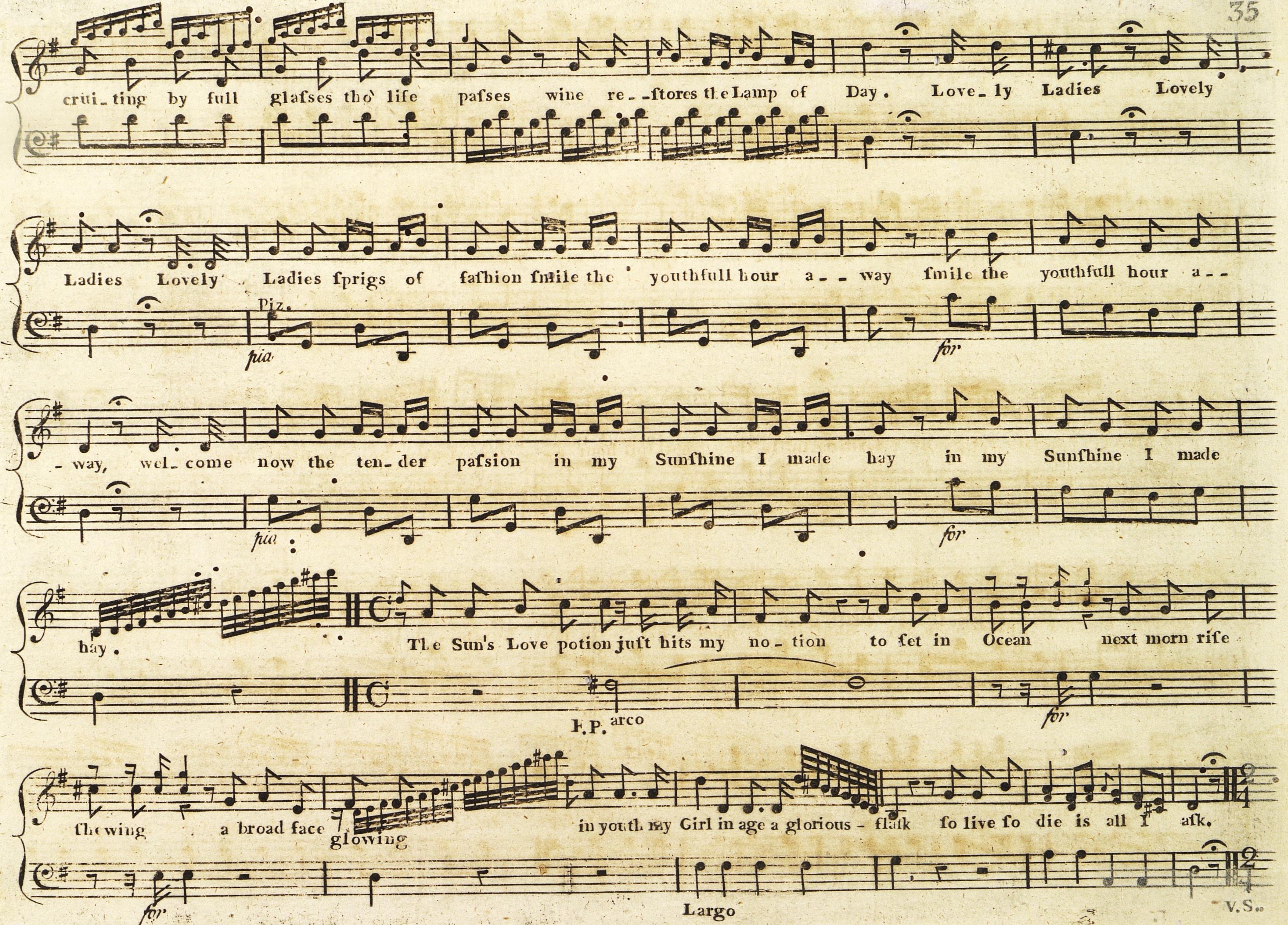


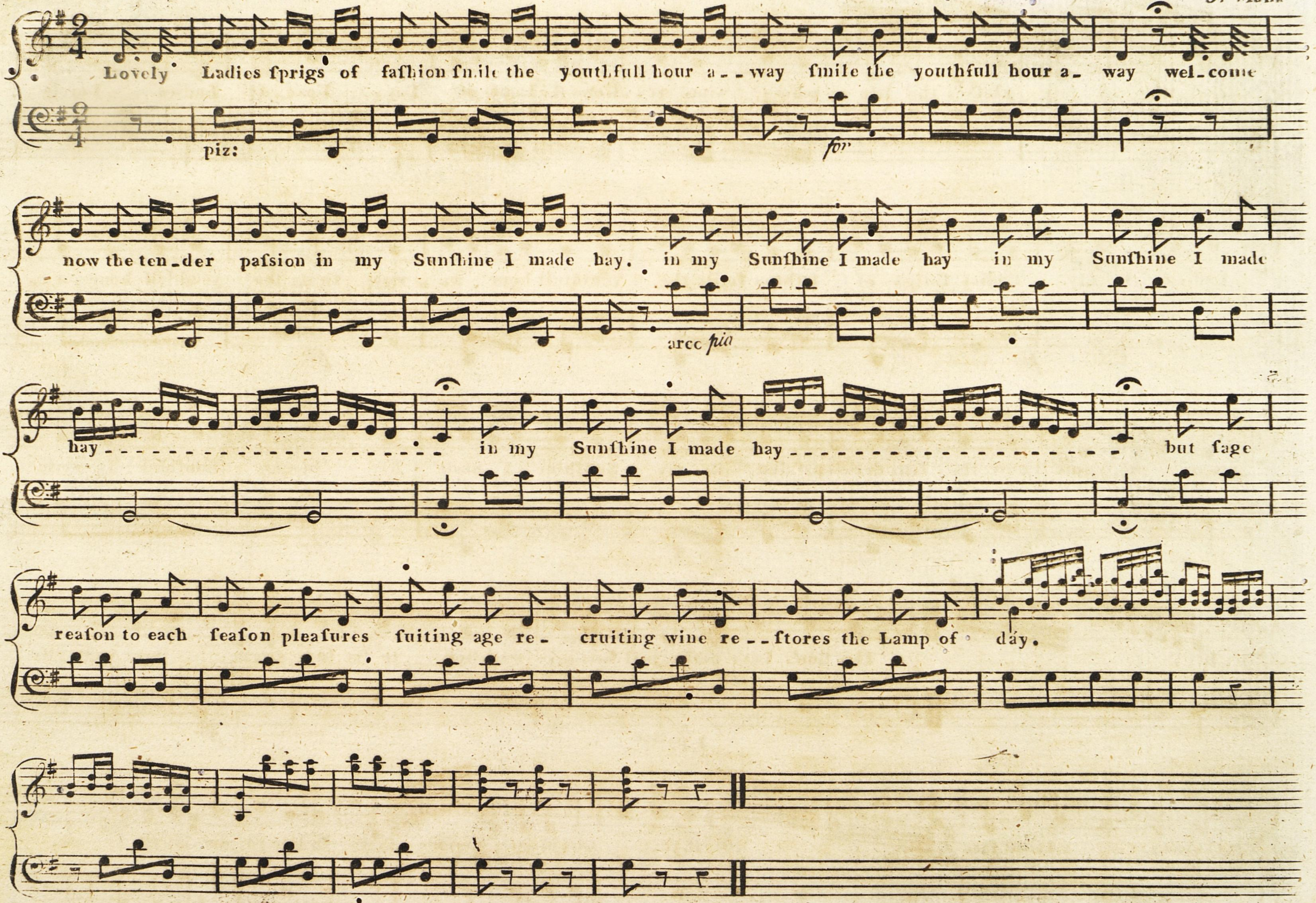
2

I'll buy votes at elections, but when I've made the pelf,
I'll ftand poll for the parliament, and then vote in myfelf:
Whatever's good for - me, fir, I never will oppofe;
When all my ayes are fold off, why then I'll fell my noes
I'll Joke, harangue and paragraph, with fpeeches charm the ear,
And when I'm tir'd on my legs, then I'll fit down a peer.
In court or city honour, fo great a man I'll be,
You'll forget the little plough-boy that whiftled o'er the Lea.

Sung by Mr Darley

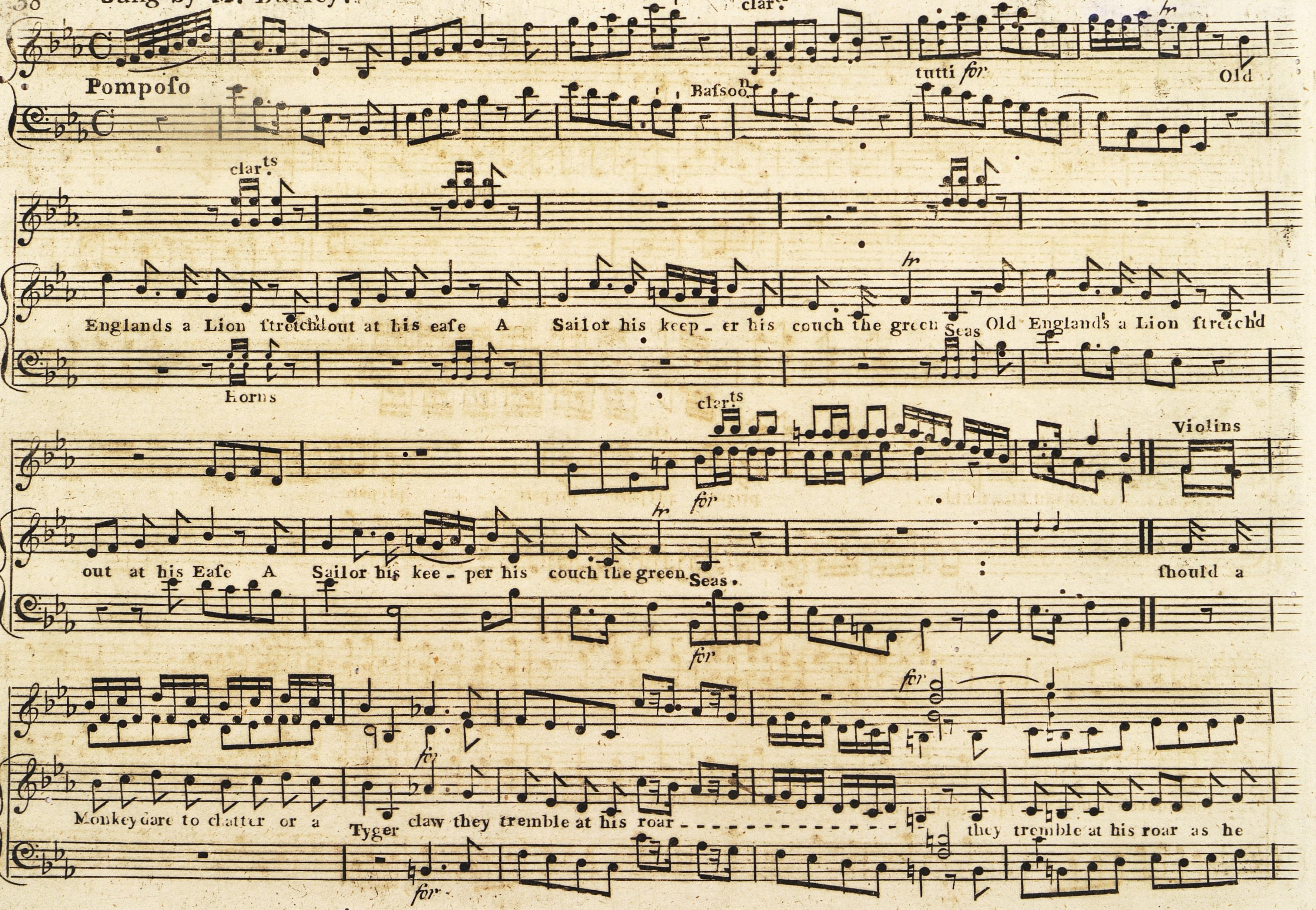


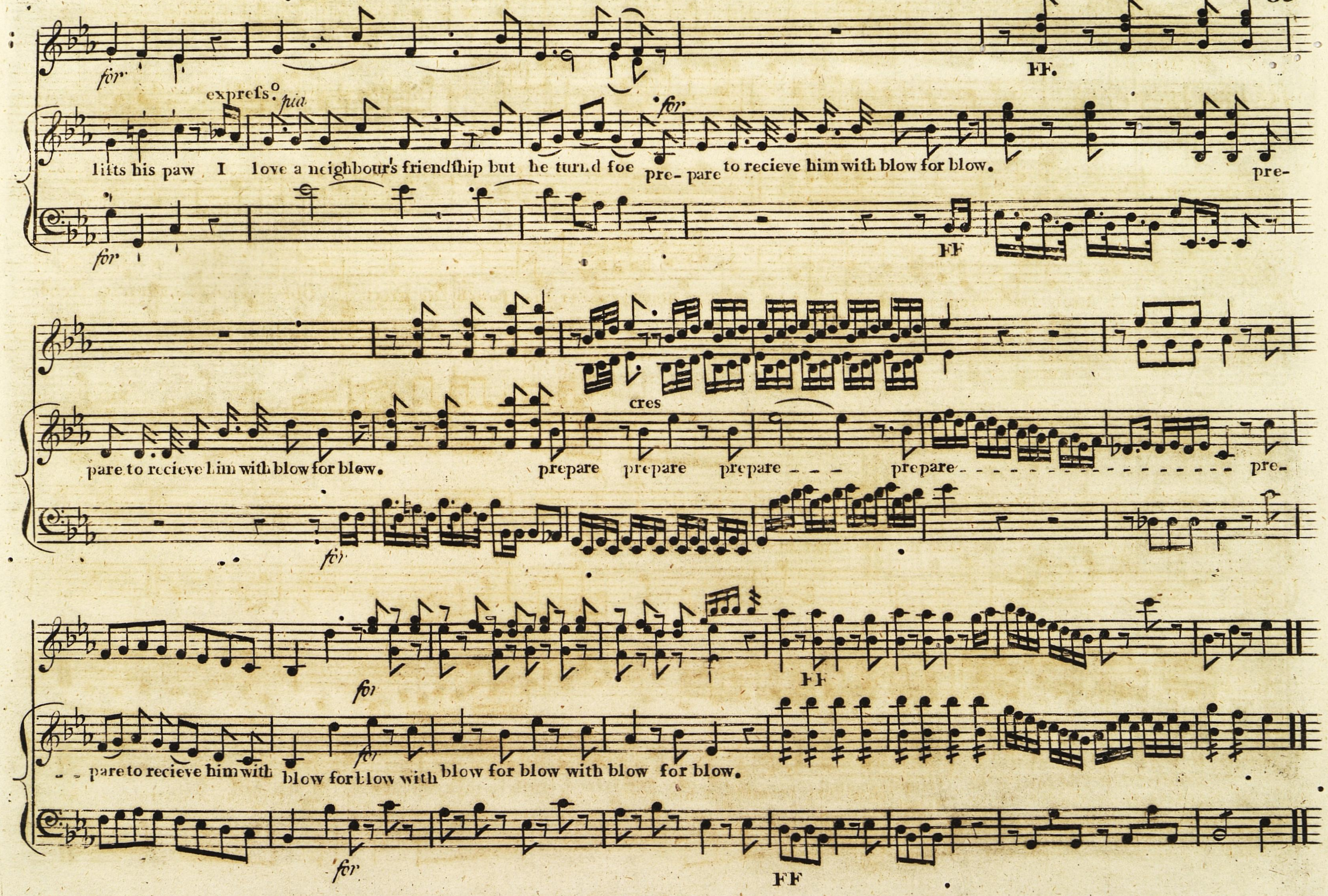

crui_ting by full glafses tho' life pafses wine re_ftores the Lamp of Day. Love_ly Ladies Lovely
Ladies Lovely Ladies fprigs of fafhion fmile the youthfull hour a_ _ way fmile the youthfull hour a_ _
Piz.
pia
for
_way, wel_come now the ten_der pafsion in my Sunfhine I made hay in my Sunfhine I made
pia
for
hay. The Sun's Love potion juft hits my no_tion to fet in Ocean next morn rife
F.P. arco
for
fhewing a broad face glowing in youth my Girl in age a glorious_flafk fo live fo die is all I afk.
for
Largo
V.S.



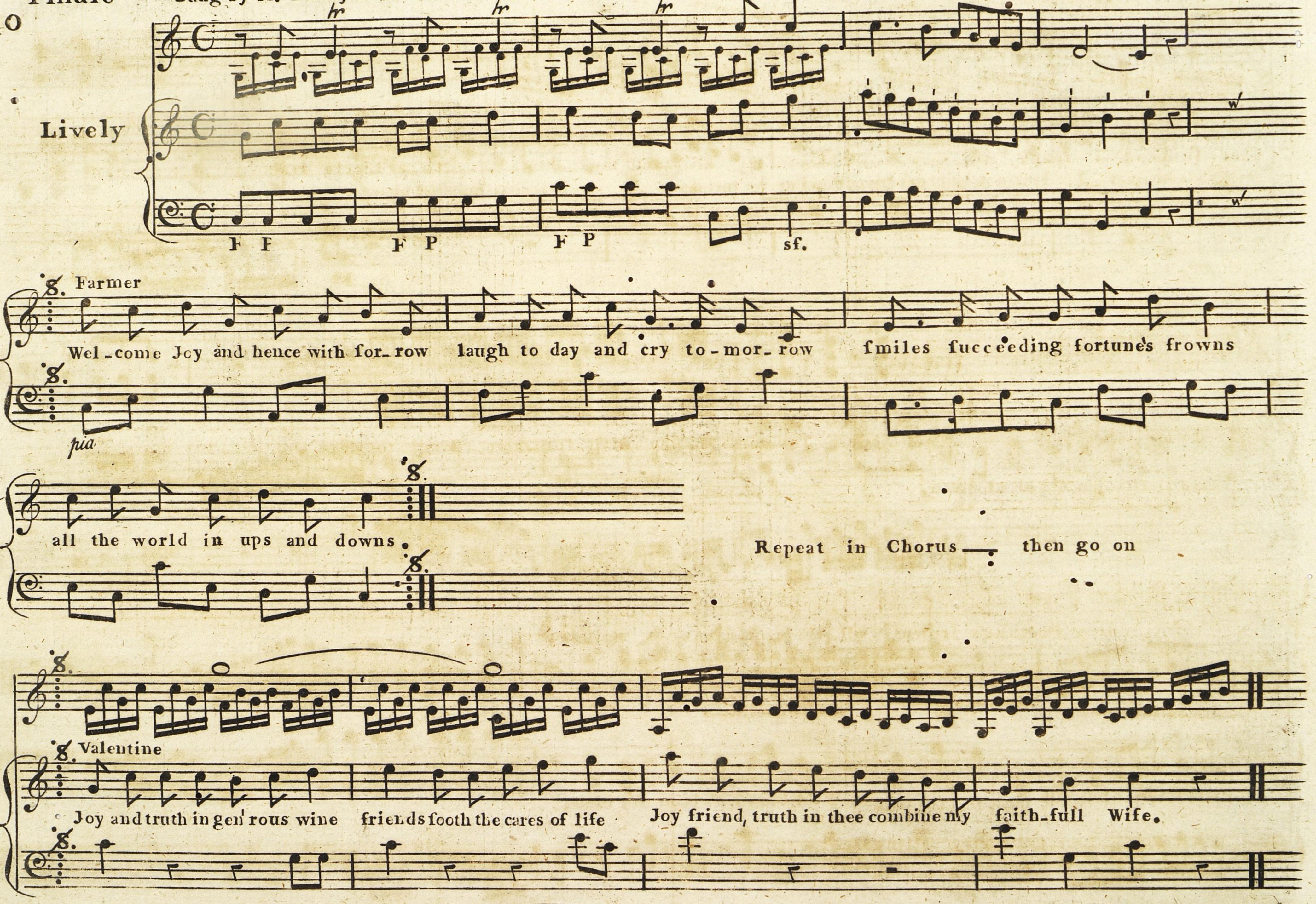
Lovely Ladies ſprigs of faſhion ſmile the youthfull hour a - - way ſmile the youthfull hour a - way wel - come
piz:
for
now the ten - der paſsion in my Sunſhine I made hay. in my Sunſhine I made hay in my Sunſhine I made
arco pia
hay in my Sunſhine I made hay but ſage
reaſon to each ſeaſon pleaſures ſuiting age re - cruiting wine re - - ſtores the Lamp of day.

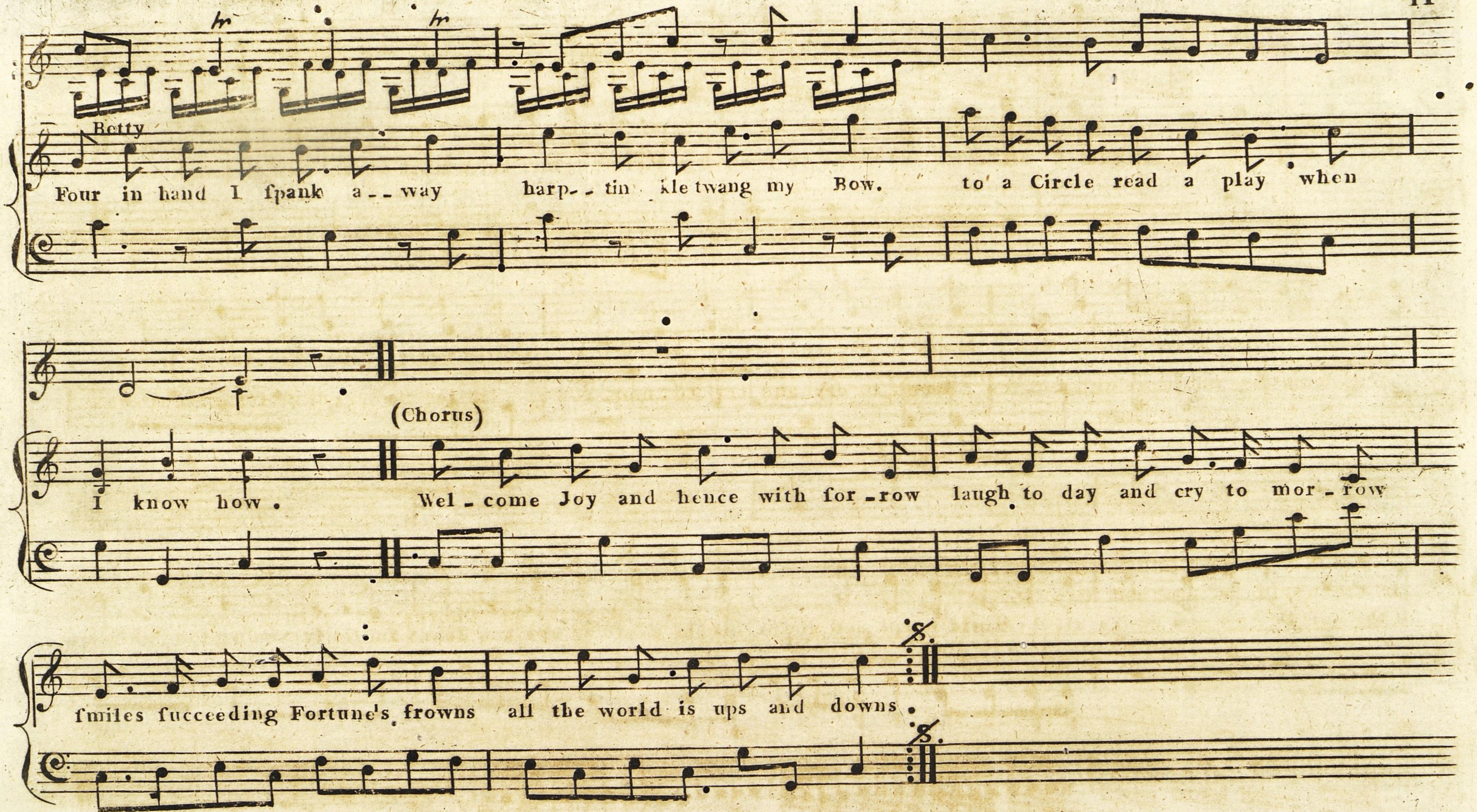
Sung by Mr. Darley.




for
FF.
expres[s]o
pia
for
lifts his paw I love a neighbour's friendship but he turn'd foe pre- pare to recieve him with blow for blow. pre-
for
FF
cres
pare to recieve him with blow for blow. prepare prepare prepare - - - prepare - - - pre-
for
for
FF
- - pare to recieve him with blow for blow with blow for blow with blow for blow.
for
for
FF

Finale Sung by Mr. Darley Mr. Johnstone Mr. Edwin Mr. Blanchard Mrs. Mountain Mrs. Martyr and Mrs. Mattocks.

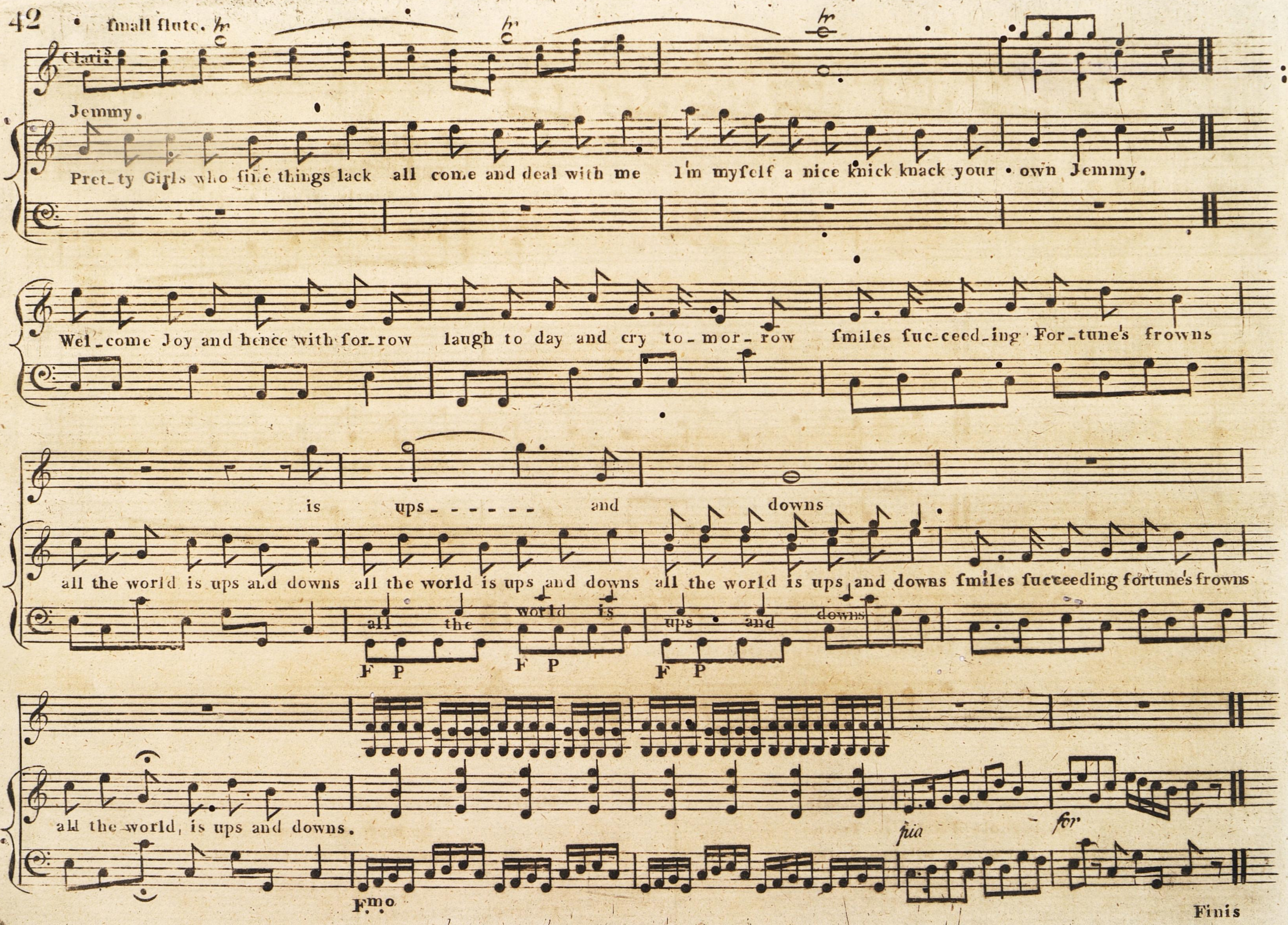




Rundy . . . Sweet to kiſs upon the Graſs,
Gad - zooks I can't in Town
Give my merry willing Laſs,
A neat green - gown .

Molly . . . Farewell Feilds and ſweet Hay - mow -
No more my Lambs I'll ſee
Rundy ſay I muſt be now
A Gay Lady .
Chorus . Welcome &c .

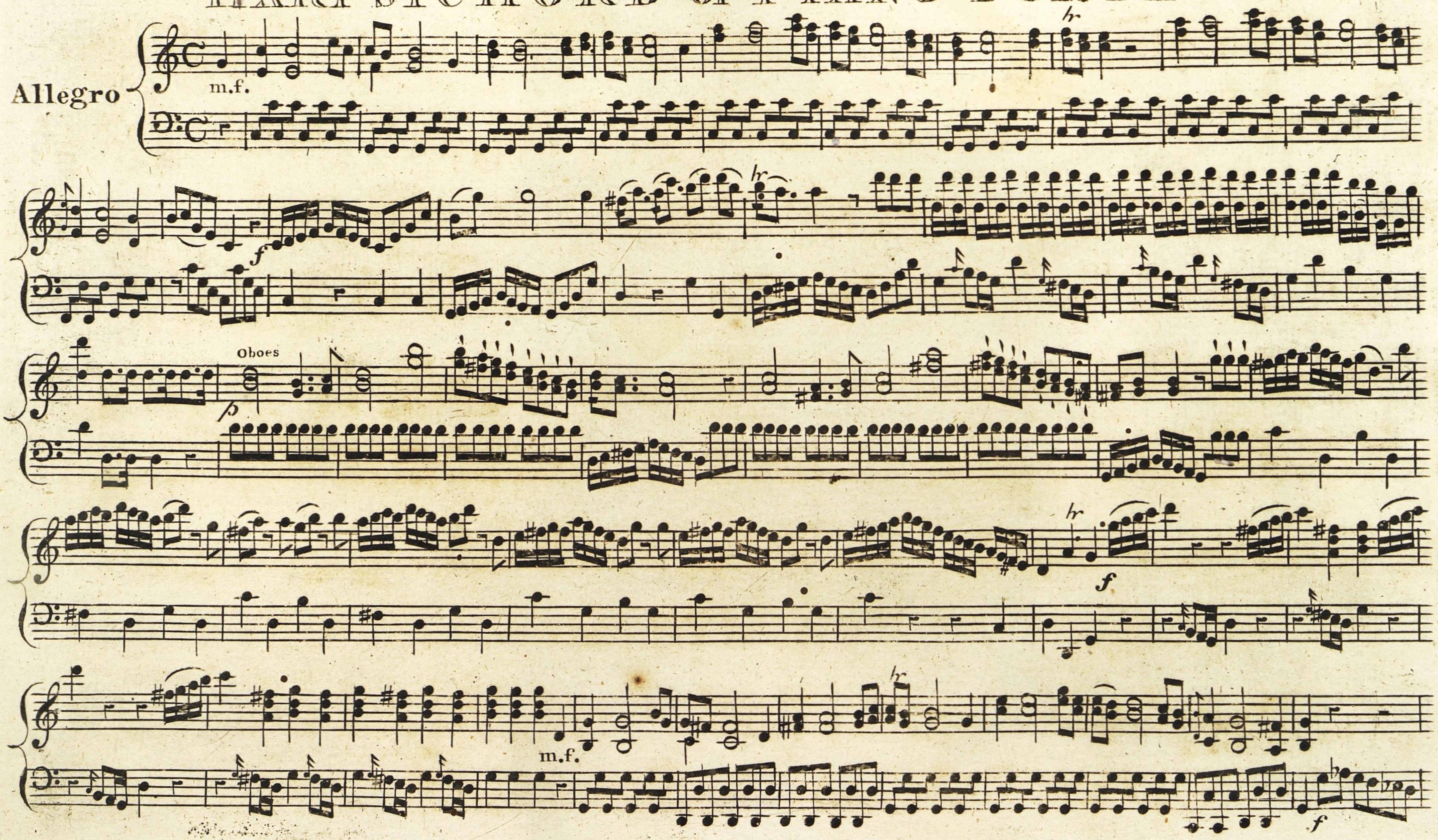
NB: Rundy and Molly's Stanzas are Sung to the ſame melody that are ſet to Valentine and Betty .

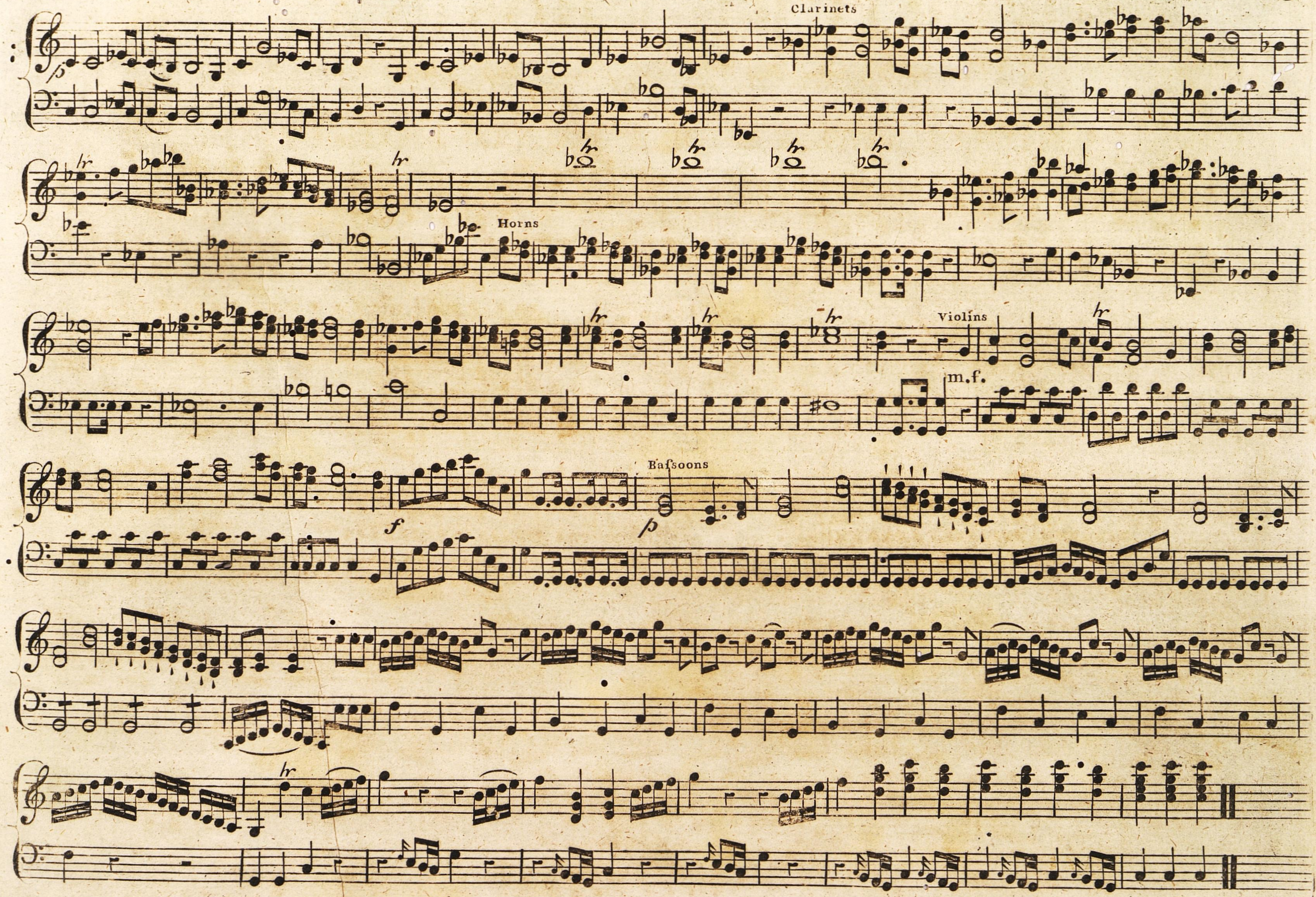

fmall flute.
Clai.s
Jemmy.
Pret_ty Girls who fine things lack all come and deal with me I'm myfelf a nice knick knack your own Jemmy.
Wel_come Joy and hence with for_row laugh to day and cry to-mor-row fmiles fuc_ceed_ing For_tune's frowns
is ups - - - - - - and downs
all the world is ups and downs all the world is ups and downs all the world is ups and downs fmiles fucceeding fortune's frowns
all the world is ups and downs
F P F P F P
all the world is ups and downs.
pia
for
F.mo
Finis

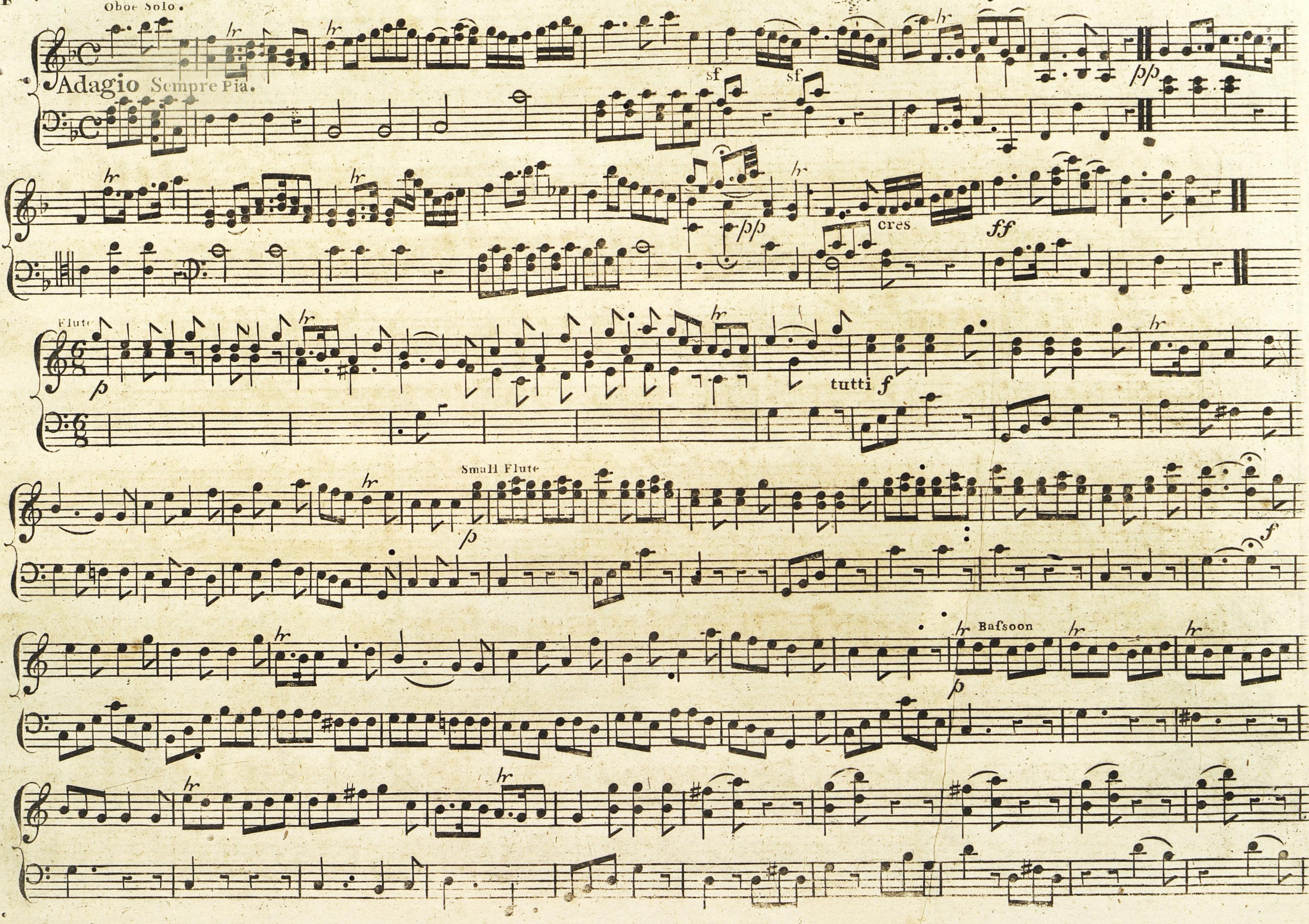
OVERTURE to ROSINA

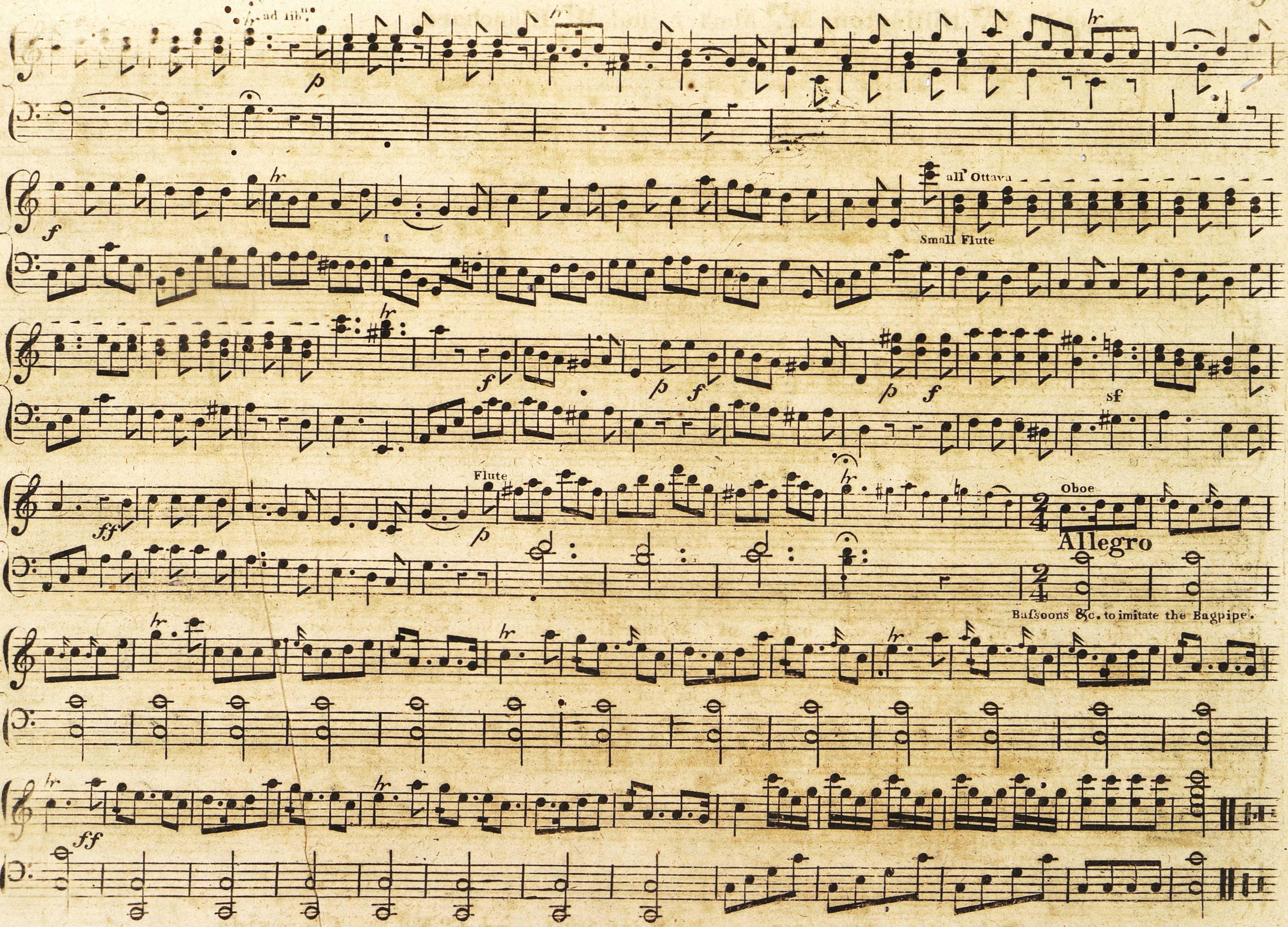
Adapted as a Lesson for the

HARPSICHORD or PIANO FORTE



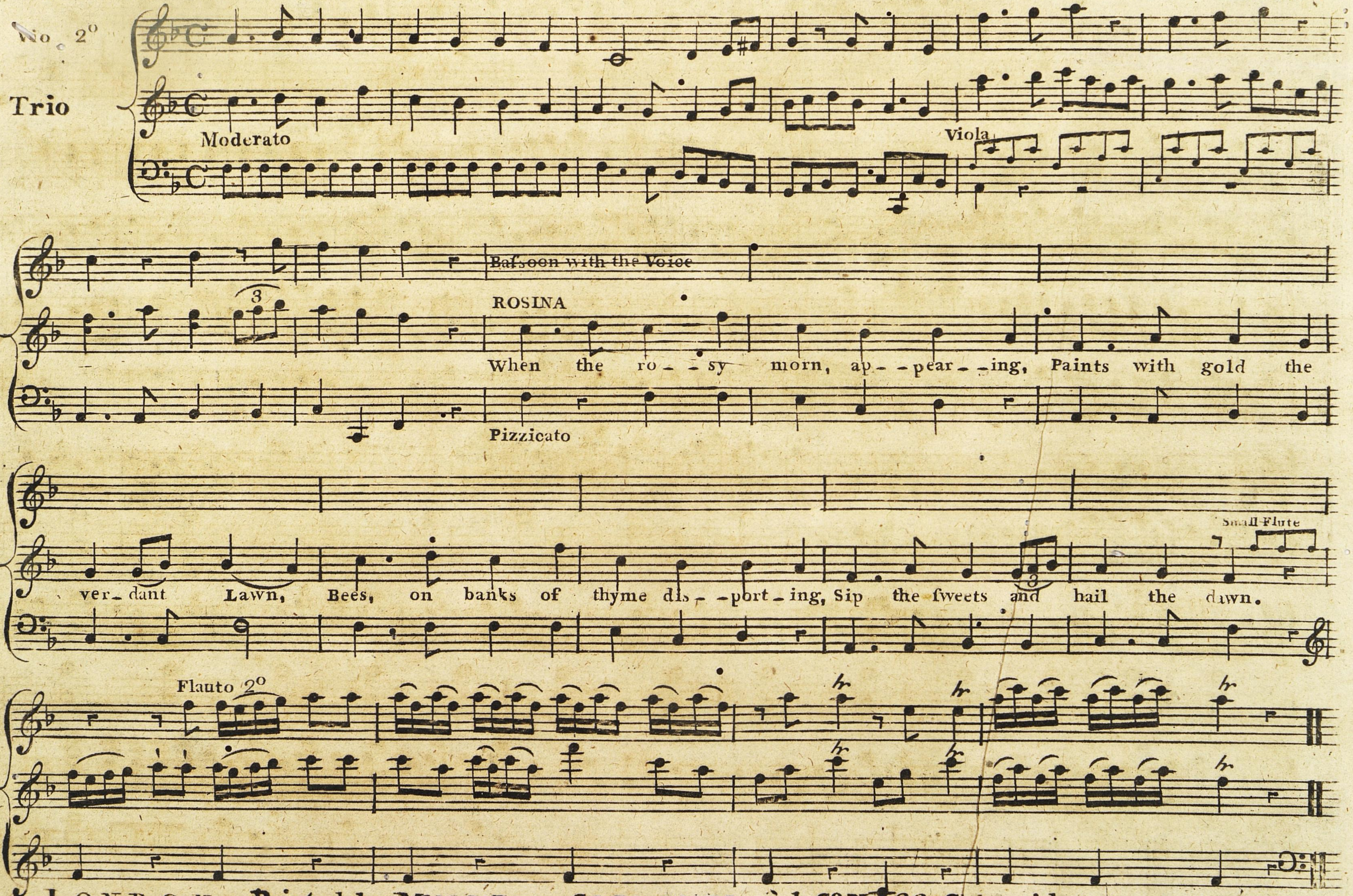

Clarinets
Horns
Violins
m.f.
Baſsoons
f
p


Oboe Solo.
Adagio Sempre Pia.
sf
sf
pp
pp
cres
ff
Flute
p
tutti f
Small Flute
p
f
Bafsoon
p

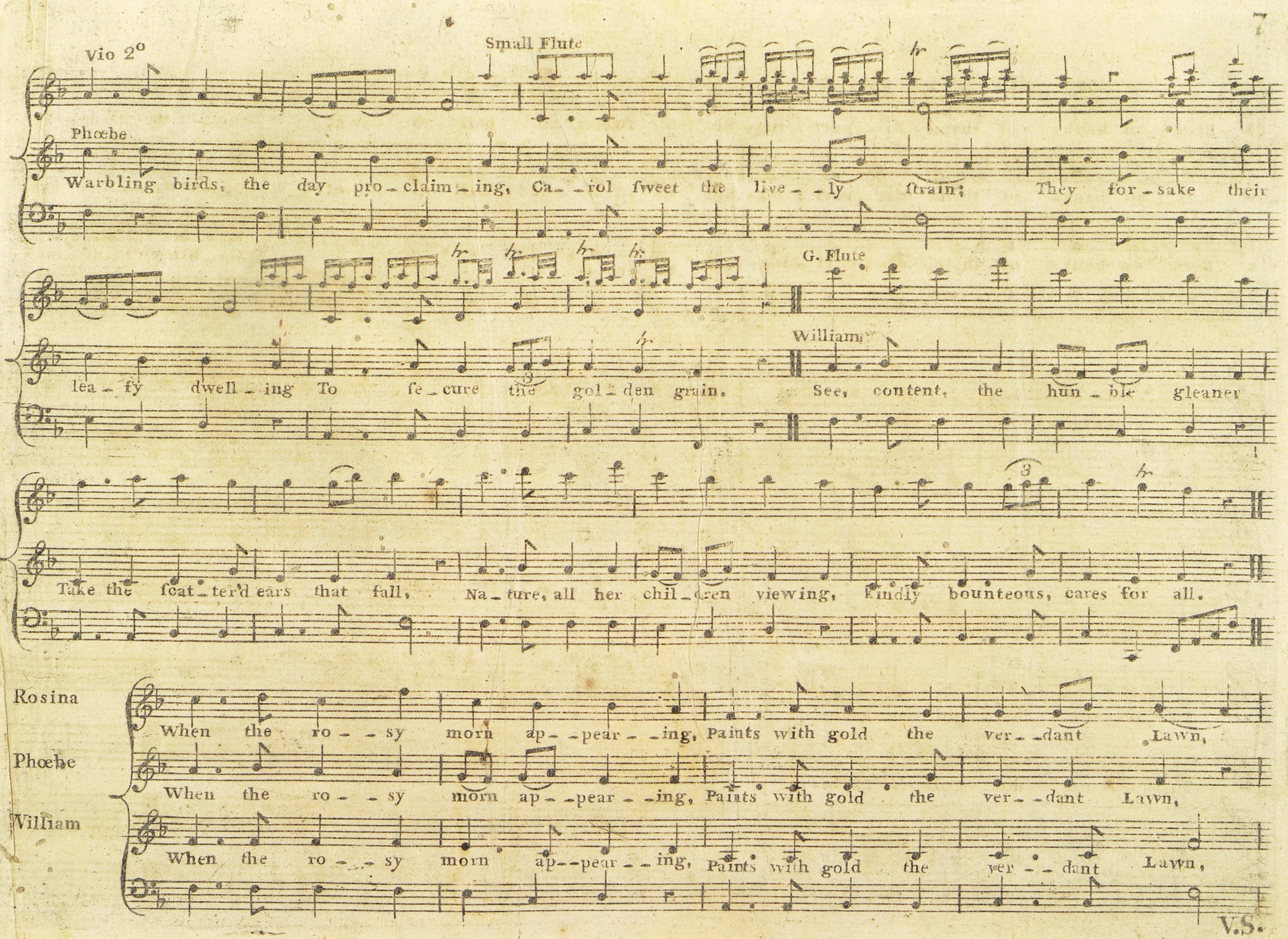

ad lib.
all' Ottava
Small Flute
Flute
Oboe
Allegro
Bafsoons &c. to imitate the Bagpipe.

 Sung by M^rs. Billington, M^rs. Martyr, and M^r. Blanchard. • Care thou Canker

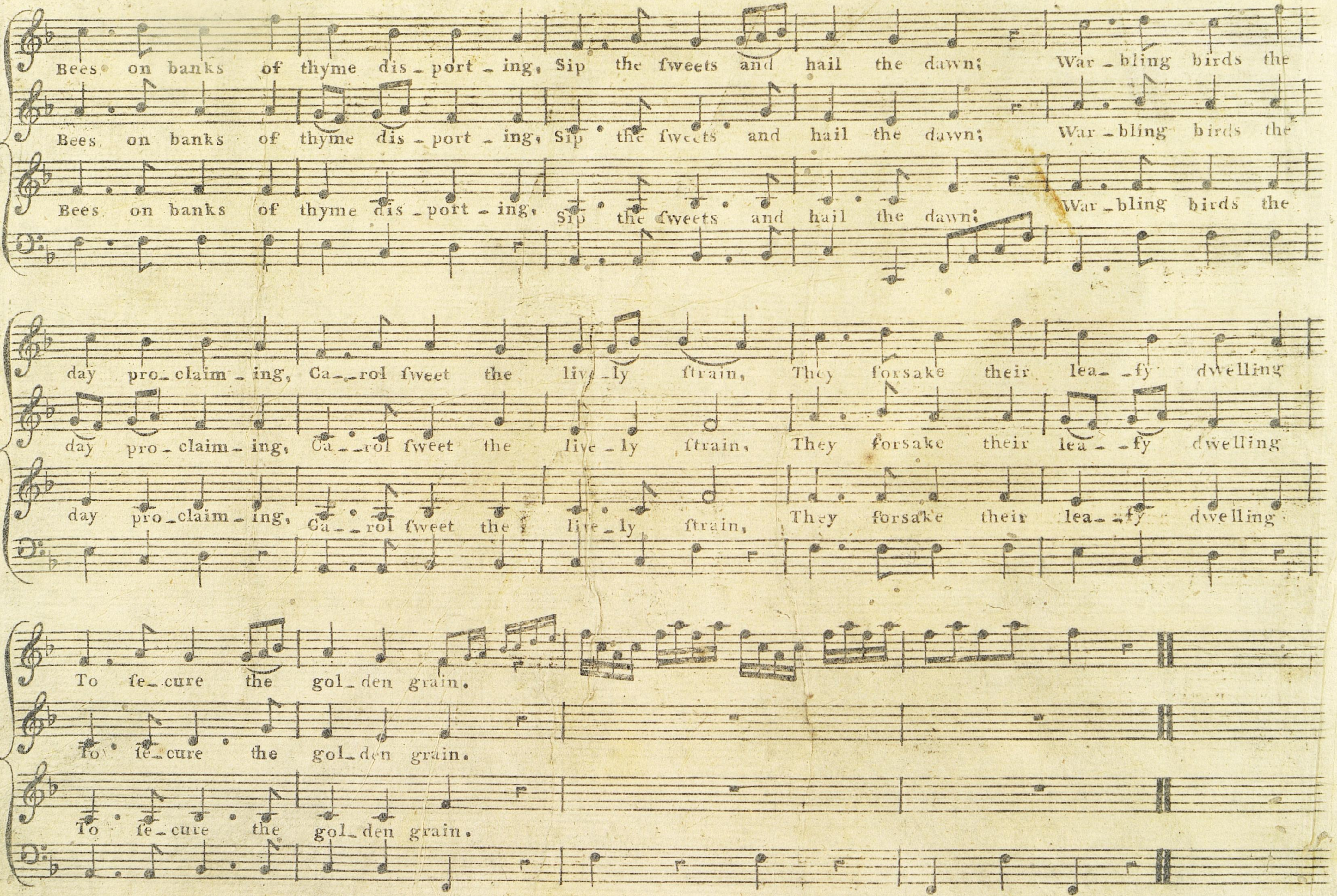
Price 1s



LONDON Printed by MUZIO, CLEMENTI and C^o. N°. 26 Cheapside.

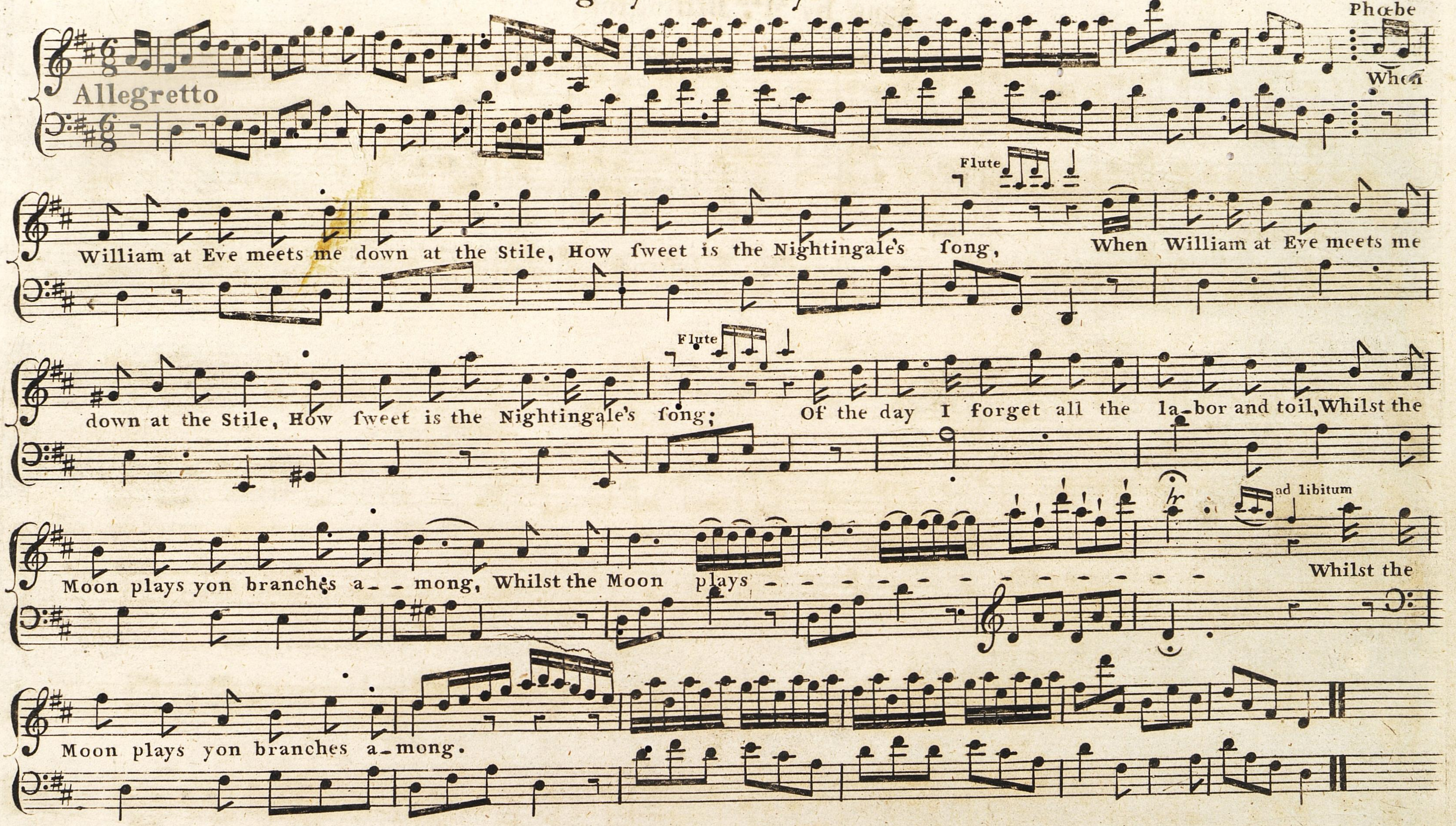

Vio 2o
Small Flute
Phœbe
Warbling birds, the day pro_claim_ing, Ca_rol sweet the live_ly strain; They for_sake their
G. Flute
William
lea_fy dwell_ing To se_cure the gol_den grain. See, content, the hun_ble gleaner
Take the scat_ter'd ears that fall, Na_ture, all her chil_dren viewing, kindly bounteous, cares for all.
Rosina
When the ro_sy morn ap_pear_ing, Paints with gold the ver_dant Lawn,
Phœbe
When the ro_sy morn ap_pear_ing, Paints with gold the ver_dant Lawn,
William
When the ro_sy morn ap_pear_ing, Paints with gold the ver_dant Lawn,
V.S.

24


Bees on banks of thyme dis_port_ing, Sip the ſweets and hail the dawn; War_bling birds the
Bees, on banks of thyme dis_port_ing, Sip the ſweets and hail the dawn; War_bling birds the
Bees on banks of thyme dis_port_ing, Sip the ſweets and hail the dawn; War_bling birds the
day pro_claim_ing, Ca_rol ſweet the live_ly ſtrain, They forsake their lea_fy dwelling
day pro_claim_ing, Ca_rol ſweet the live_ly ſtrain, They forsake their lea_fy dwelling
day pro_claim_ing, Ca_rol ſweet the live_ly ſtrain, They forsake their lea_fy dwelling
To ſe_cure the gol_den grain.
To ſe_cure the gol_den grain.
To ſe_cure the gol_den grain.

Sung by Mrs. Martyr.

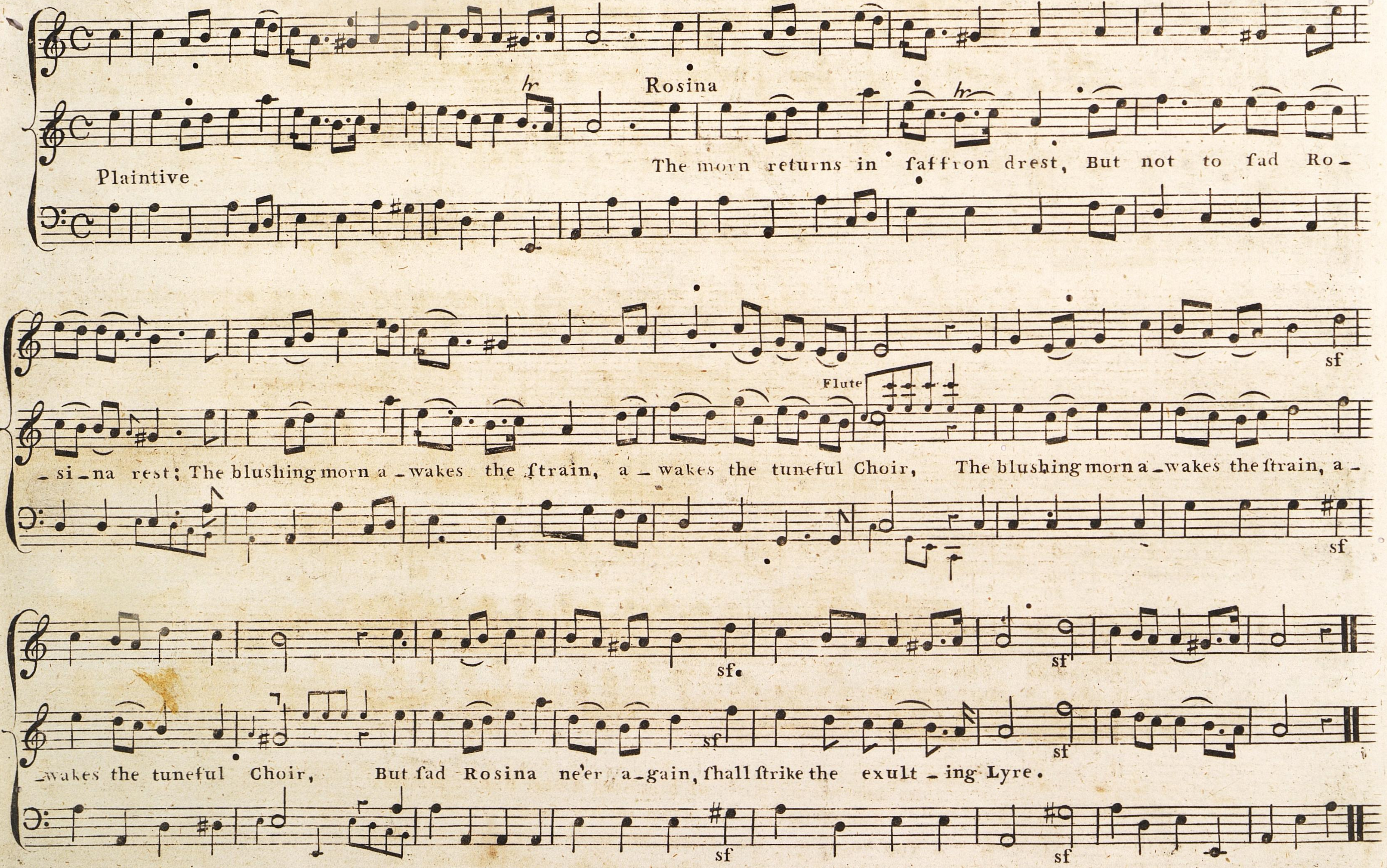
Shield



By her beams without bluſhing I hear him complain,
And believe ev'ry word of his ſong;
You know not how ſweet 'tis to love the dear ſwain,
Whilst the Moon plays yon branches among.

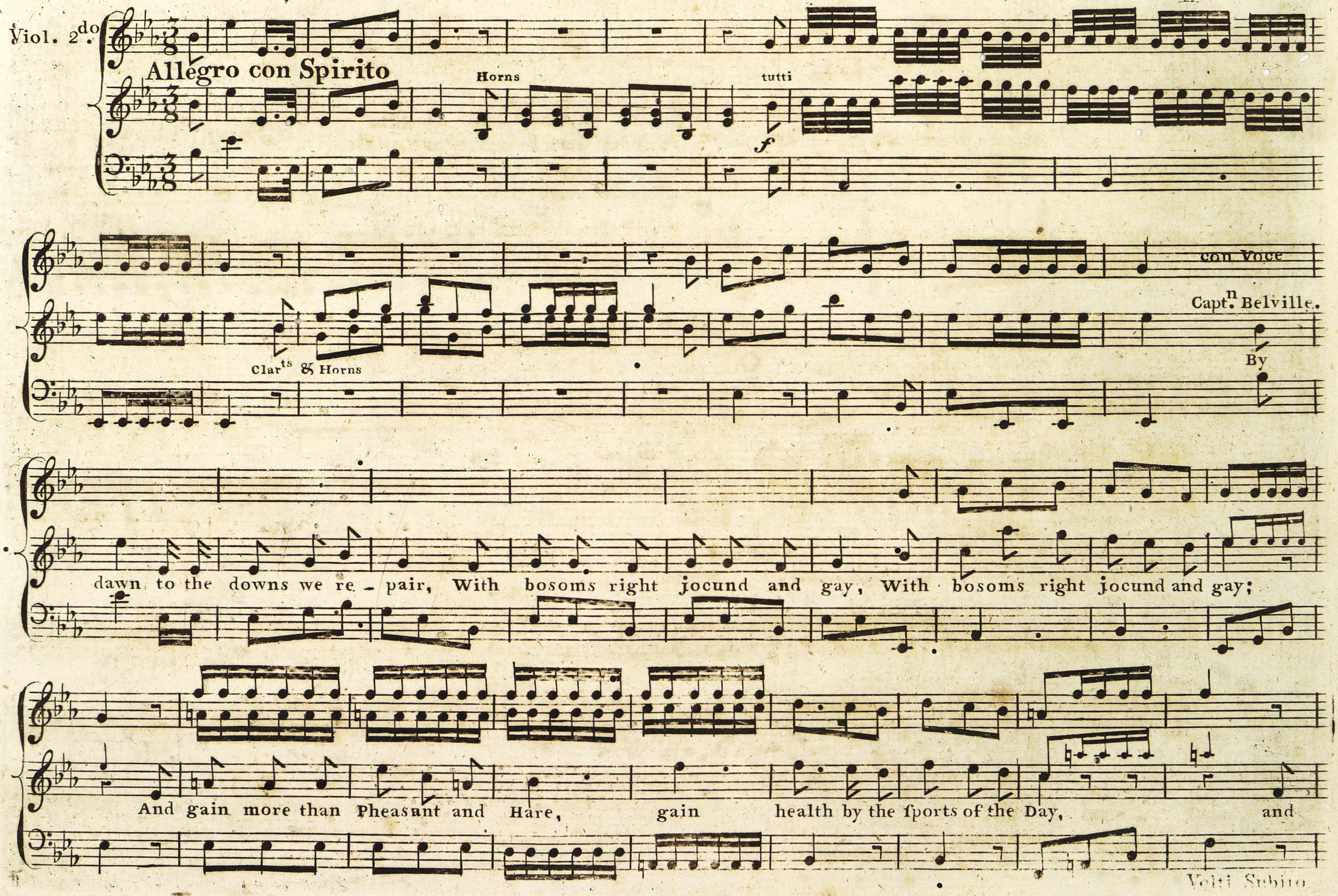
Sung by M^rs. Billington.

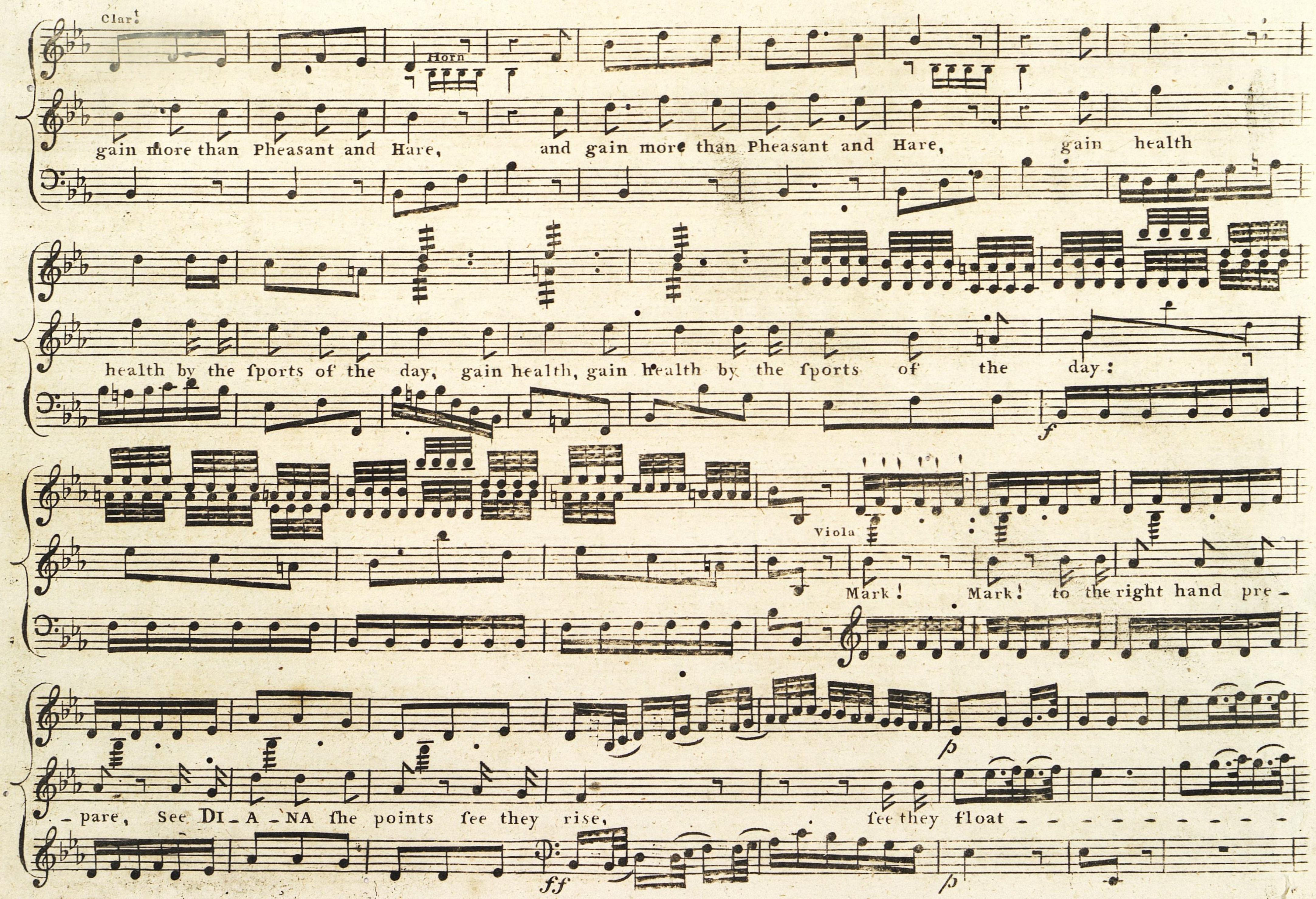
Paxton

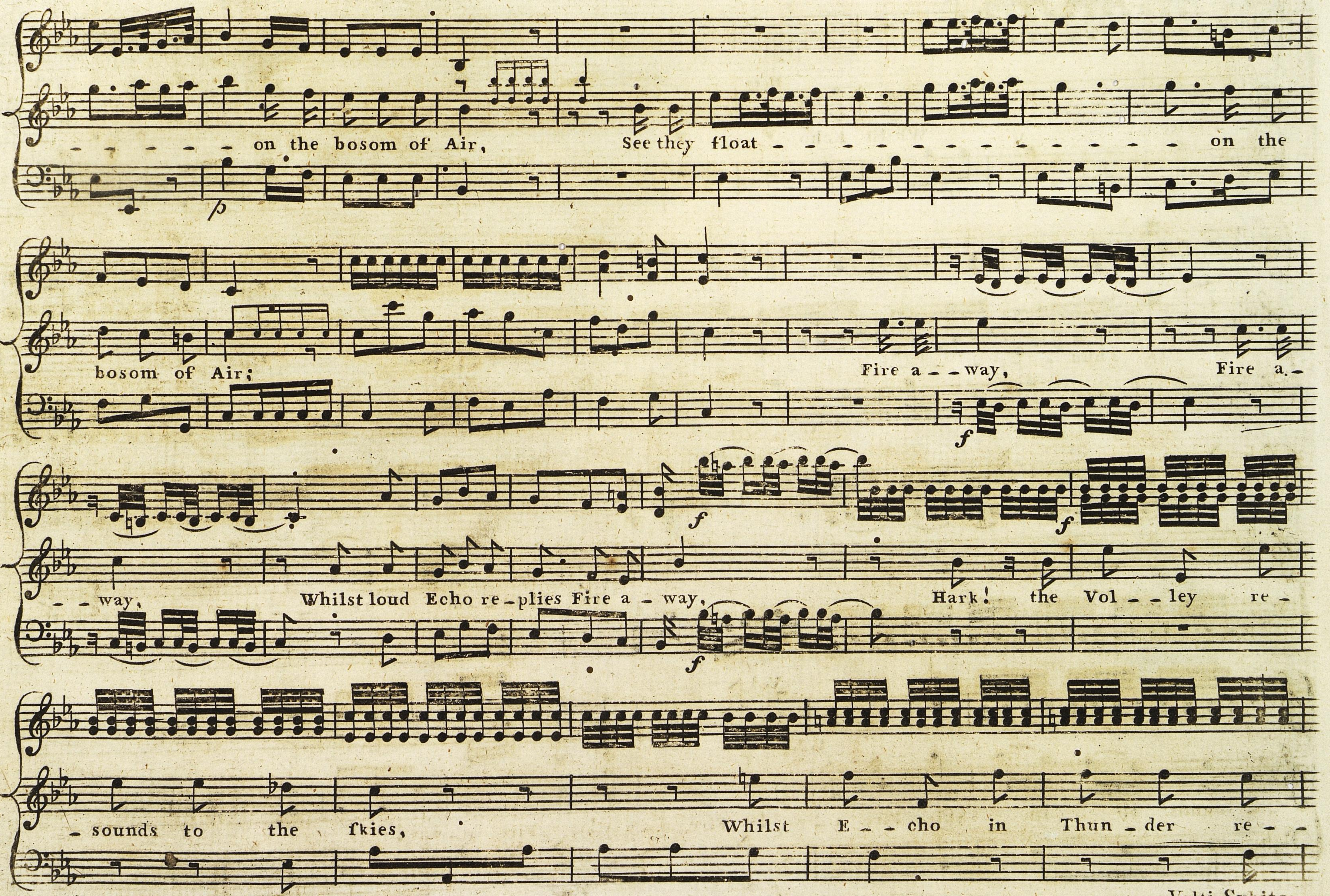


N.B. The above Air may be Sung as a Glee for 3 Voices.

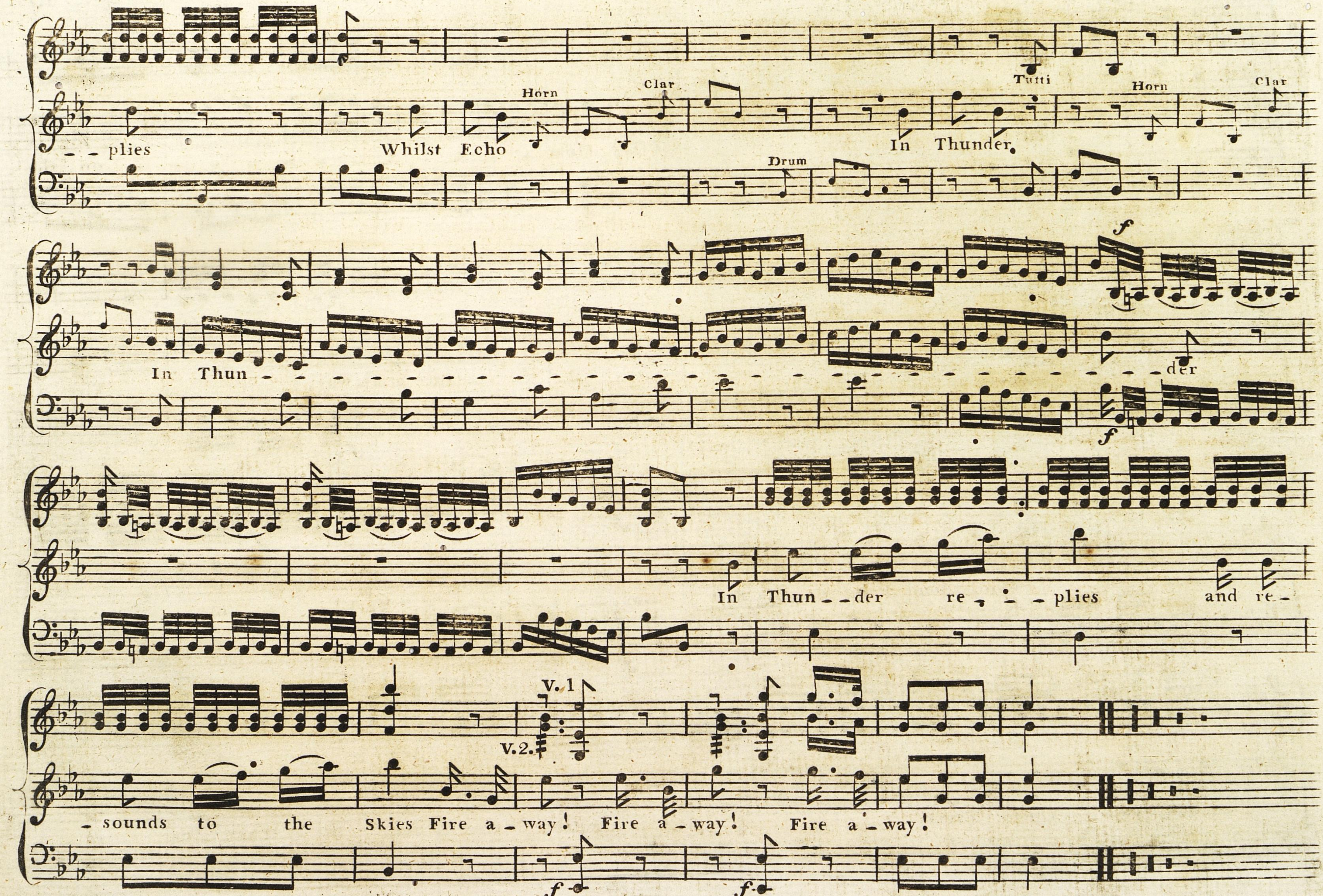
Shooting Song. **Sung by Mr. Incledon** Shield.




Clar.t
Horn
gain more than Pheasant and Hare, and gain more than Pheasant and Hare, gain health
health by the sports of the day, gain health, gain health by the sports of the day:
Viola
Mark! Mark! to the right hand pre-
-pare, See DI_A_NA she points see they rise, see they float

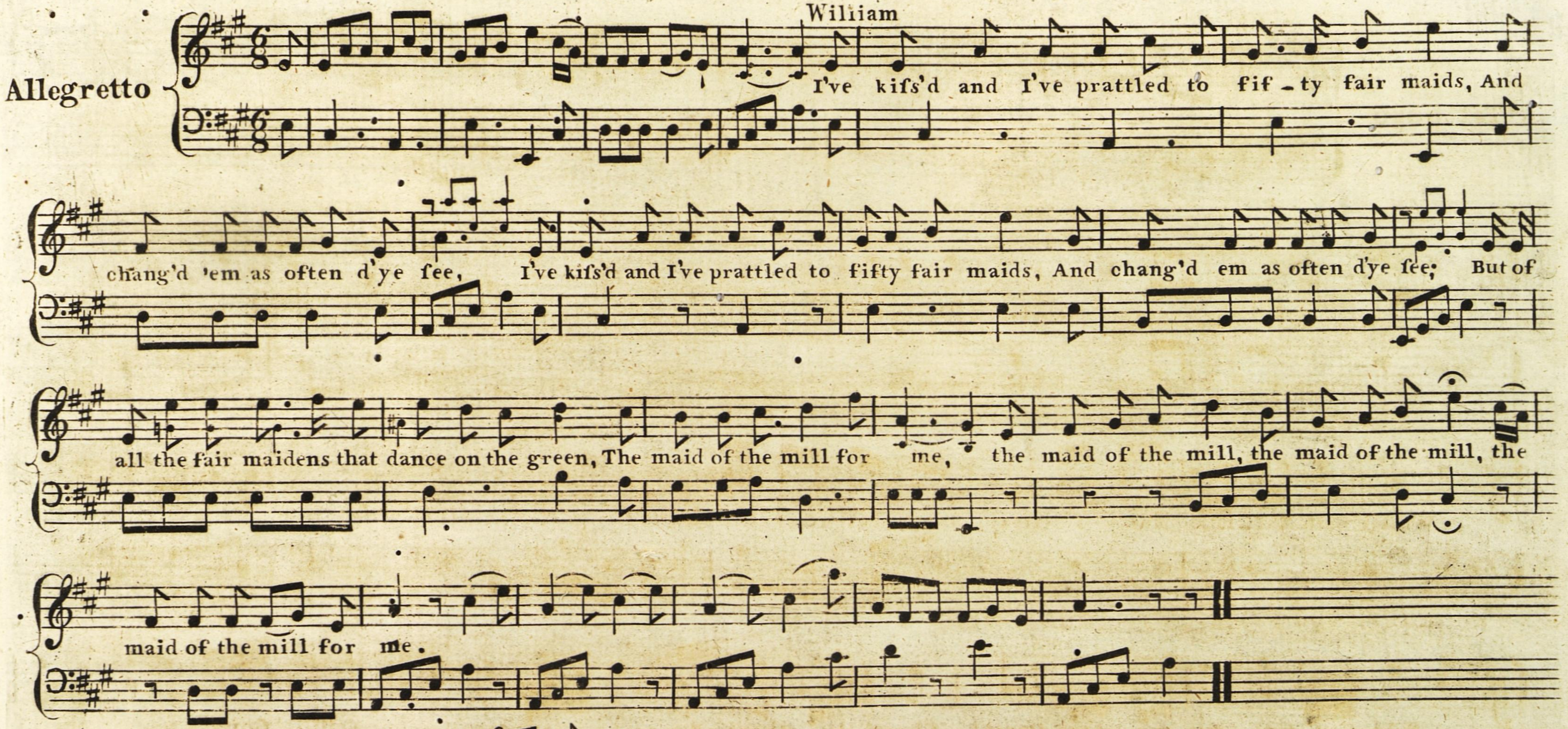


Volti Subito.


Horn
Clar
Tutti
Horn
Clar
-plies Whilst Echo In Thunder
Drum
In Thun - - - der
f
f
In Thun-der re-plies and re-
V. 1
V. 2.
sounds to the Skies Fire a-way! Fire a-way! Fire a-way!
f
f

DIALOGUE. Sung by Mr. Blanchard and Mrs. Martyr.

Shield.



Phœbe 2

Twice { There's fifty young men have told me fine tales,
And call'd me the faireſt ſhe;
Twice { But of all the gay wreſtlers that ſport on the green,
Young Harry's the Lad for me.

William 3

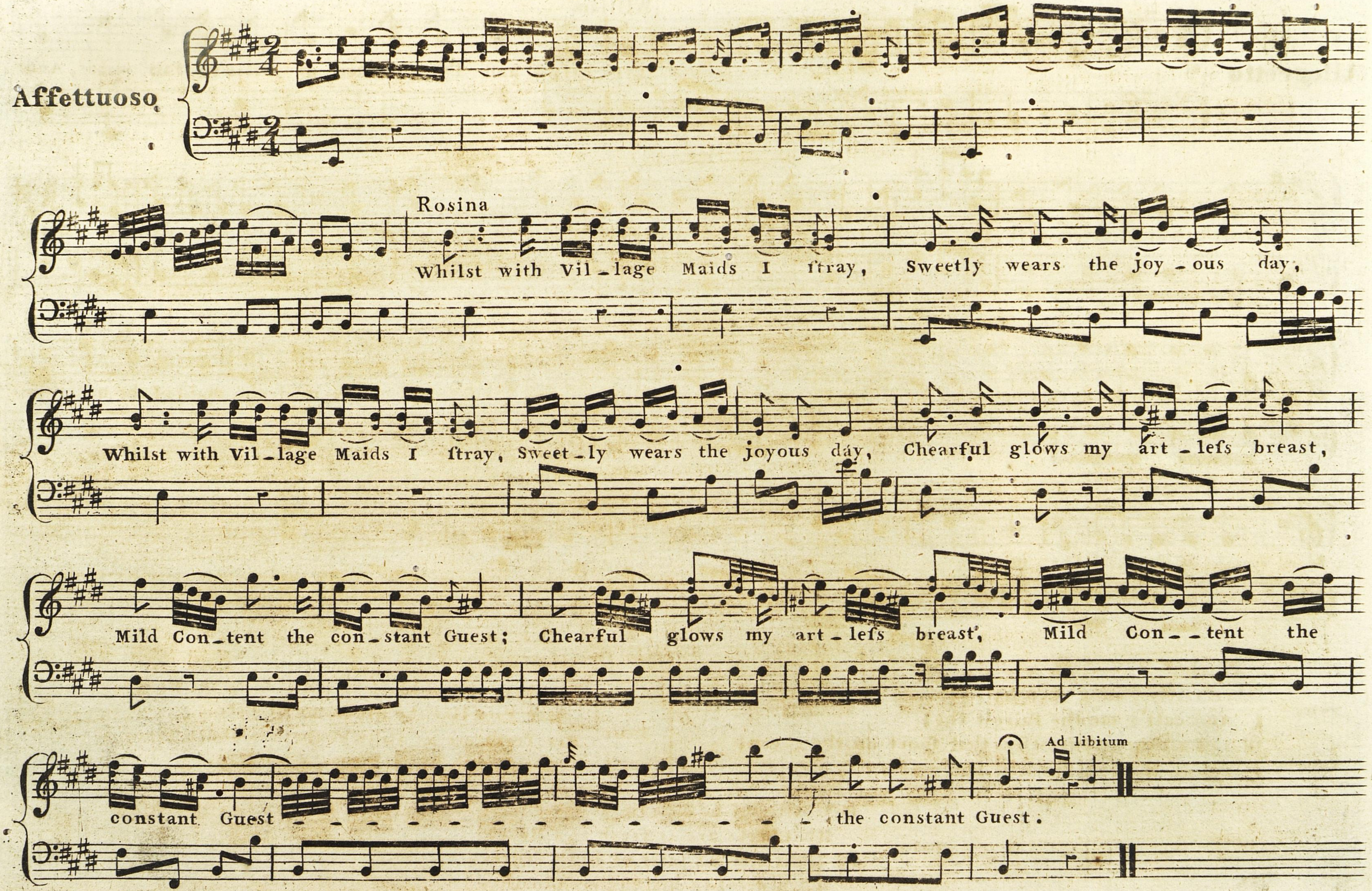
Twice { Her Eyes are as black as the Sloe in the Hedge,
Her Face like the Bloſsoms in May;
Her Teeth are as white as the new ſhorn Flock,
Her Breath like the new made Hay.

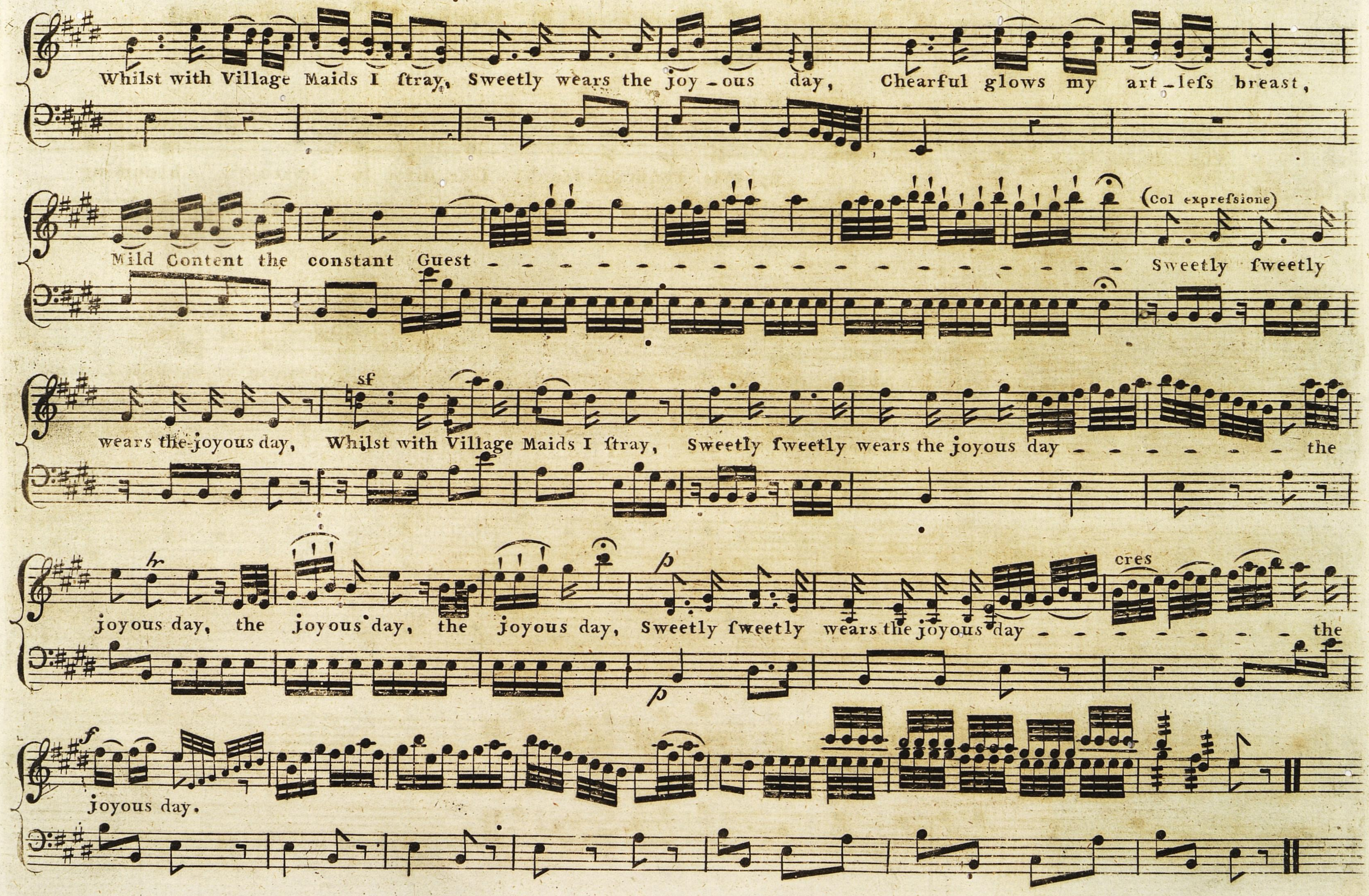
Phœbe 4

Twice { He's tall and he's ſtrait as the Poplar Tree,
His Cheeks are as freſh as a Roſe;
He looks like a Squire of high degree,
When dreſt in his Sunday Cloaths.

Sung by Mrs. Billington.

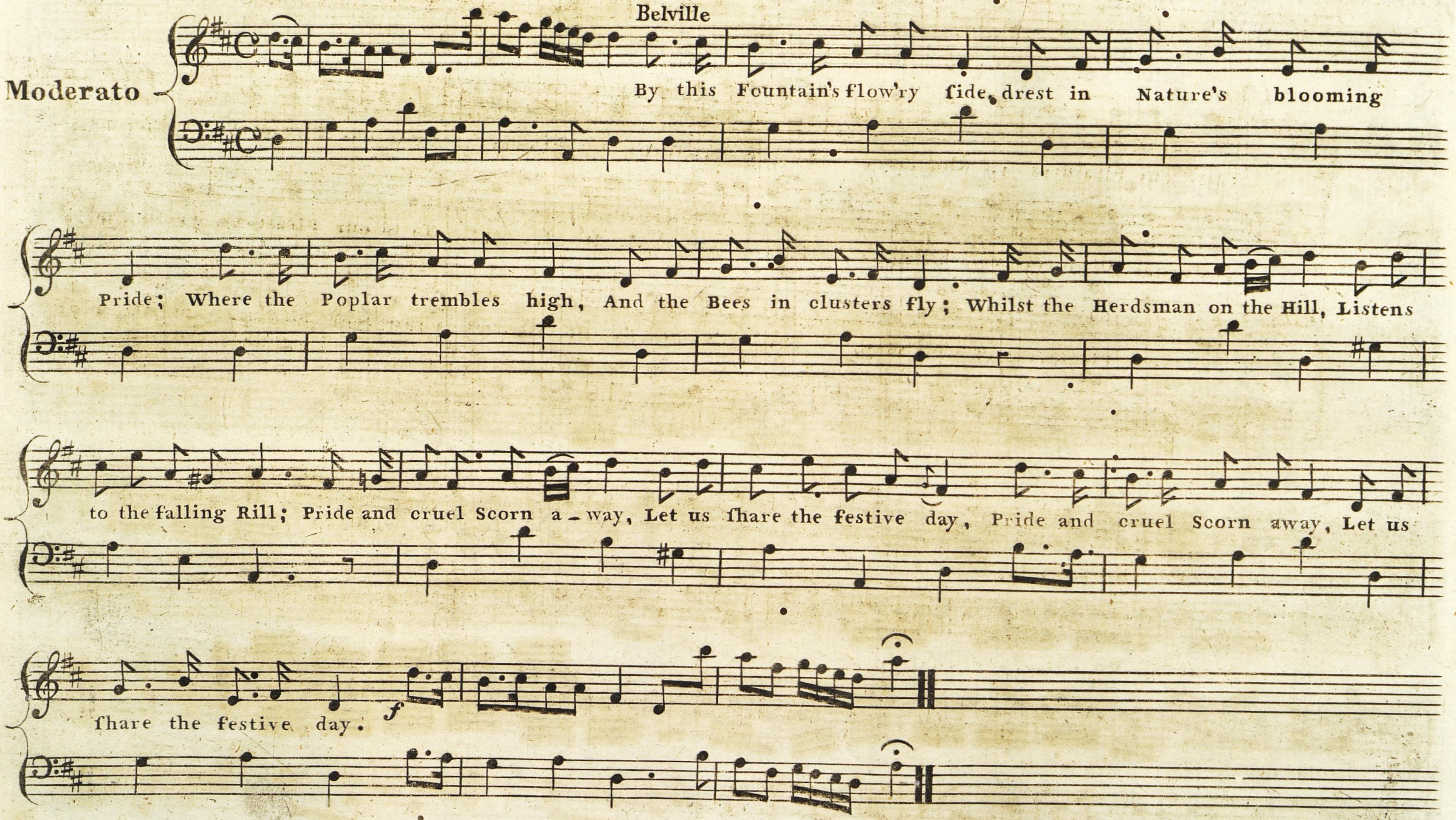
Shield

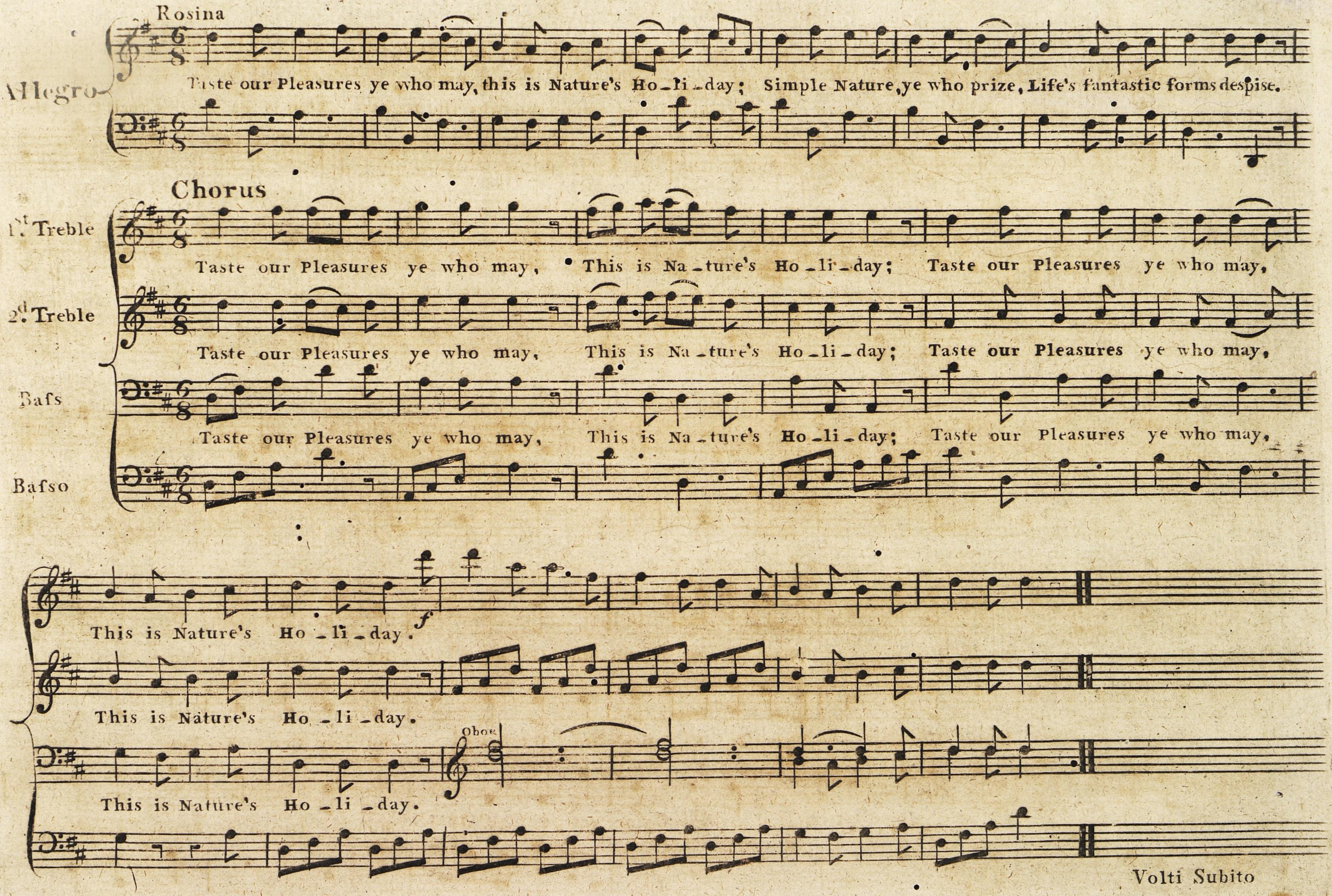


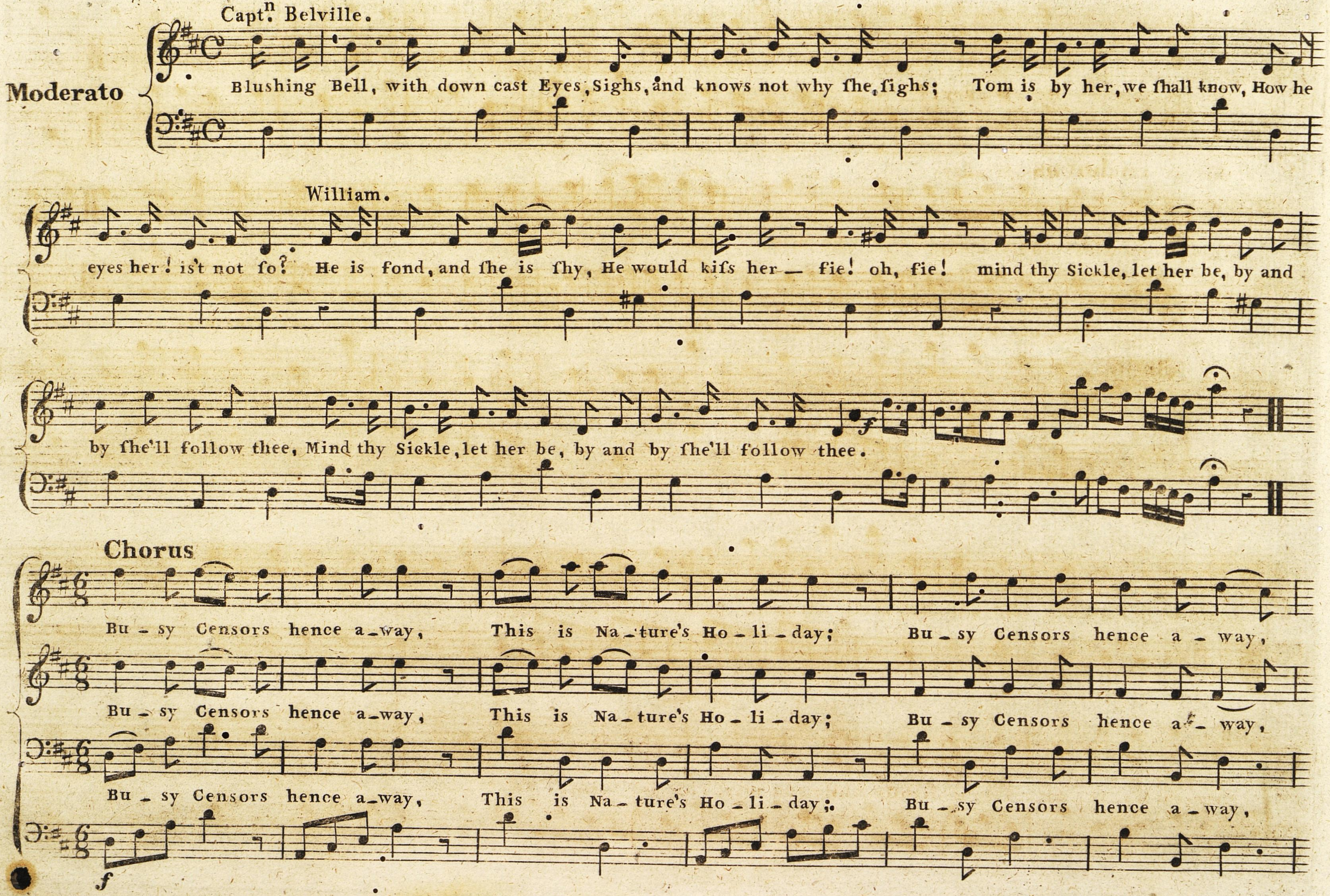

Whilst with Village Maids I ftray, Sweetly wears the joy - ous day, Chearful glows my art - lefs breast,
Mild Content the constant Guest - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Sweetly fweetly
(Col exprefsione)
wears the joyous day, Whilst with Village Maids I ftray, Sweetly fweetly wears the joyous day - - - - - - - the
sf
joyous day, the joyous day, the joyous day, Sweetly fweetly wears the joyous day - - - - - - - - the
cres
joyous day.

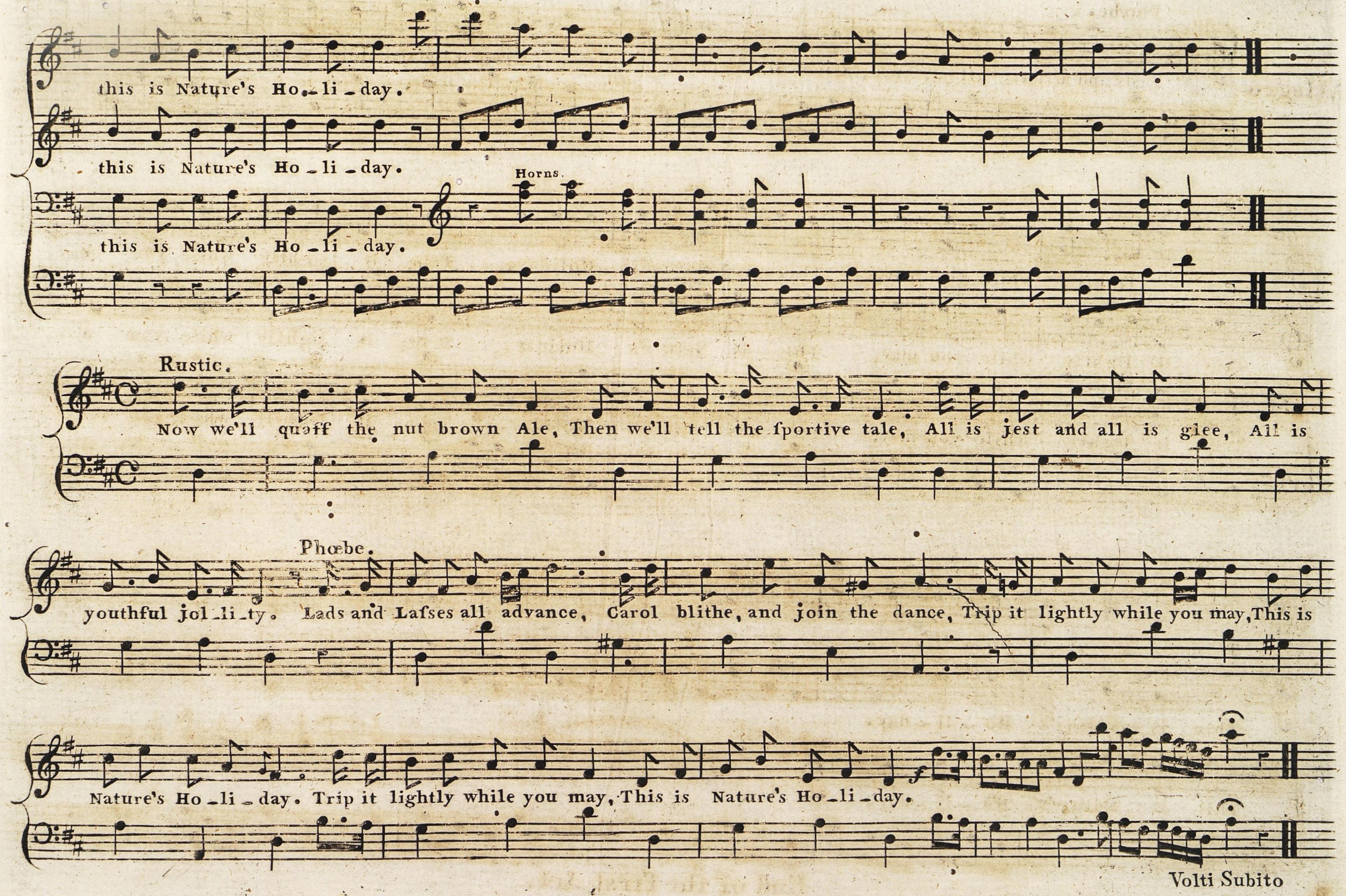
FINALE

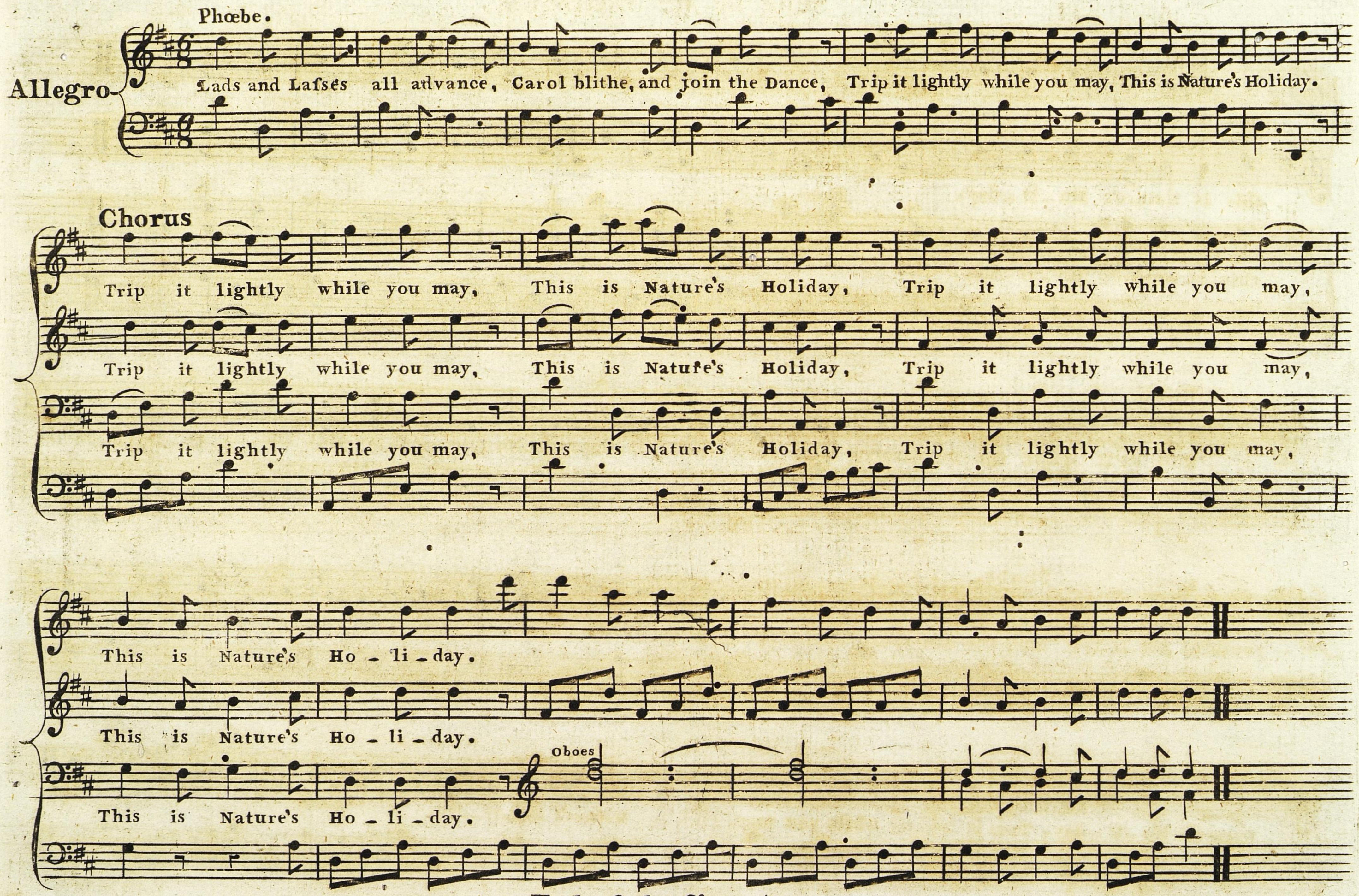
Sung by M^r. Banniſter, M^r. Incledon, M^r. Blanchard, M^r. Davies, M^rs. Martyr, and M^rs. Billington.




Rosina
Allegro
Taste our Pleasures ye who may, this is Nature's Ho_li_day; Simple Nature, ye who prize, Life's fantastic forms despise.
Chorus
1st Treble
Taste our Pleasures ye who may, This is Na_ture's Ho_li_day; Taste our Pleasures ye who may,
2d Treble
Taste our Pleasures ye who may, This is Na_ture's Ho_li_day; Taste our Pleasures ye who may,
Bafs
Taste our Pleasures ye who may, This is Na_ture's Ho_li_day; Taste our Pleasures ye who may,
Bafso
This is Nature's Ho_li_day.
This is Nature's Ho_li_day.
This is Nature's Ho_li_day.
Oboe
Volti Subito

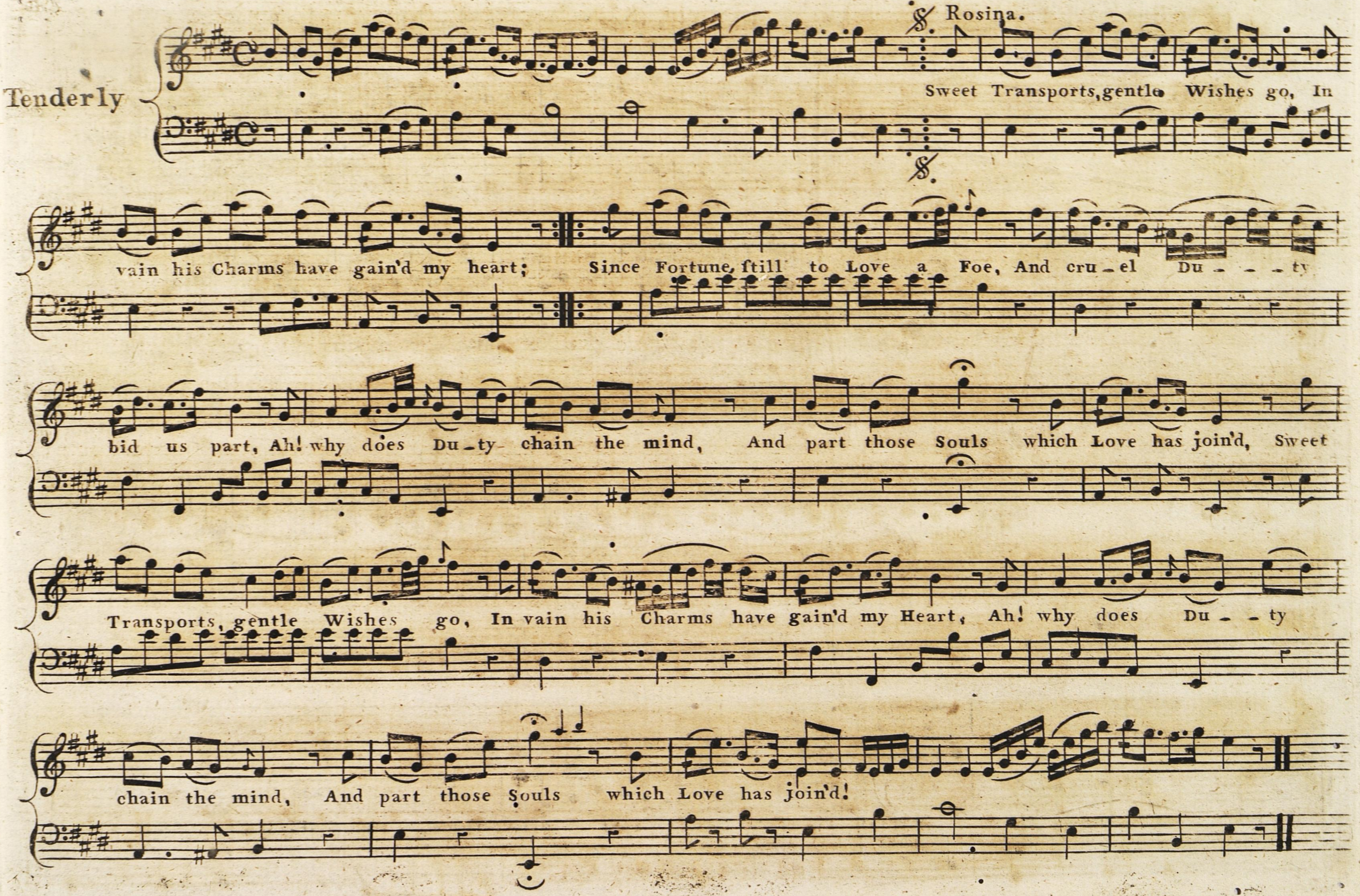

Captn. Belville.
Moderato
Blushing Bell, with down cast Eyes, Sighs, and knows not why ſhe ſighs; Tom is by her, we ſhall know, How he
William.
eyes her! is't not ſo? He is fond, and ſhe is ſhy, He would kiſs her — fie! oh, fie! mind thy Sickle, let her be, by and
by ſhe'll follow thee, Mind thy Sickle, let her be, by and by ſhe'll follow thee.
Chorus
Bu - sy Censors hence a - way, This is Na - ture's Ho - li - day; Bu - sy Censors hence a - way,
Bu - sy Censors hence a - way, This is Na - ture's Ho - li - day; Bu - sy Censors hence a - way,
Bu - sy Censors hence a - way, This is Na - ture's Ho - li - day; Bu - sy Censors hence a - way,
f


this is Nature's Ho_li_day.
this is Nature's Ho_li_day.
Horns.
this is Nature's Ho_li_day.
Rustic.
Now we'll quaff the nut brown Ale, Then we'll tell the ſportive tale, All is jest and all is glee, All is
Phœbe.
youthful jol_li_ty. Lads and Laſses all advance, Carol blithe, and join the dance, Trip it lightly while you may, This is
Nature's Ho_li_day. Trip it lightly while you may, This is Nature's Ho_li_day.
Volti Subito



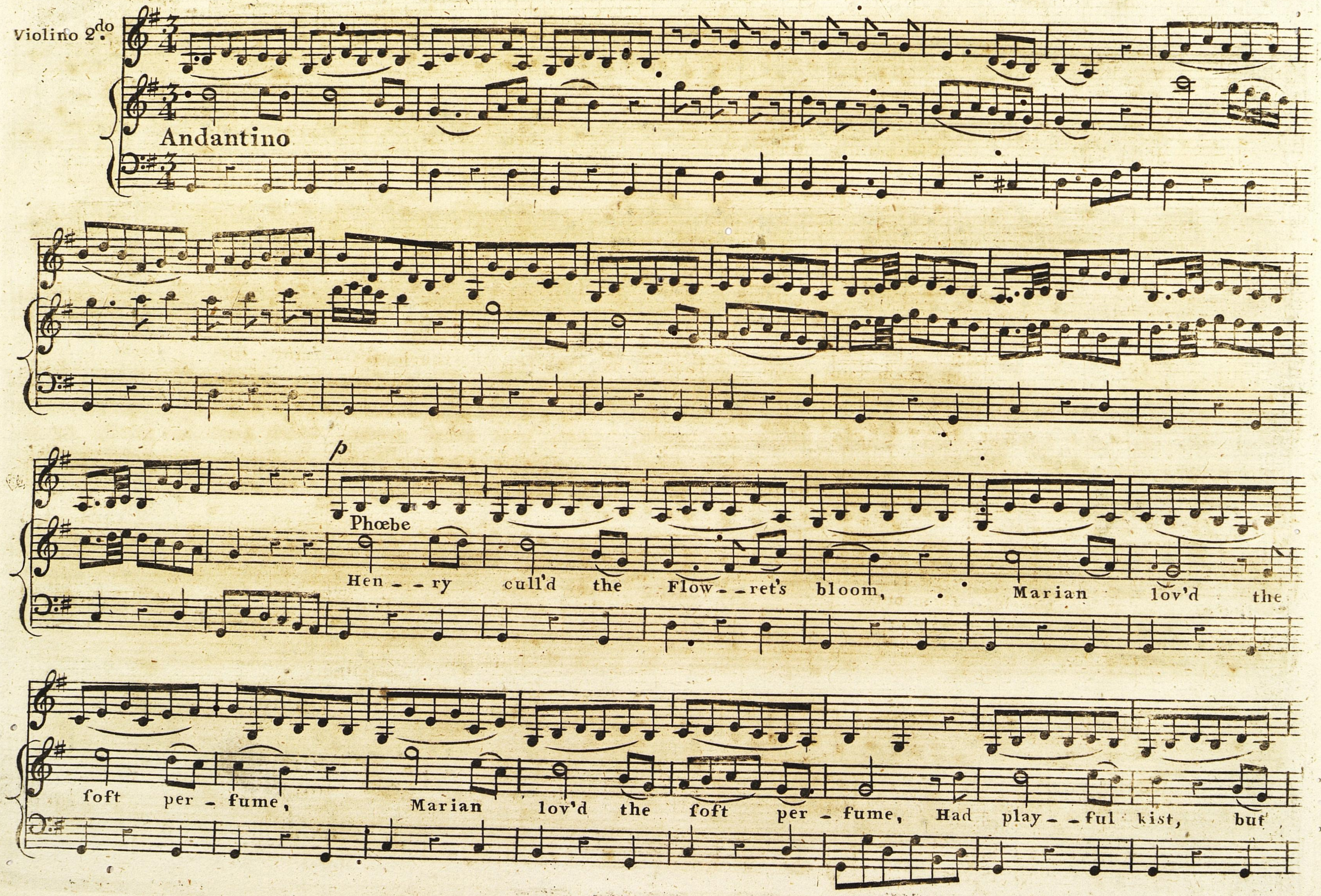
End of the first Act.

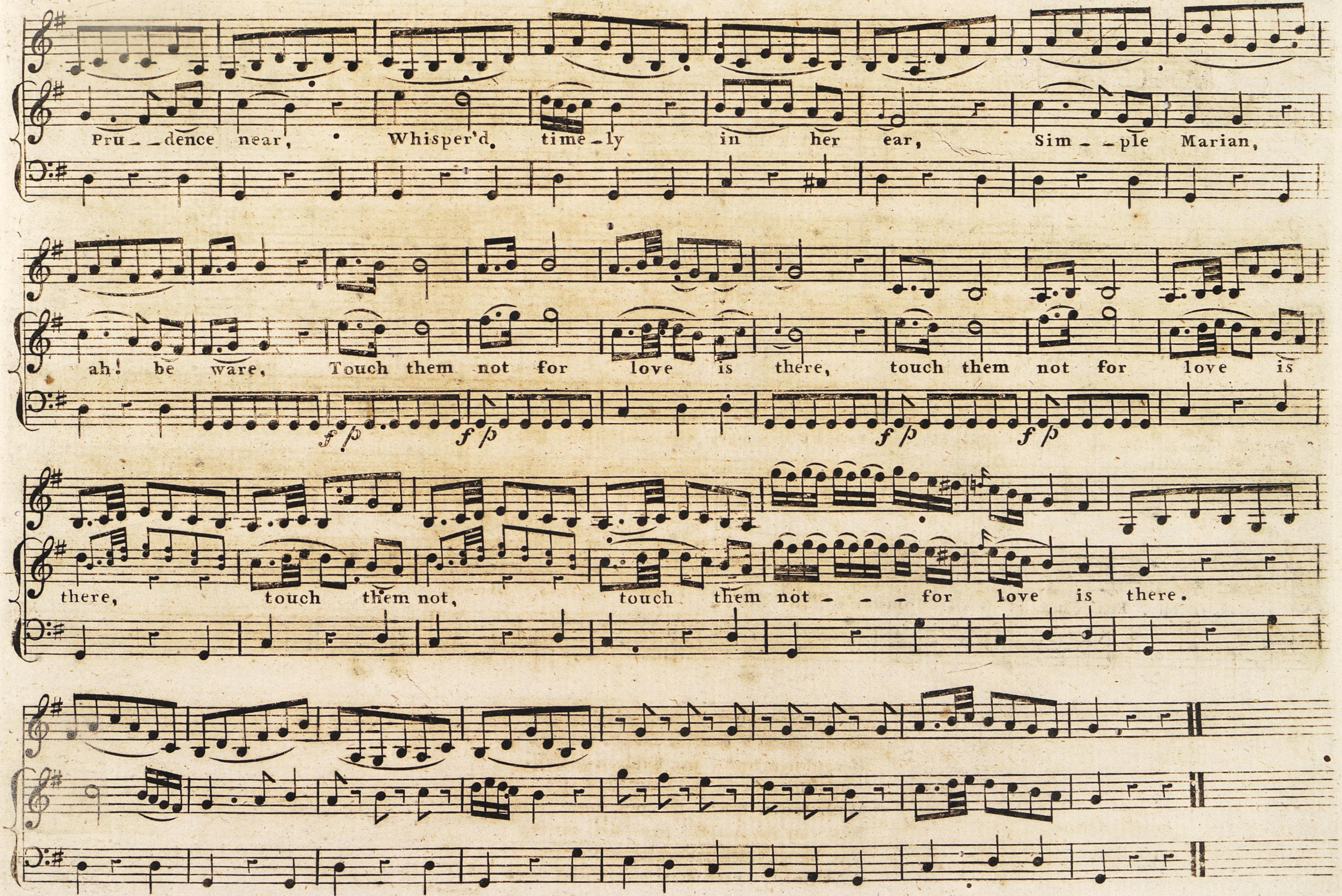
Sung by Mrs. Billington.



Sung by Mrs. Martyr.

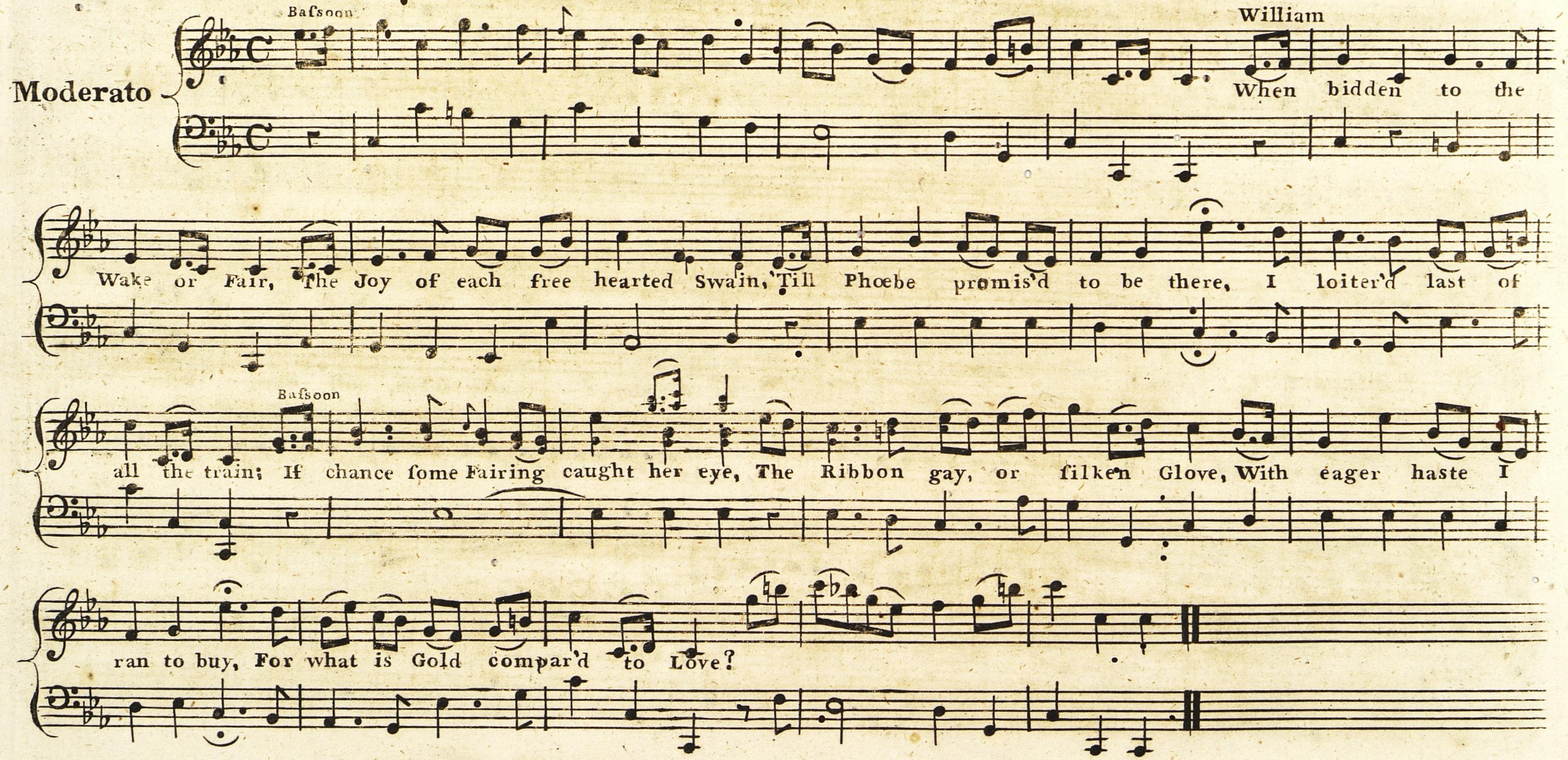
Sacchini.




Pru_dence near, Whisper'd time_ly in her ear, Sim_ple Marian,
ah! be ware, Touch them not for love is there, touch them not for love is
there, touch them not, touch them not _ _ _ for love is there.
fp
fp
fp
fp

Scots Tune

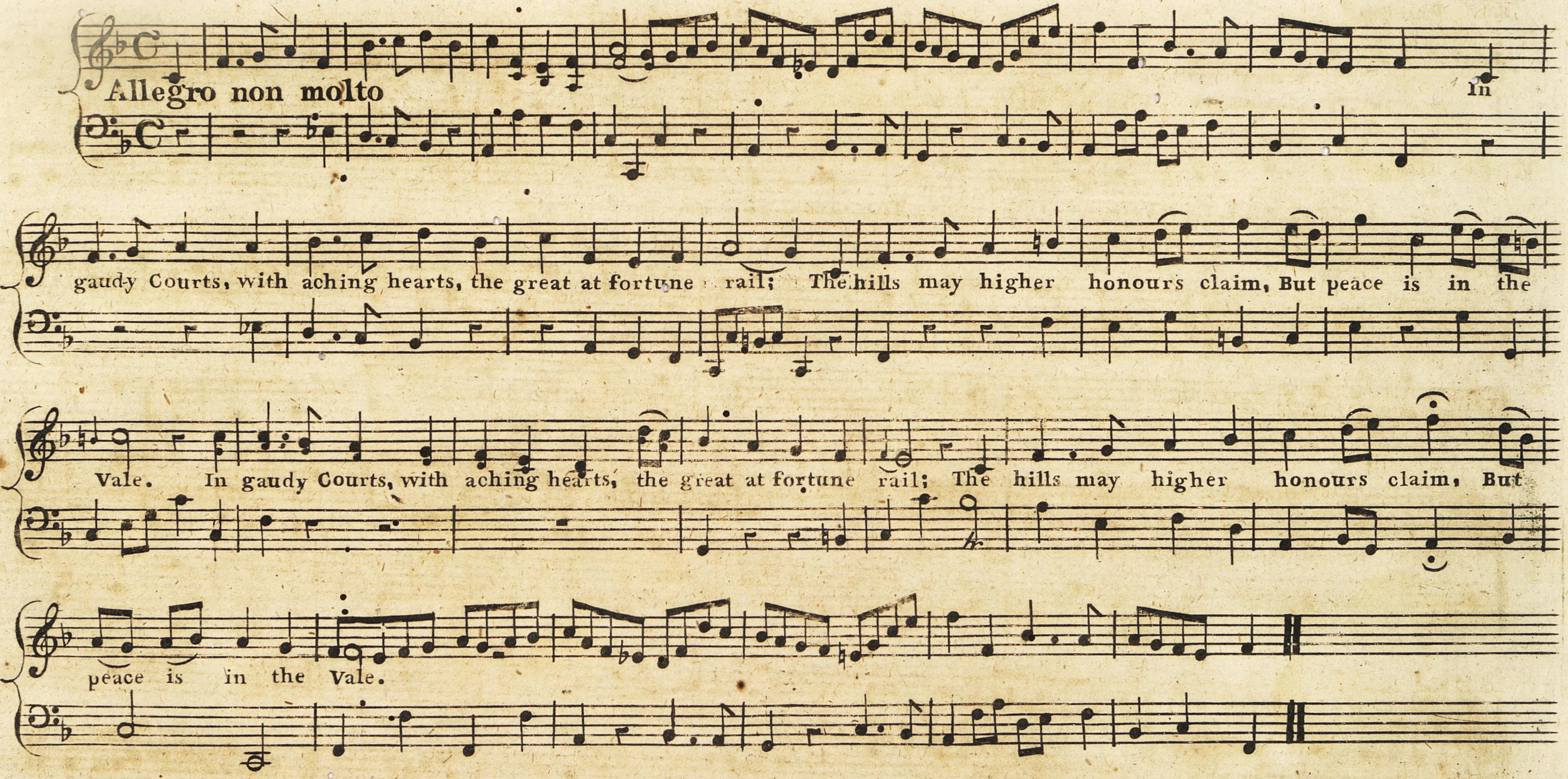
Sung by Mr. Blanchard



My Posy on her bosom plac'd,
Could Harry's ſweeter ſcents exhale?
Her auburn locks my Ribbon grac'd,
And flutter'd in the wanton gale:
With ſcorn ſhe hears me now complain,
Nor can my rustic presents move;
Her heart prefers a richer Swain,
And Gold, alas! has banish'd Love!

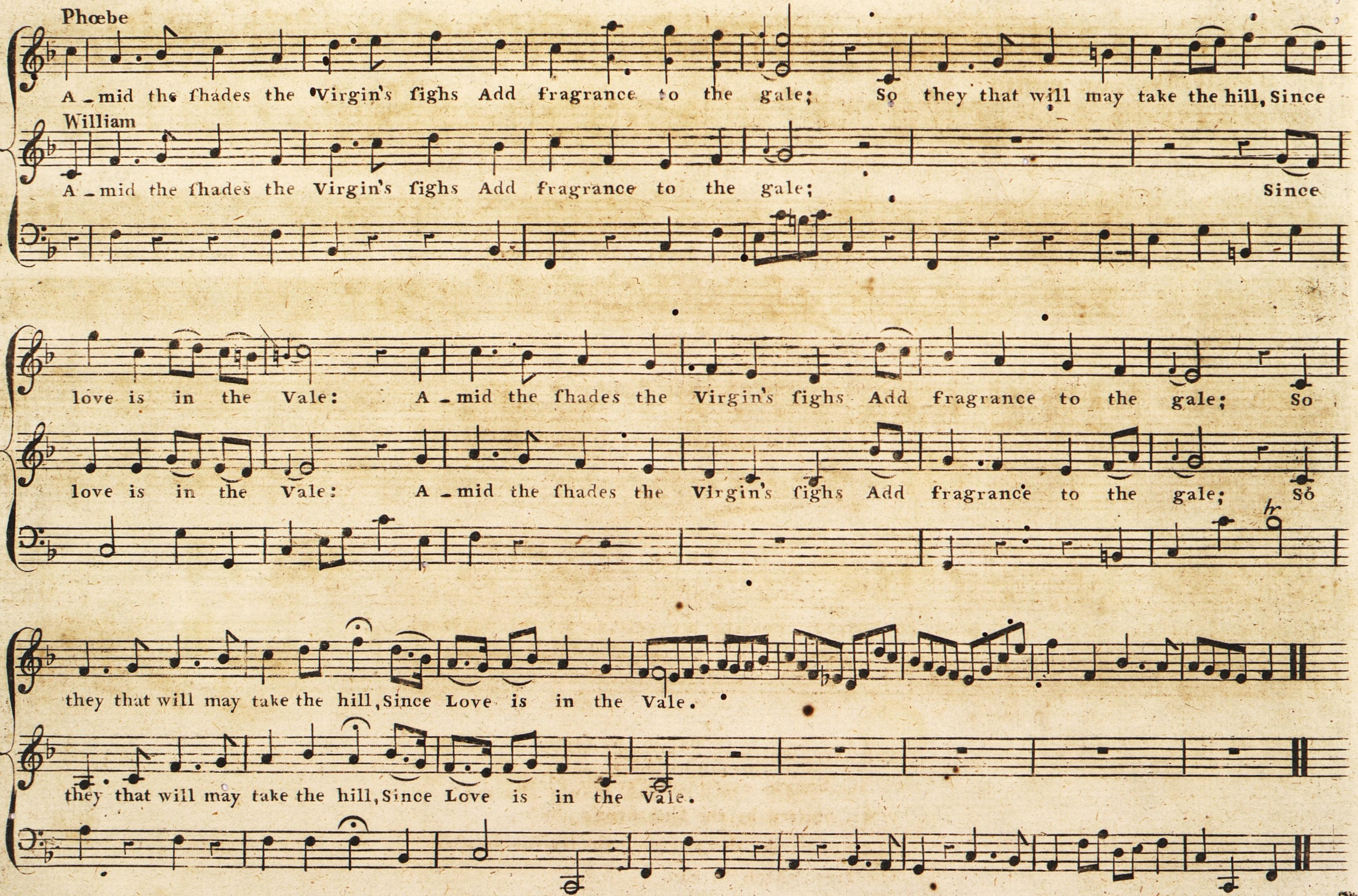
DUET Sung by M[r] Blanchard and M[rs.] Martyr

Shield

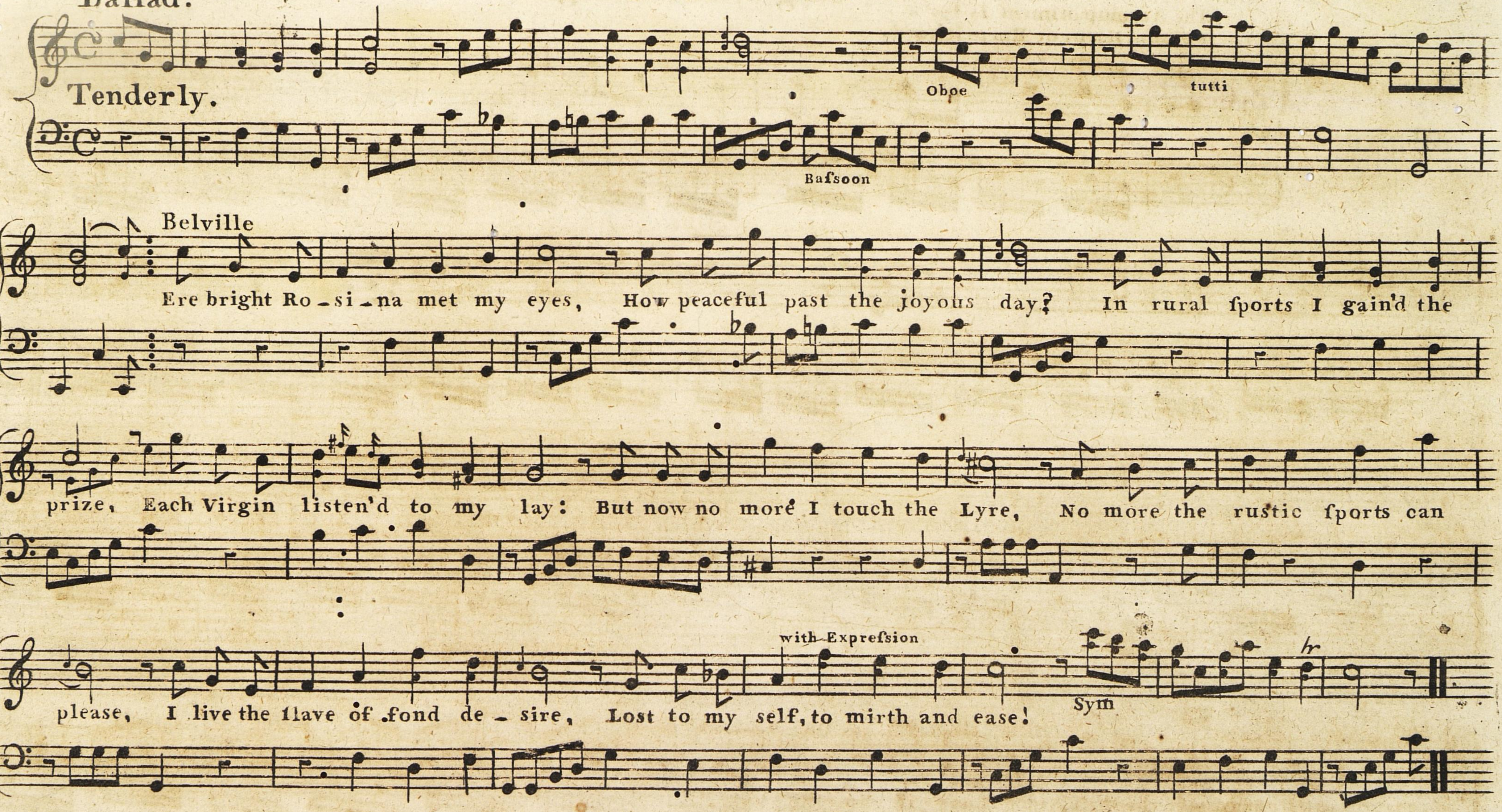


Twice {
See high born Dames, in rooms of ſtate,
With midnight revels pale;
No Youth admires their fading charms,
For Beauty's in the Vale.

V. S.


Phœbe
A_mid the ſhades the Virgin's ſighs Add fragrance to the gale; So they that will may take the hill, Since
William
A_mid the ſhades the Virgin's ſighs Add fragrance to the gale; Since
love is in the Vale: A_mid the ſhades the Virgin's ſighs Add fragrance to the gale; So
love is in the Vale: A_mid the ſhades the Virgin's ſighs Add fragrance to the gale; So
they that will may take the hill, Since Love is in the Vale.
they that will may take the hill, Since Love is in the Vale.

Ballad. **Sung by Mr. Bannister.** **Shield.**



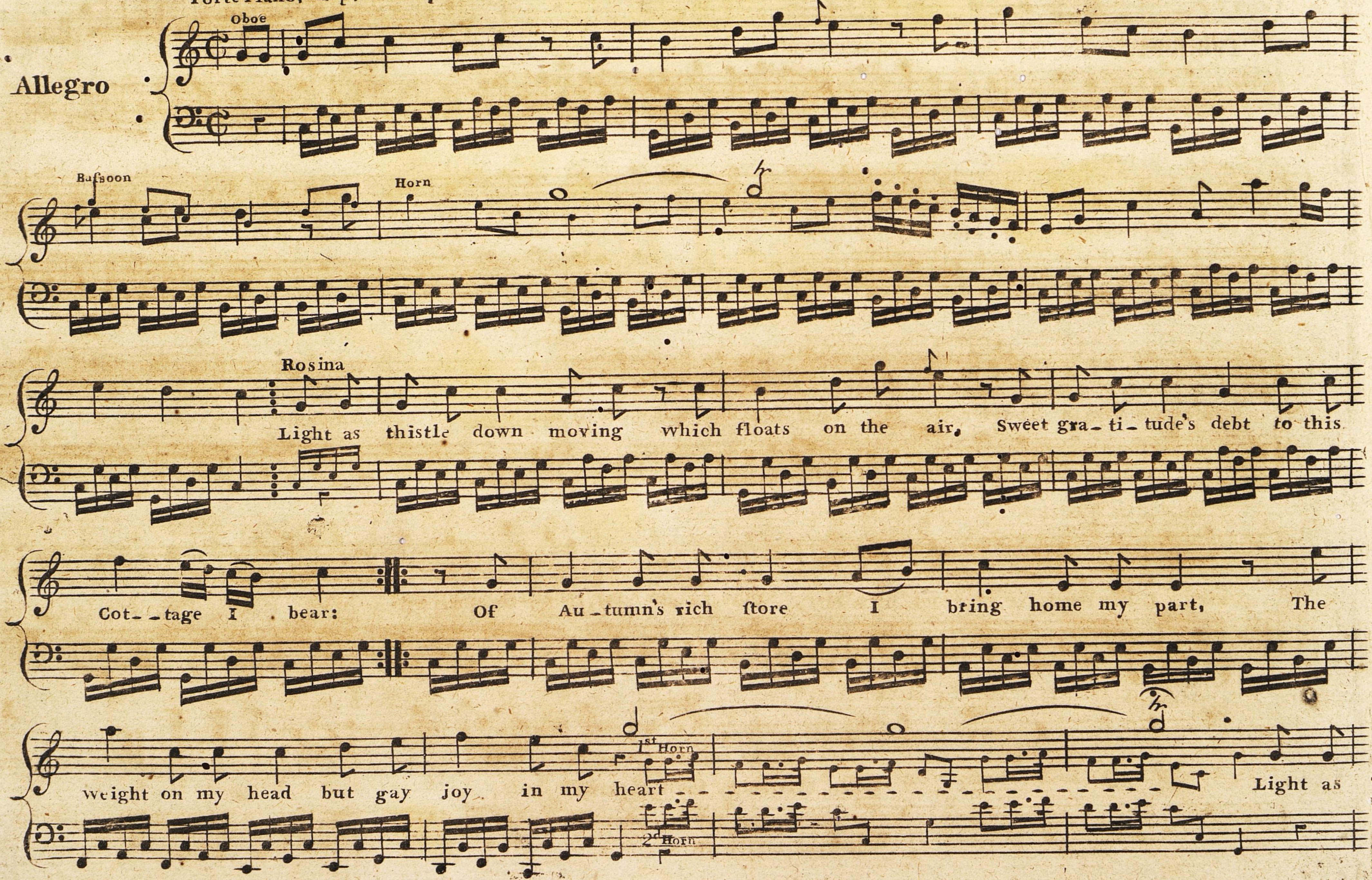
2

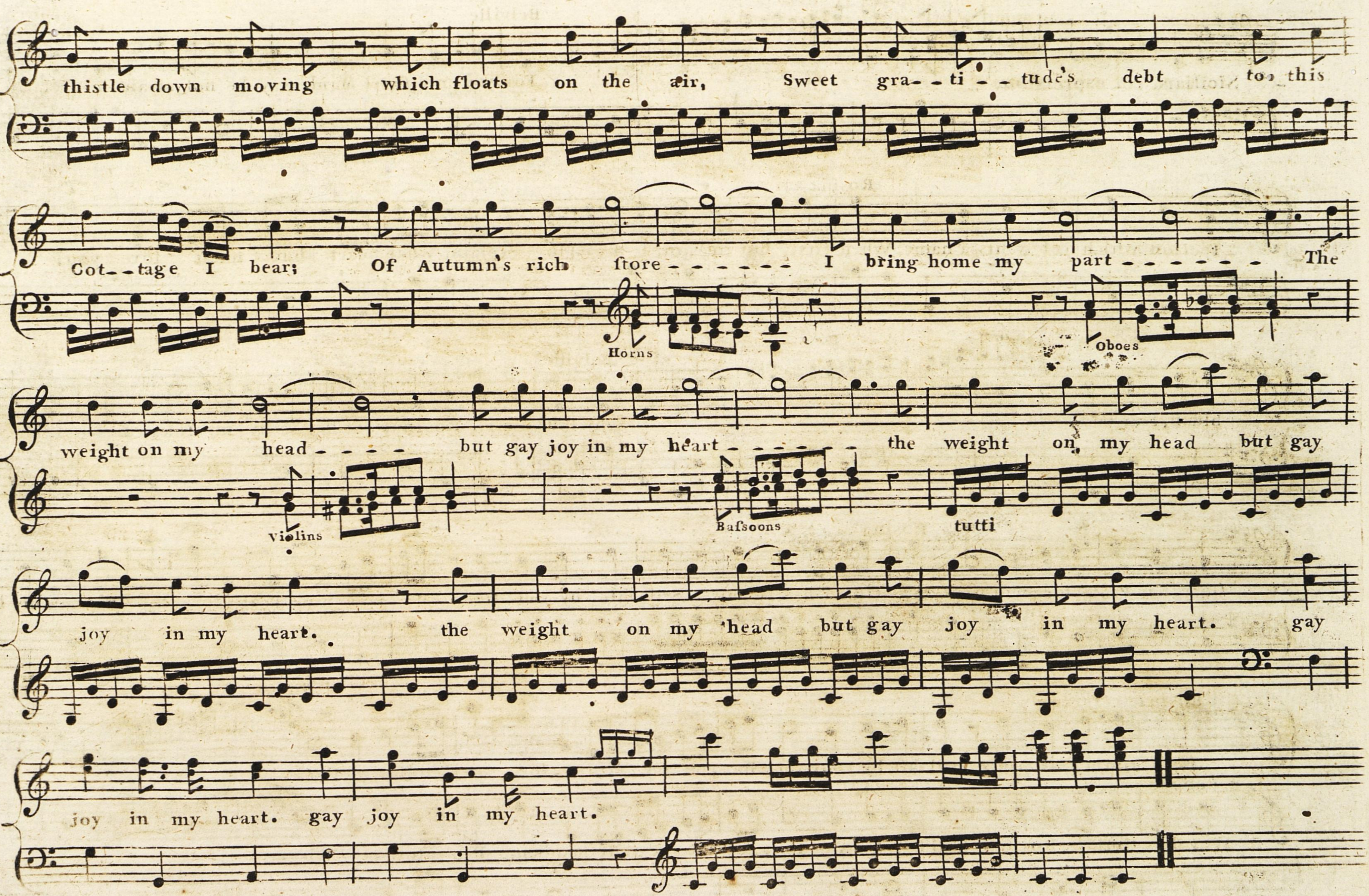
The Tree, which in a happier hour,
It's boughs extended o'er the Plain;
When blasted by the lightning's pow'r,
Nor charms the Eye, nor shades the Swain.
The Tree, which in &c.

Sung by Mrs. Billington

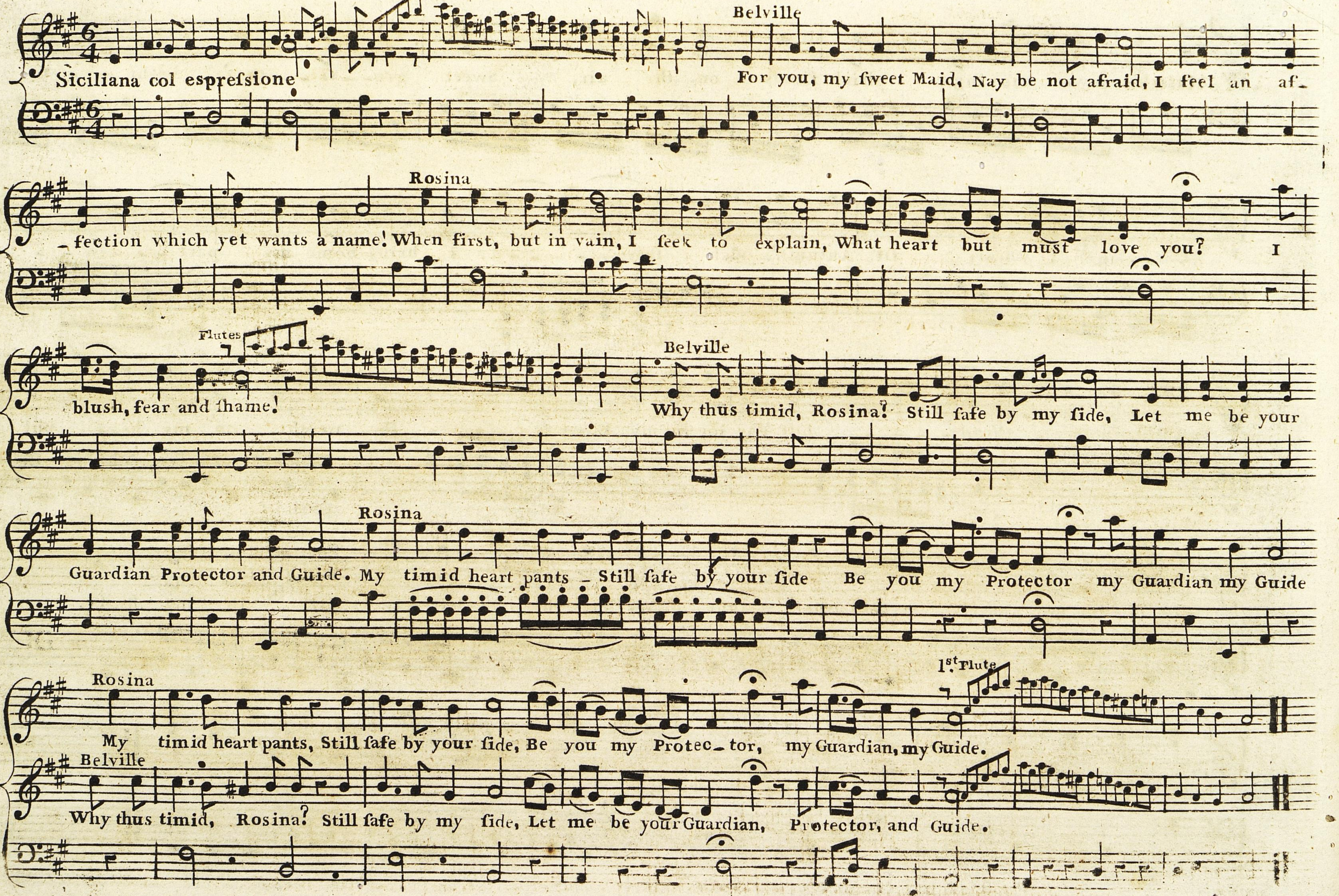
The Accompaniment is for a Forte Piano, Harp, or Harpsichord.

Shield



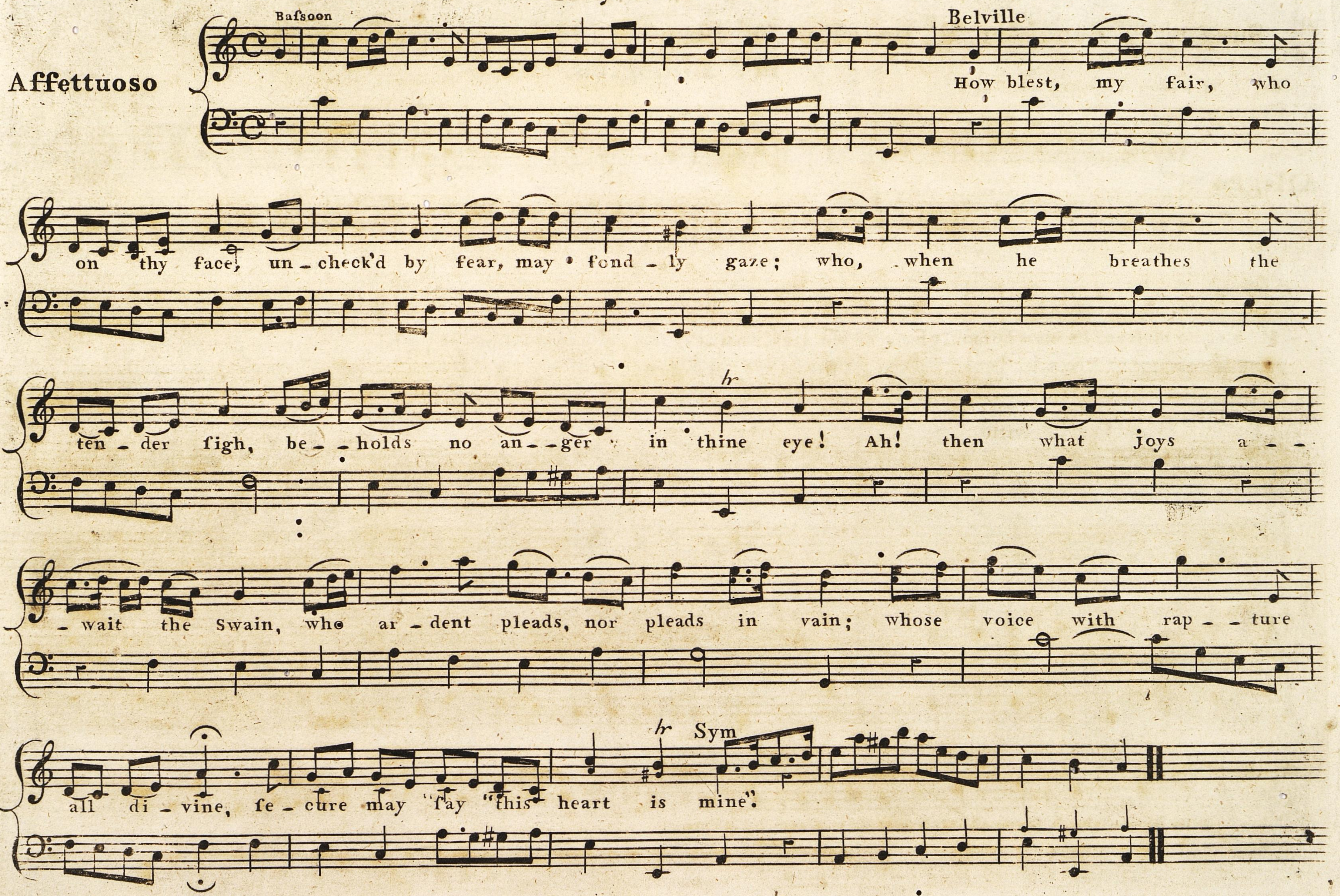

thistle down moving which floats on the air, Sweet gra--ti--tude's debt to this
Cot--tage I bear; Of Autumn's rich ſtore------ I bring home my part------ The
Horns
Oboes
weight on my head---- but gay joy in my heart------ the weight on my head but gay
Violins
Baſsoons
tutti
joy in my heart. the weight on my head but gay joy in my heart. gay
joy in my heart. gay joy in my heart.

DUETT Sung by Mr. Bannister and Mrs. Billington: Shield



Sung by Mr. Bannister.

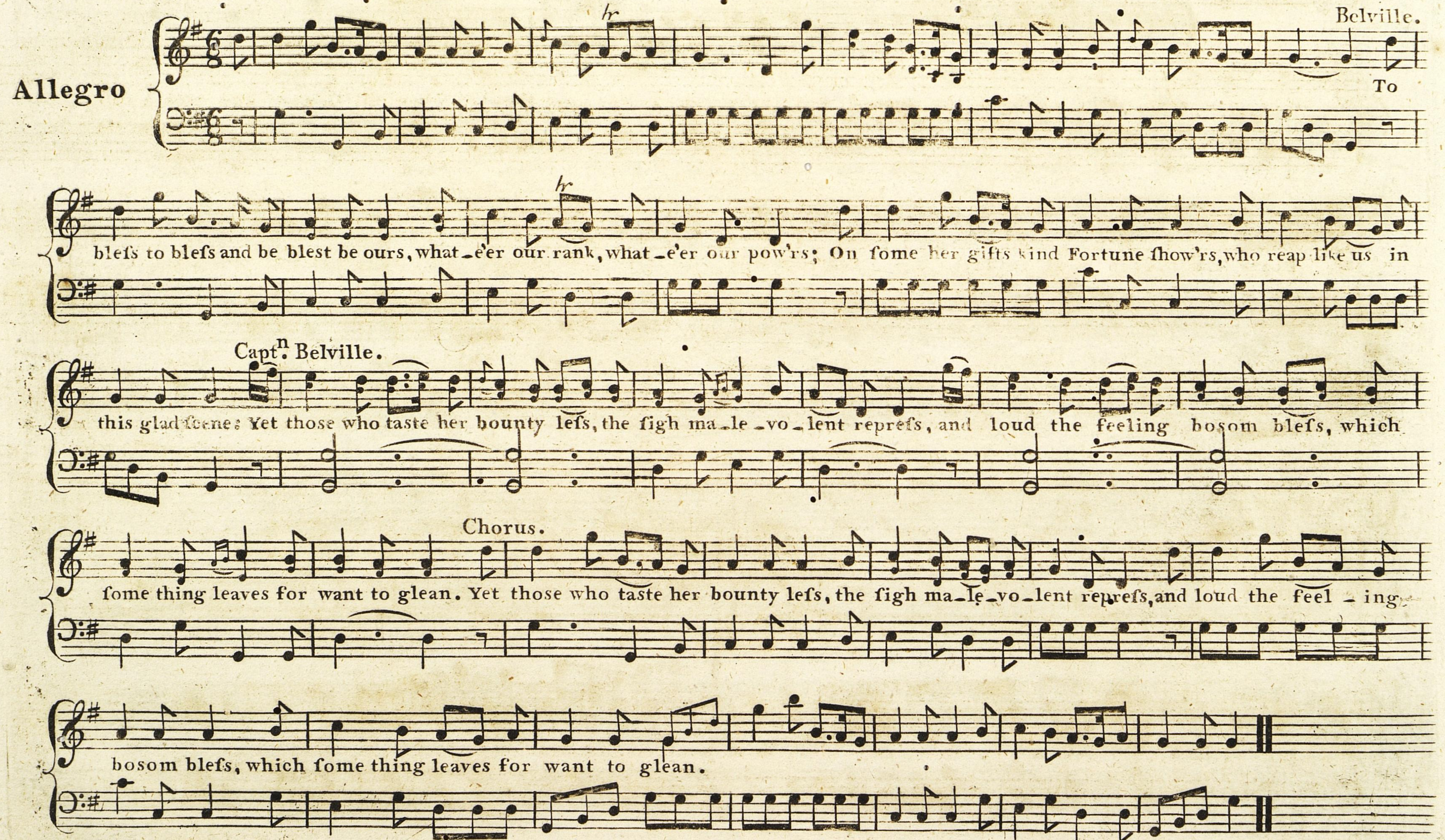
Scots Tune

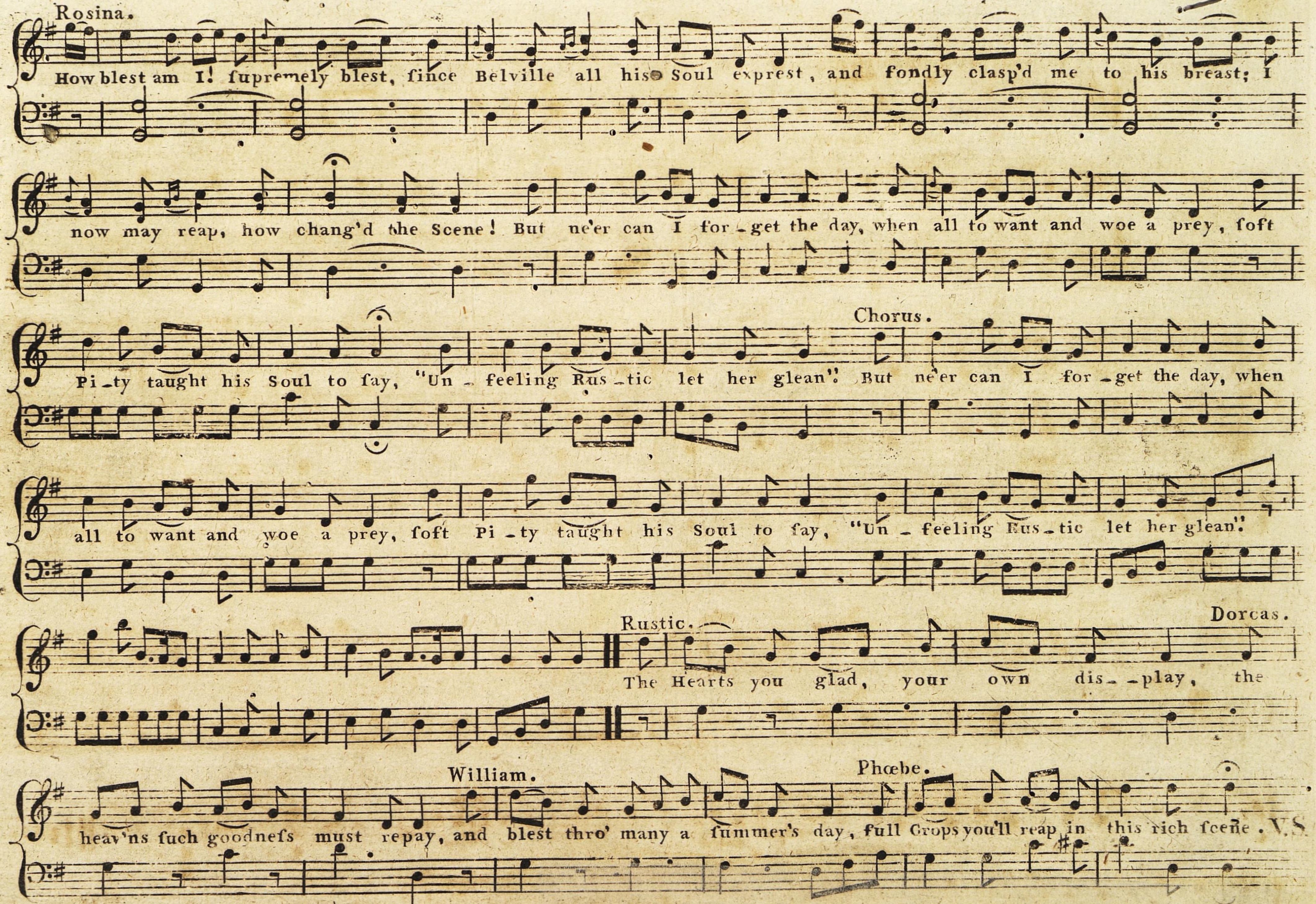


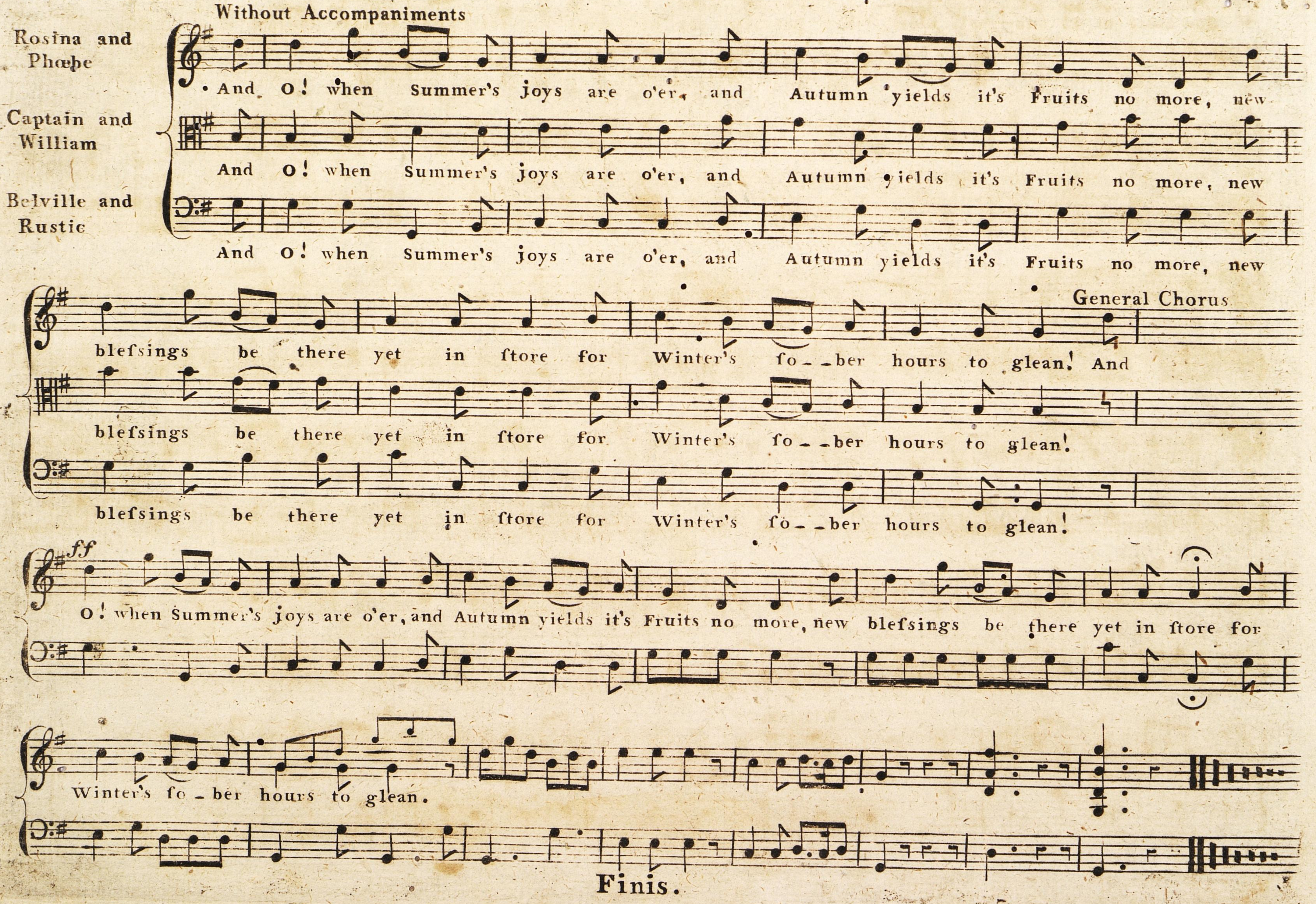
FINALE

French Tune.

Sung by Mr. Bannister, Mr. Incledon, Mr. Blanchard, Mr. Davies, Mrs. Martyr, and Mrs. Billington.




Rosina.
How blest am I! fupremely blest, fince Belville all his Soul exprest, and fondly clasp'd me to his breast; I
now may reap, how chang'd the Scene! But ne'er can I for_get the day, when all to want and woe a prey, foft
Pi_ty taught his Soul to fay, "Un_feeling Rus_tic let her glean". But ne'er can I for_get the day, when
Chorus.
all to want and woe a prey, foft Pi_ty taught his Soul to fay, "Un_feeling Rus_tic let her glean".
Rustic.
The Hearts you glad, your own dis_play, the
Dorcas.
heav'ns fuch goodnefs must repay, and
William.
blest thro' many a fummer's day,
Phœbe.
full Crops you'll reap in this rich fcene. V.S.


Without Accompaniments
Rosina and Phœbe
And O! when Summer's joys are o'er, and Autumn yields it's Fruits no more, new
Captain and William
And O! when Summer's joys are o'er, and Autumn yields it's Fruits no more, new
Belville and Rustic
And O! when Summer's joys are o'er, and Autumn yields it's Fruits no more, new
blefsings be there yet in ftore for Winter's fo--ber hours to glean! And
General Chorus
blefsings be there yet in ftore for Winter's fo--ber hours to glean!
blefsings be there yet in ftore for Winter's fo--ber hours to glean!
ff
O! when Summer's joys are o'er, and Autumn yields it's Fruits no more, new blefsings be there yet in ftore for
Winter's fo-ber hours to glean.
Finis.

The POOR SOLDIER,

A

COMIC OPERA,

as Performed with Universal Applause,

at the

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN;

Selected and Composed

BY

WILLIAM SHIELD,

Author of the Flitch of Bacon, Rosina, Seige of Gibraltar_ Lord Mayors Day. &c &c.

[illegible]

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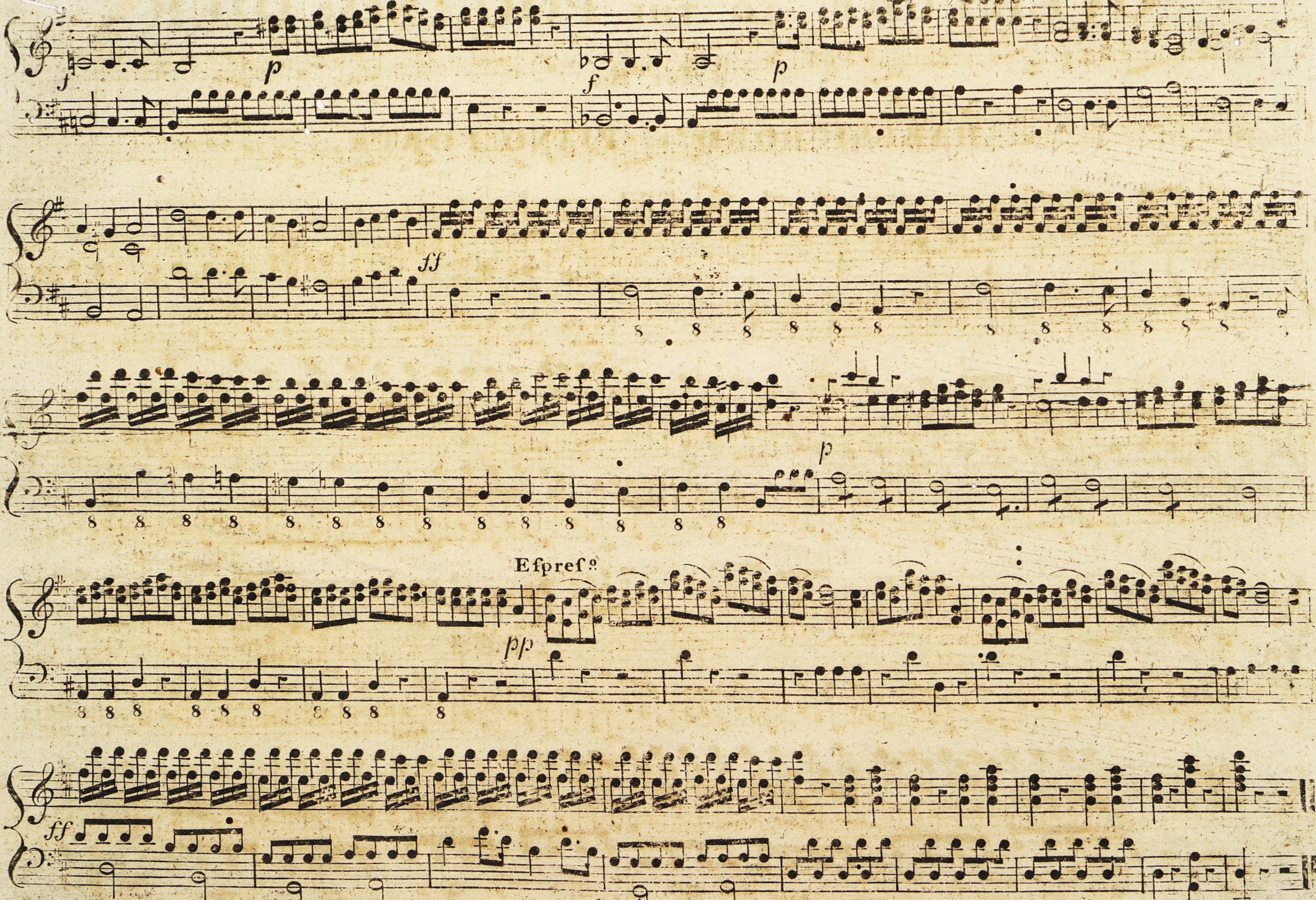

f
p
f
p
ff
Espress.
pp
ff

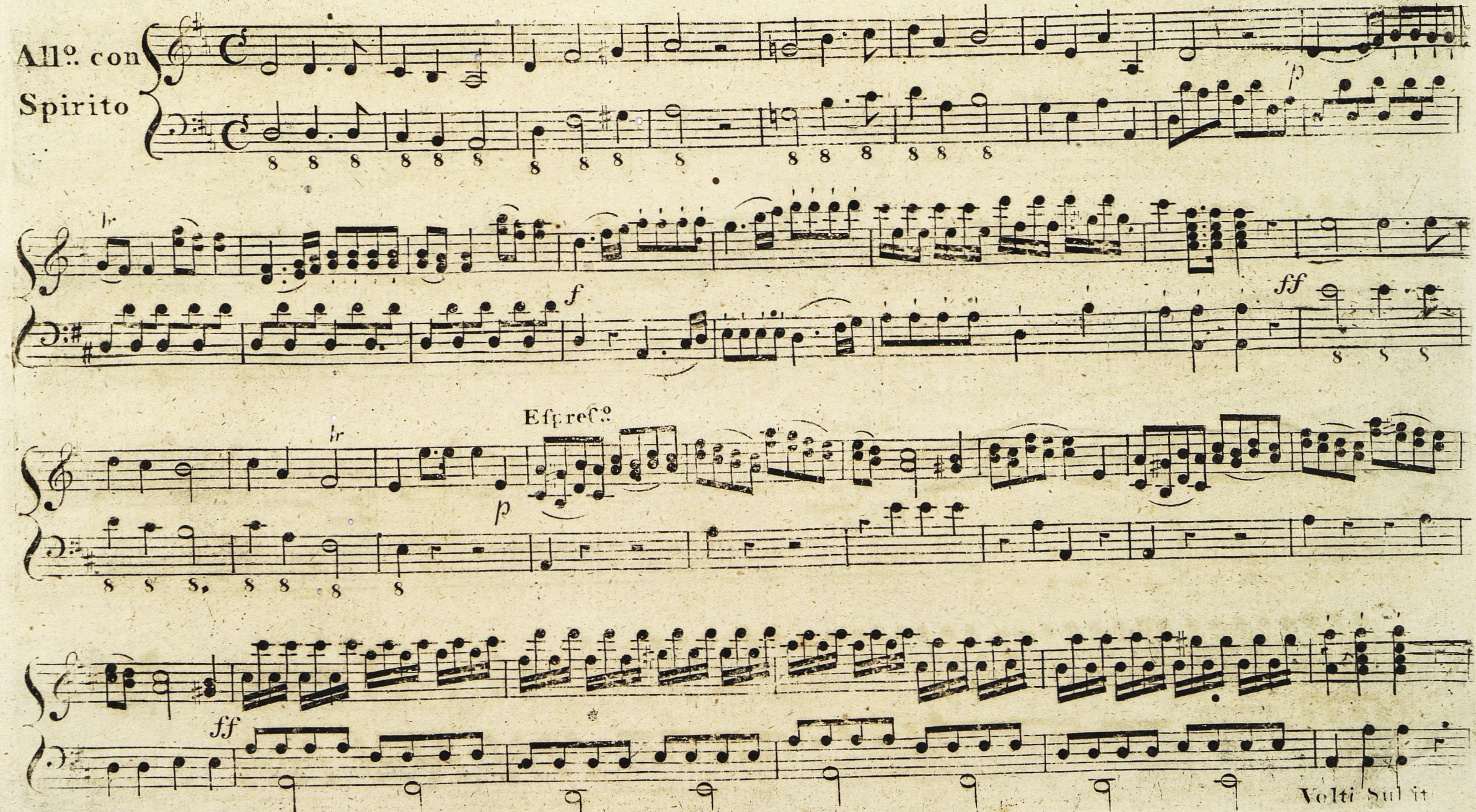
OVERTURE TO THE POOR SOLDIER

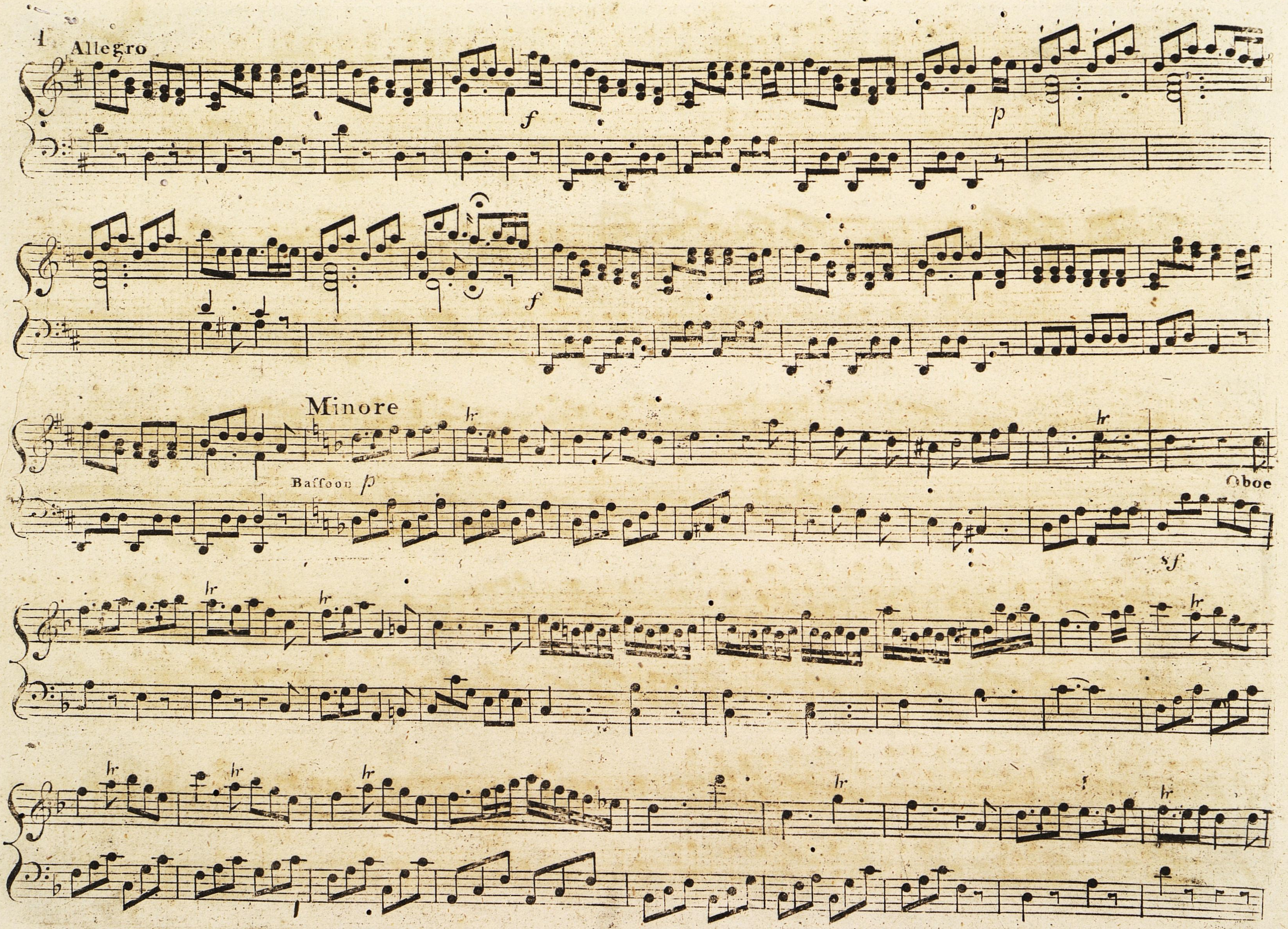
for the

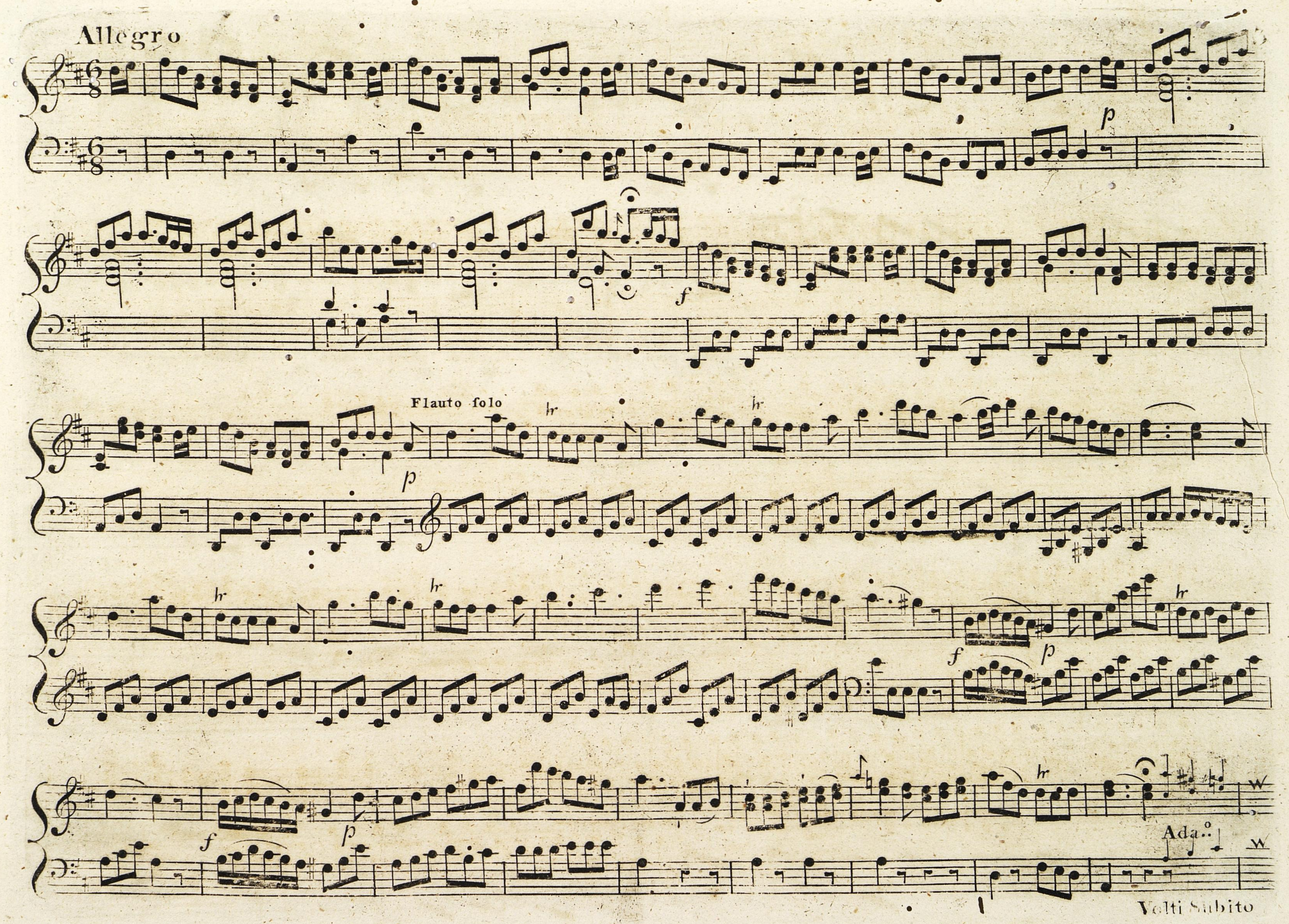
HARPSICHORD or PIANO FORTE.

Pr: 1s

SHIELD.

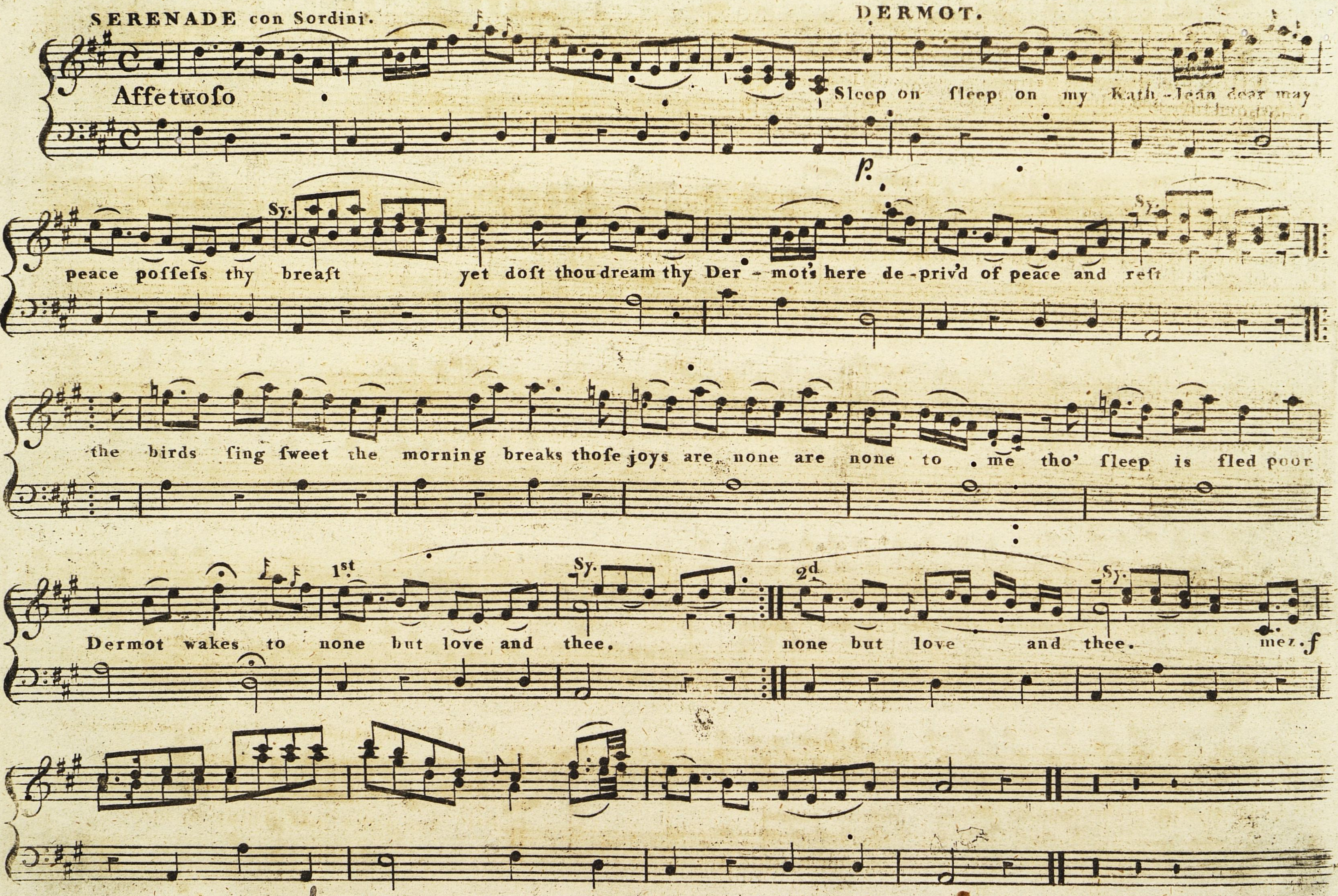


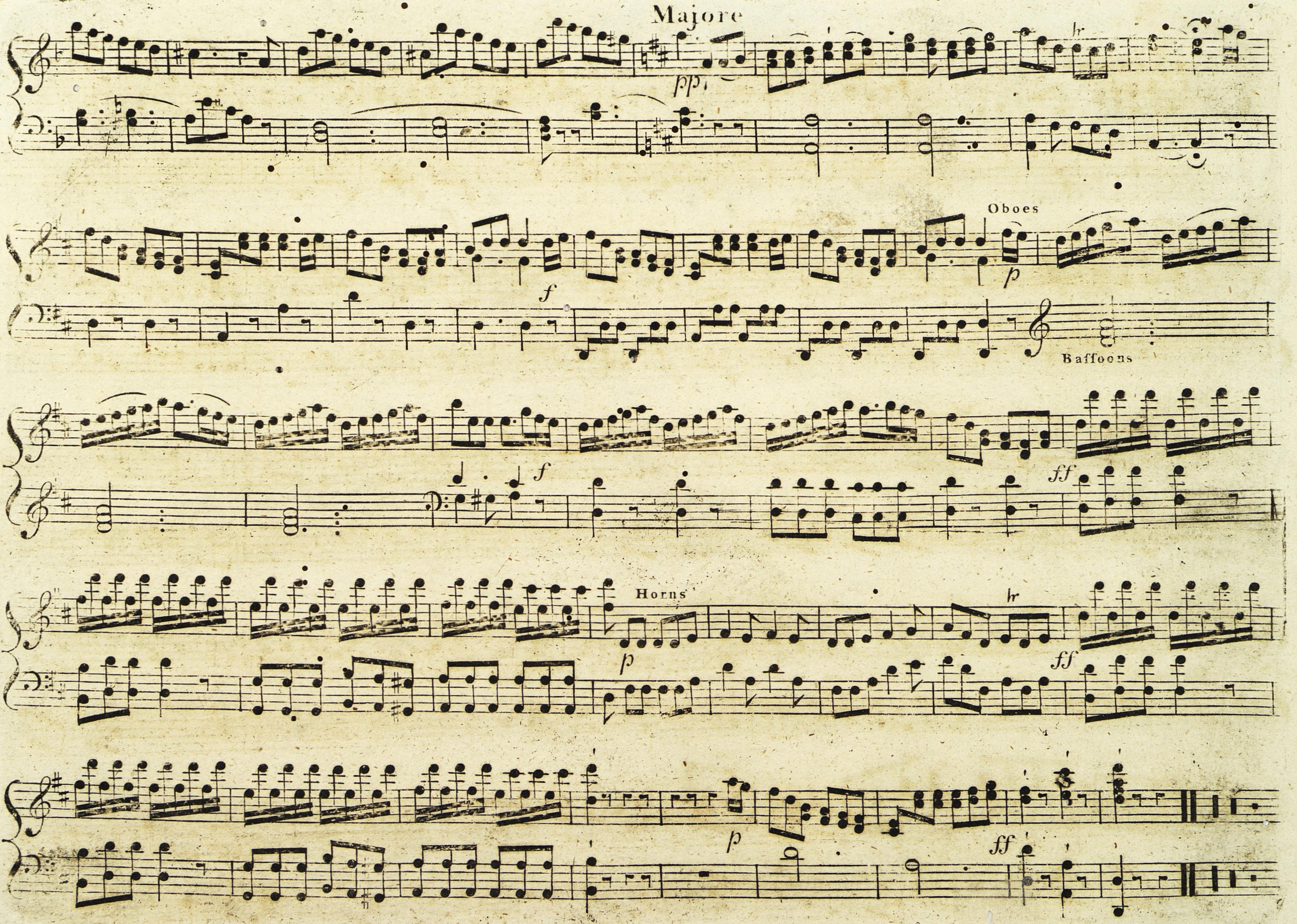

1
Allegro
f
p
f
Minore
Baffoon p
Oboe
sf



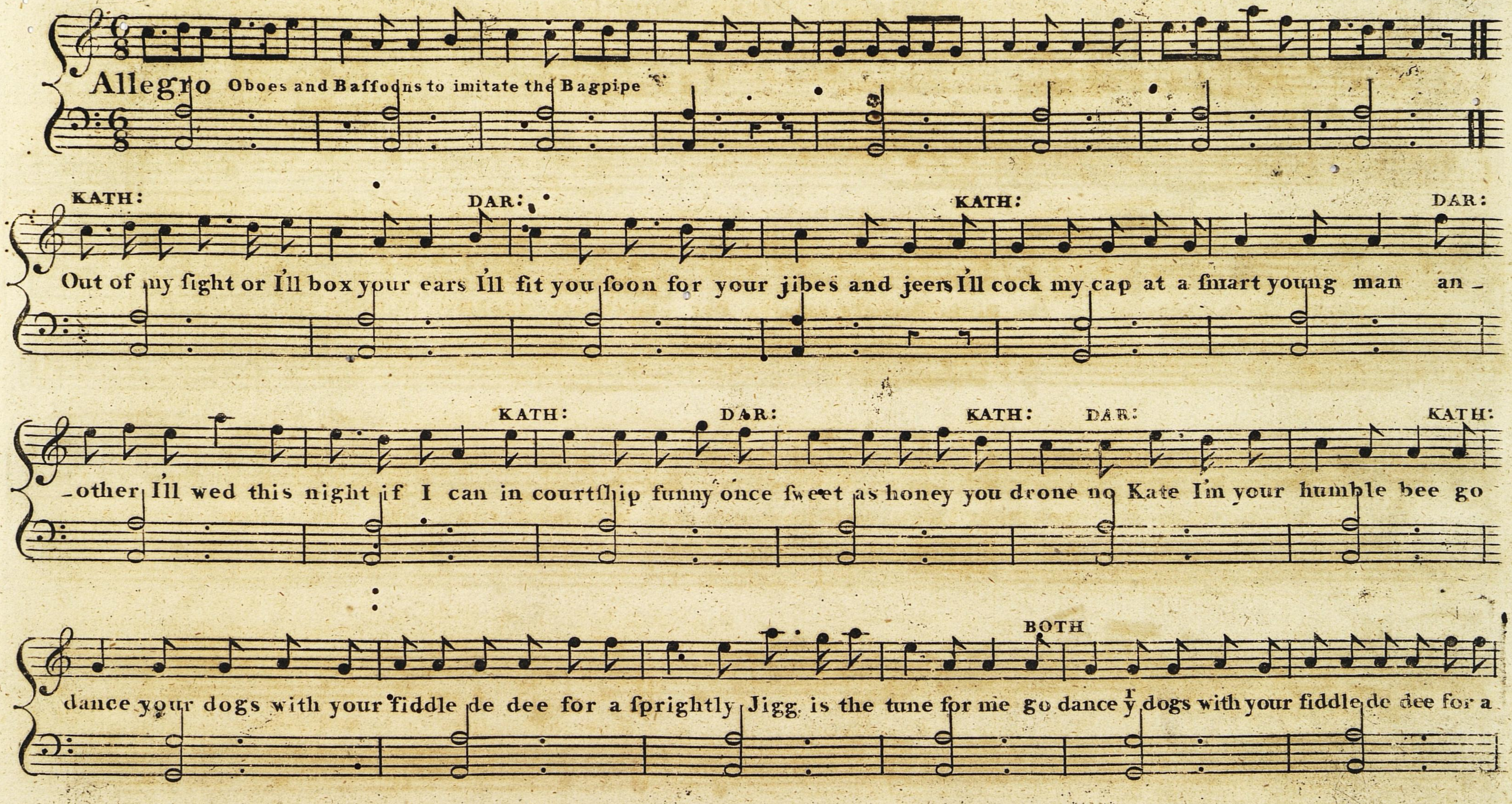
Allegro
p
f
Flauto solo
p
f
p
f
p
Adag.o
Volti Subito

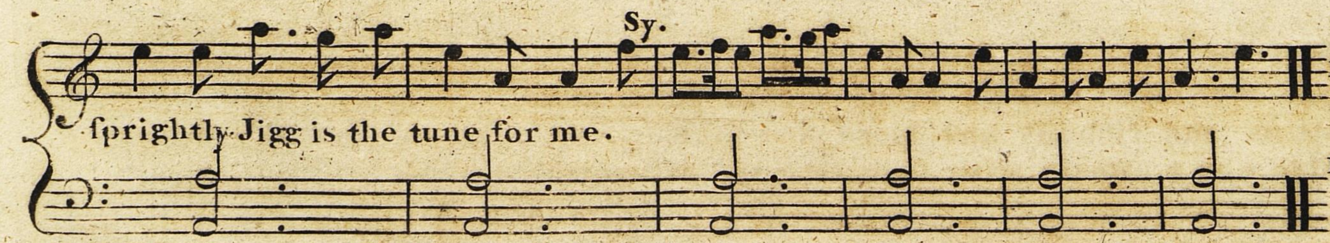
Sung by Mr. Johnstone.




Majore
pp
Oboes
f
p
Baffoons
ff
Horns

Sung by Mrs. Martyr and Mr. Edwin.

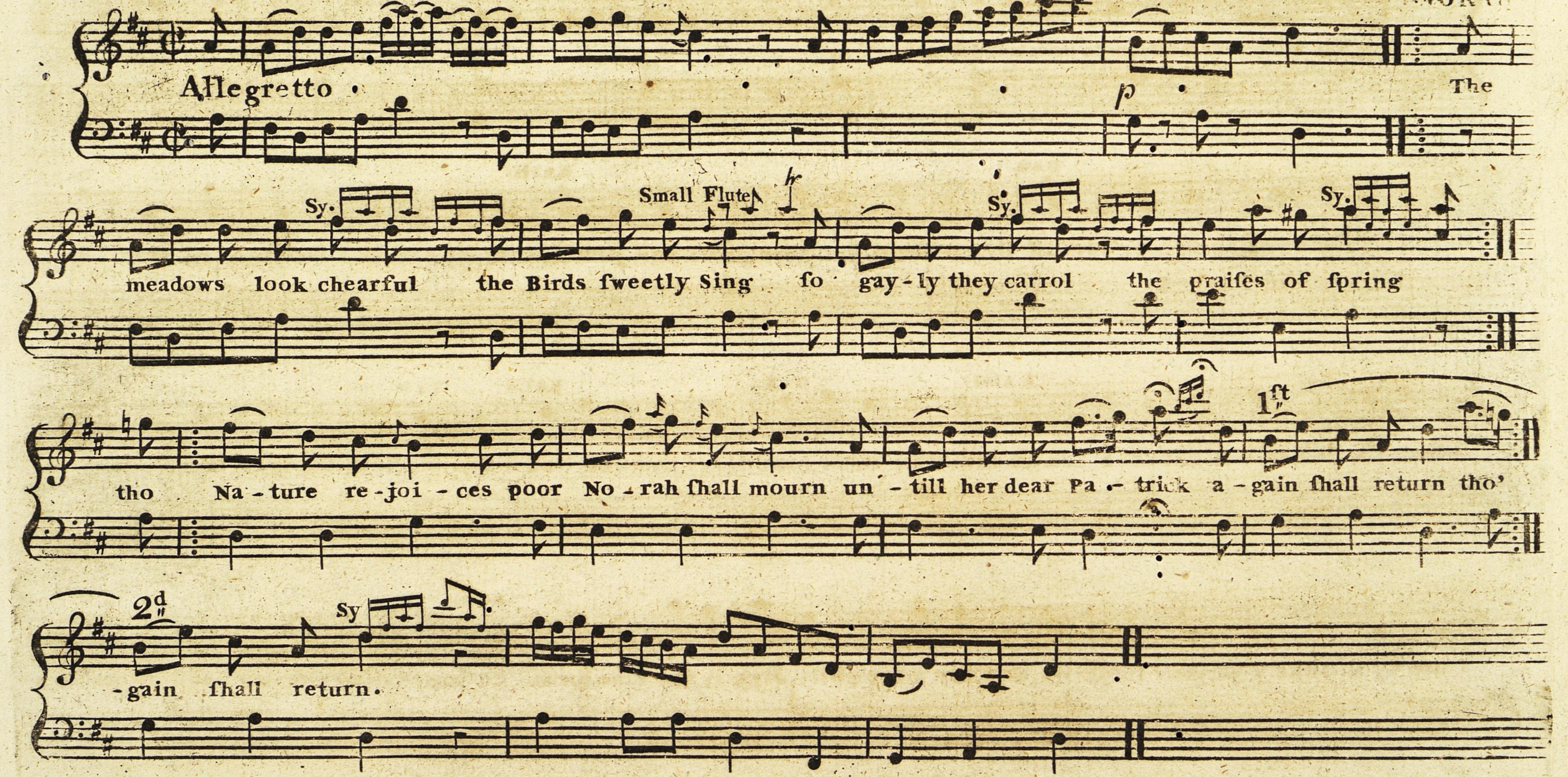




Kath: Like sweet milk turn'd, now to me seems love,
Dar: The fragrant rose does a nettle prove;
Kath: Sour curds I taste, tho' sweet cream I chose,
Dar: And, with a flower, I sting my nose.
In courtship &c:

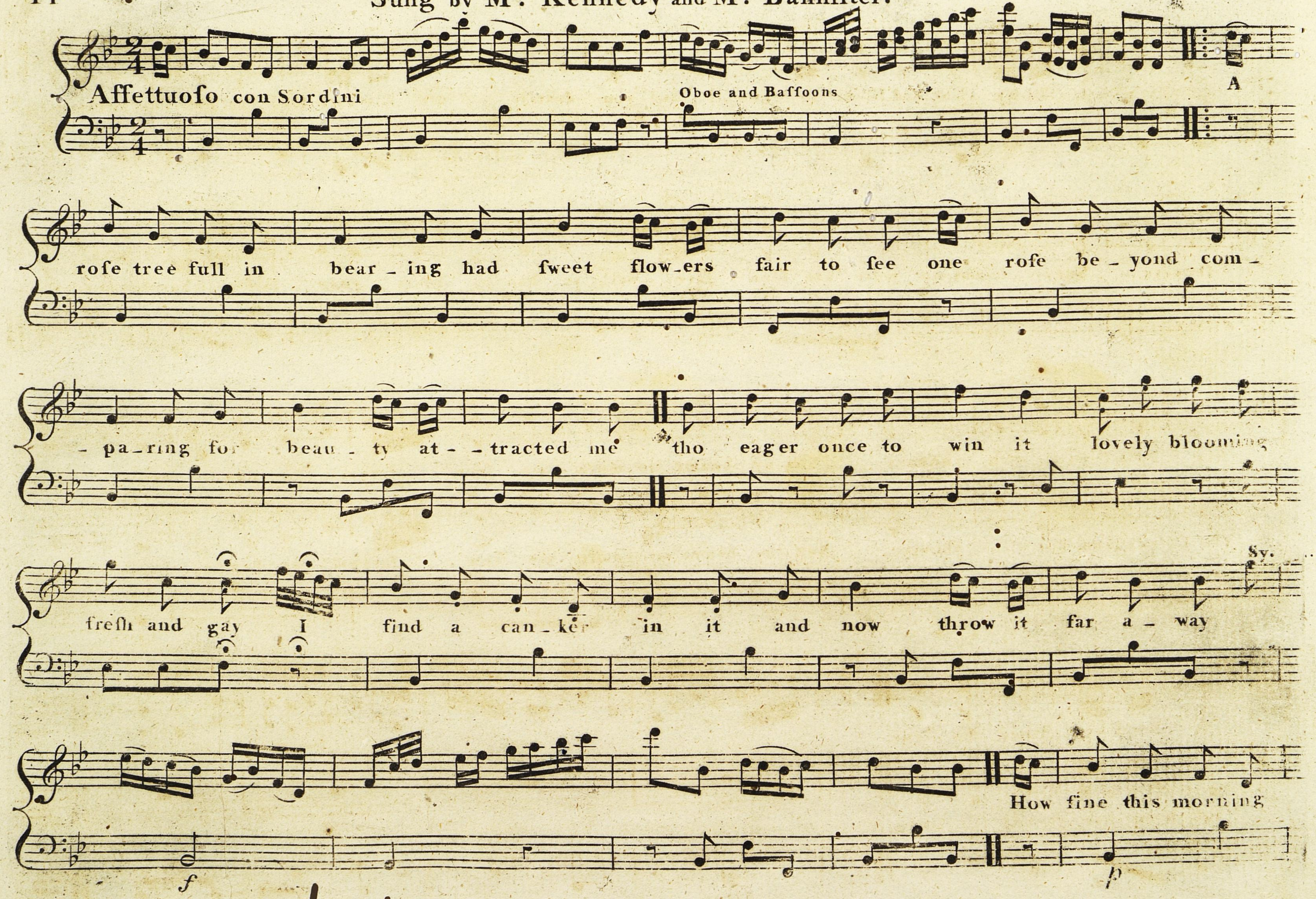
Sung by Mrs. Bannister.

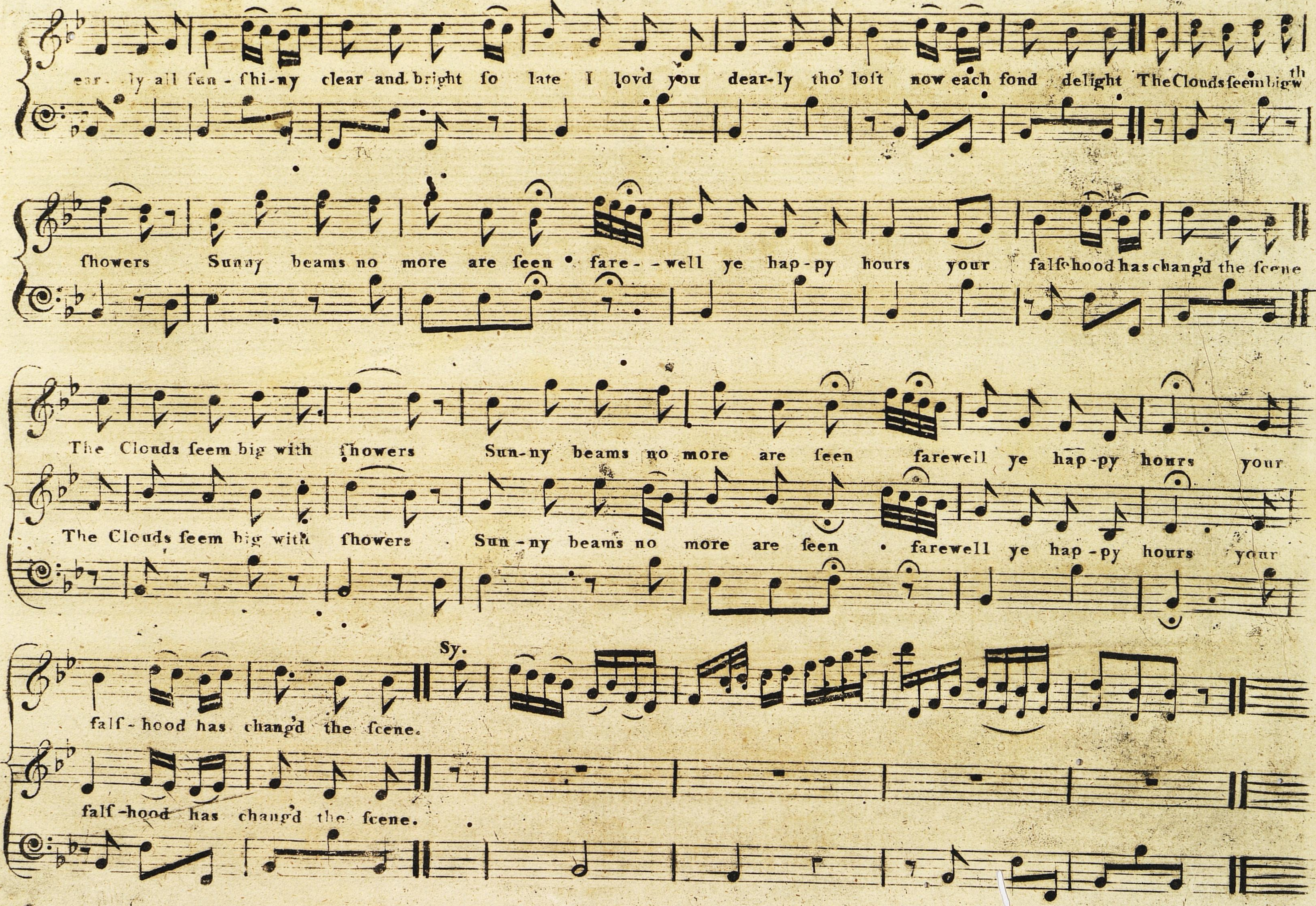
NORAH



Ye Lasses of Dublin, ah, hide your gay charms,
Nor lure her dear Patrick from Norah's fond arms,
Tho Sattins and ribbons and laces are fine
They hide not a Heart with such feeling as mine.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy and Mrs. Bannister.

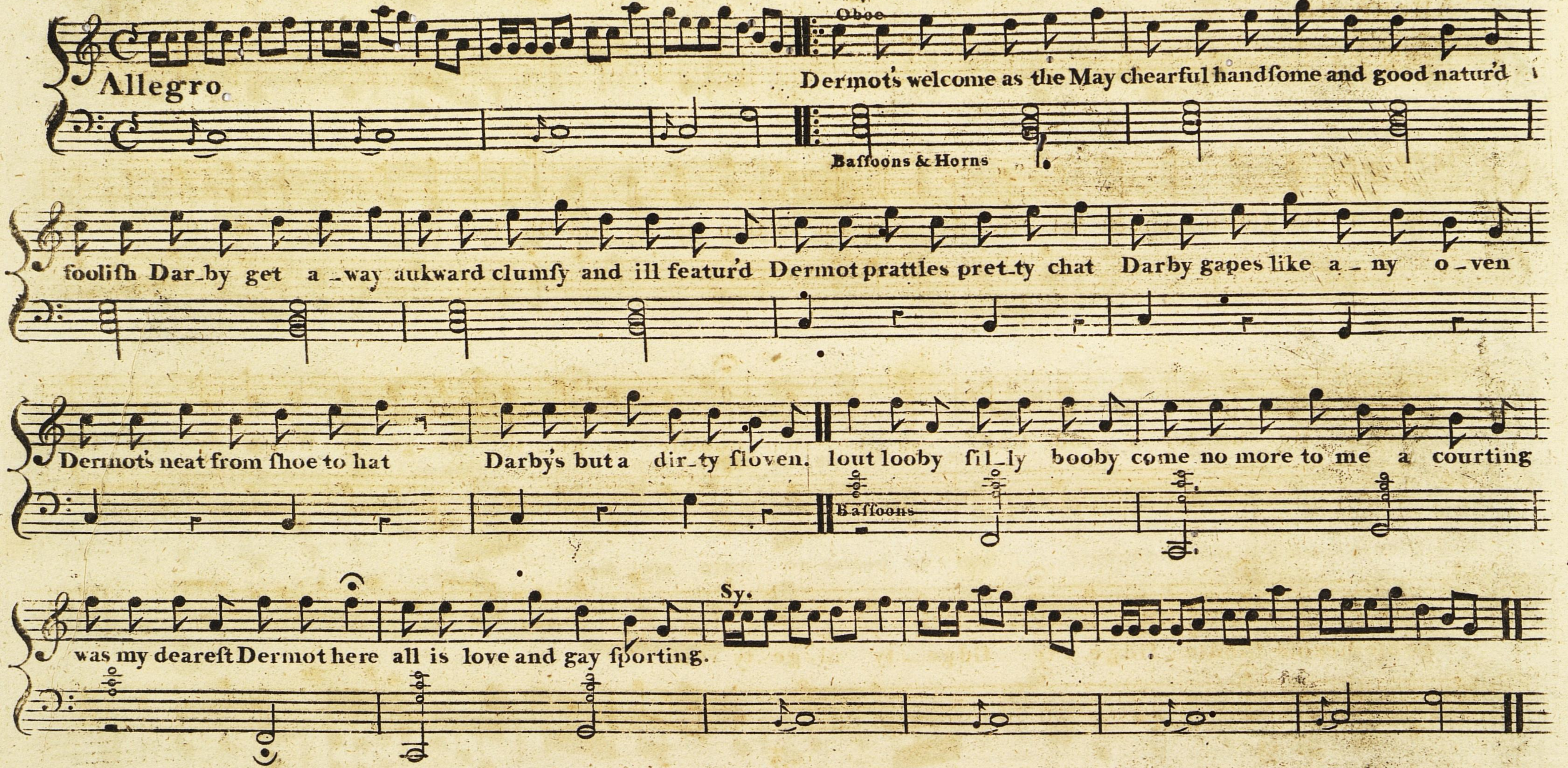



ly all fun - fhi - ny clear and bright fo late I lovd you dear - ly tho' loft now each fond delight The Clouds feem big with
fhowers Sunny beams no more are feen fare - - well ye hap - py hours your falfehood has chang'd the fcene
The Clouds feem big with fhowers Sun - ny beams no more are feen farewell ye hap - py hours your
The Clouds feem big with fhowers Sun - ny beams no more are feen farewell ye hap - py hours your
Sy.
falf - hood has chang'd the fcene.
falf - hood has chang'd the fcene.

Sung by M[rs] Martyr.

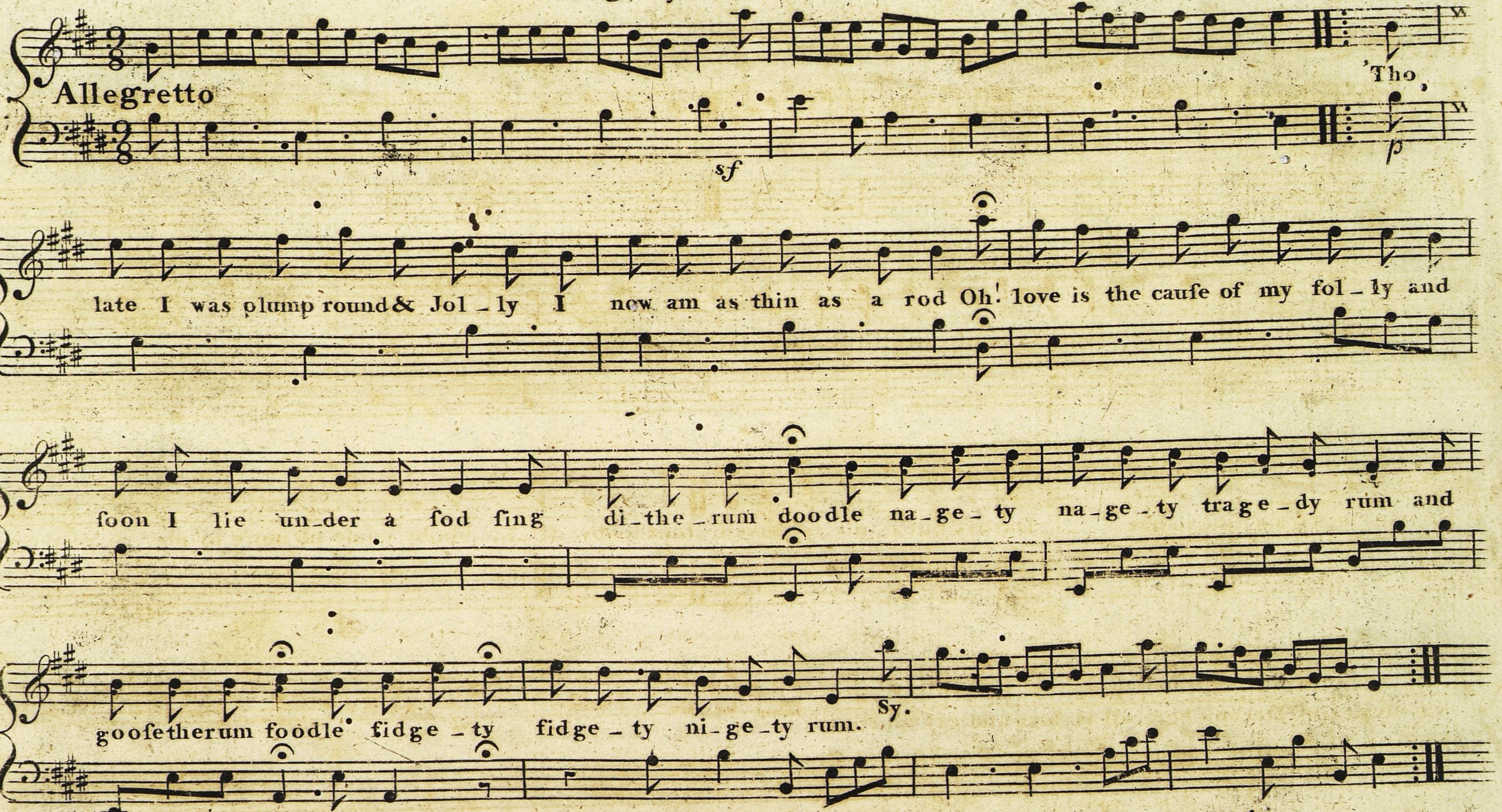
Act. 2d

KATHLEAN.



Dermots teeth are white as egg,
Lip as fweet as fugar candy;
Then he's fuch a handfome leg,
Darby's knocked kneed and bandy:
Dermot walks a comely pace,
Darby like an afs goes ftumping;
Dermot dances with fuch grace,
Darby's dance is only jumping.
Lout looby filly booby, &c:

Sung by Mr. Edwin. DARBY



2

Dear Kathlean then why did you flout me,
A lad that's fo cofey and warm;
Oh! ev'ry thing's handfome about me,
My cabin and fnug little farm.
Sing ditherum, &c:

3

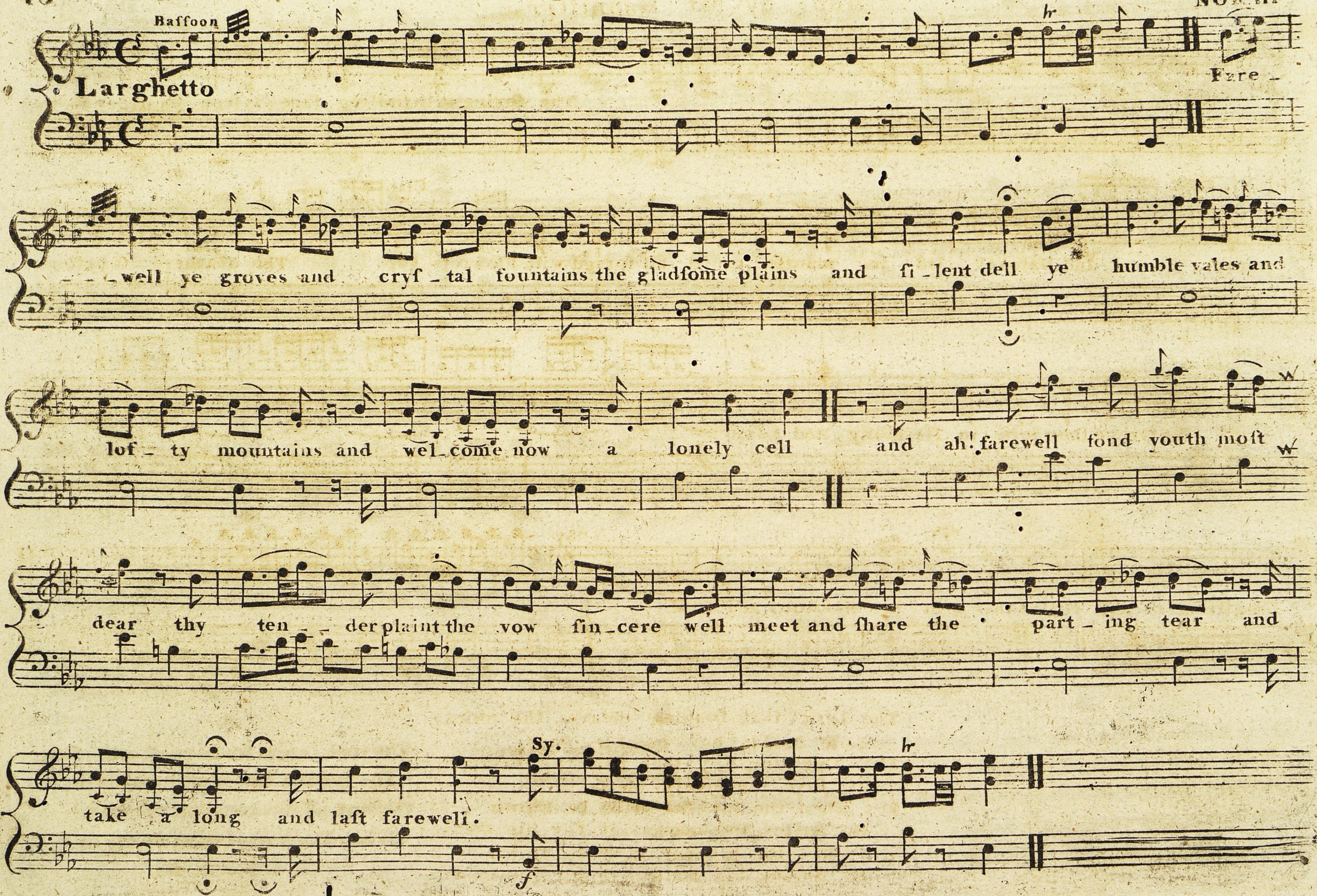
What tho I have fcrap'd up no money,
No duns at my chamber attend;
On fundays I ride on my poney,
And ftill have a bit for a friend.
Sing ditherum, &c:

4

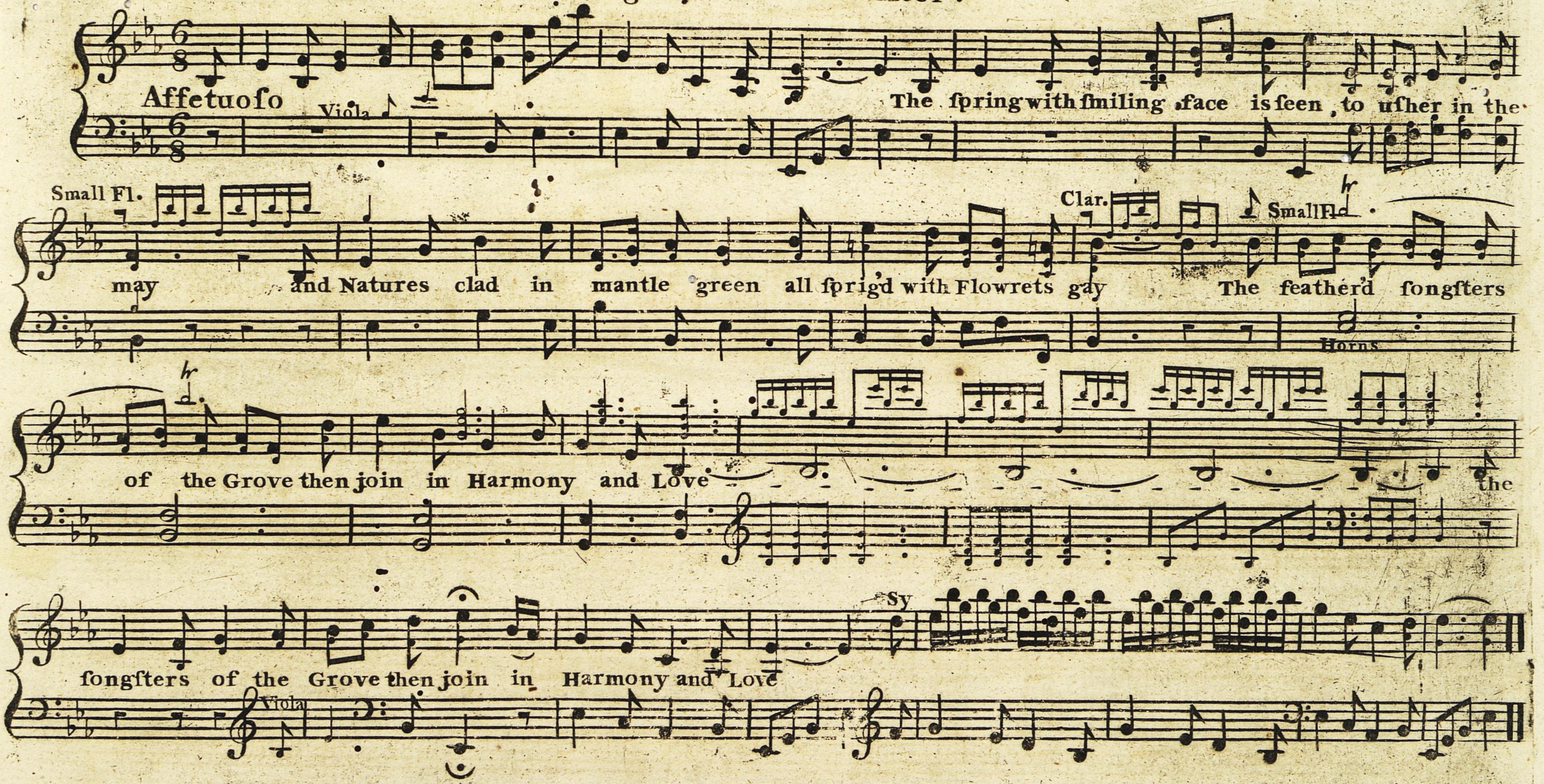
The cock courts his hens all around me,
The fparrow the pigeon and dove;
Oh! how all this courting confounds me,
When I look and I think of my love.
Sing ditherum, &c:

Sung by Mrs. Bannister.

NORAH

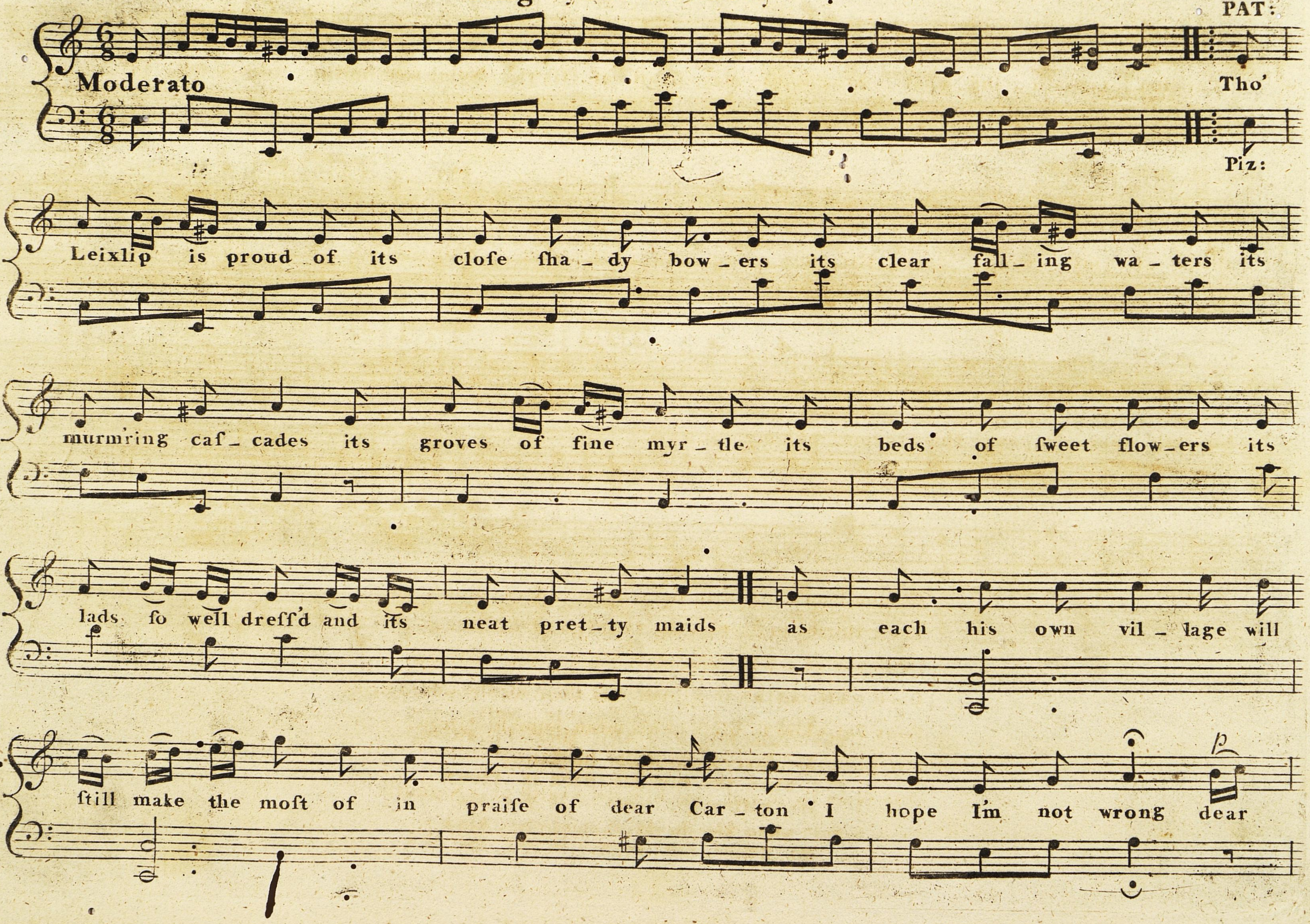


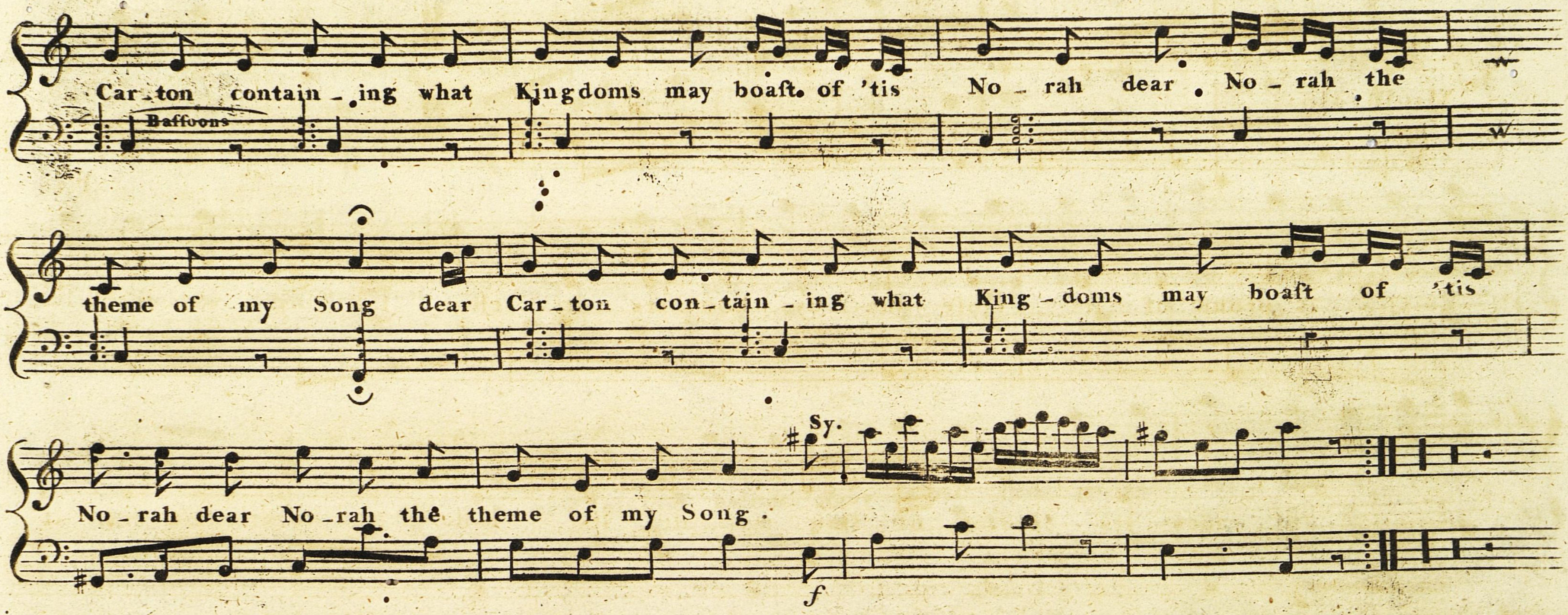
Sung by Mr Bannister.



The Lark that soaring cleaves the Skies,
Low builds her humble Nest;
The rambling Boy that find the Prize,
Is sure supremely blest.
For when the tuneful Bird is flown
He hastes, and markes it for his own.
For when the tuneful Bird is flown
He hastes, and markes it for his own.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy.

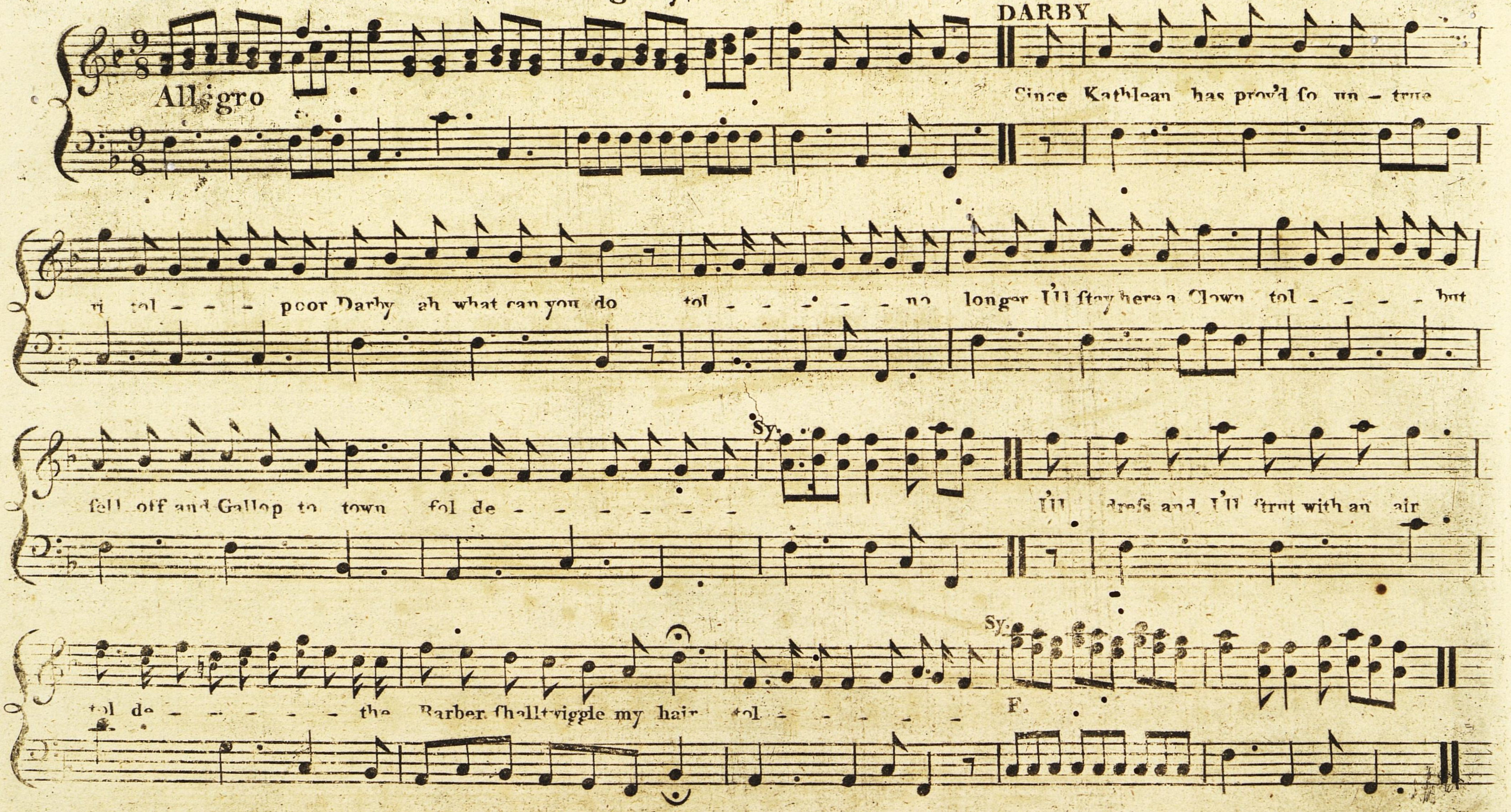




2

Be gentlemen fine, with their ſpurs and nice boots on,
Their Horſes to ſtart on the Curragh of Kildare;
Or dance at a Ball, with their Sunday new ſuits on,
Lac'd waiſtcoat, white gloves, and their nice powder'd hair:
Poor Pat, while ſo bleſt in his mean, humble ſtation,
For gold, or for acres he never ſhall long;
One ſweet ſmile can give him the wealth of a Nation,
From Norah, dear Norah, the theme of my Song.

Sung by Mr Edwin.



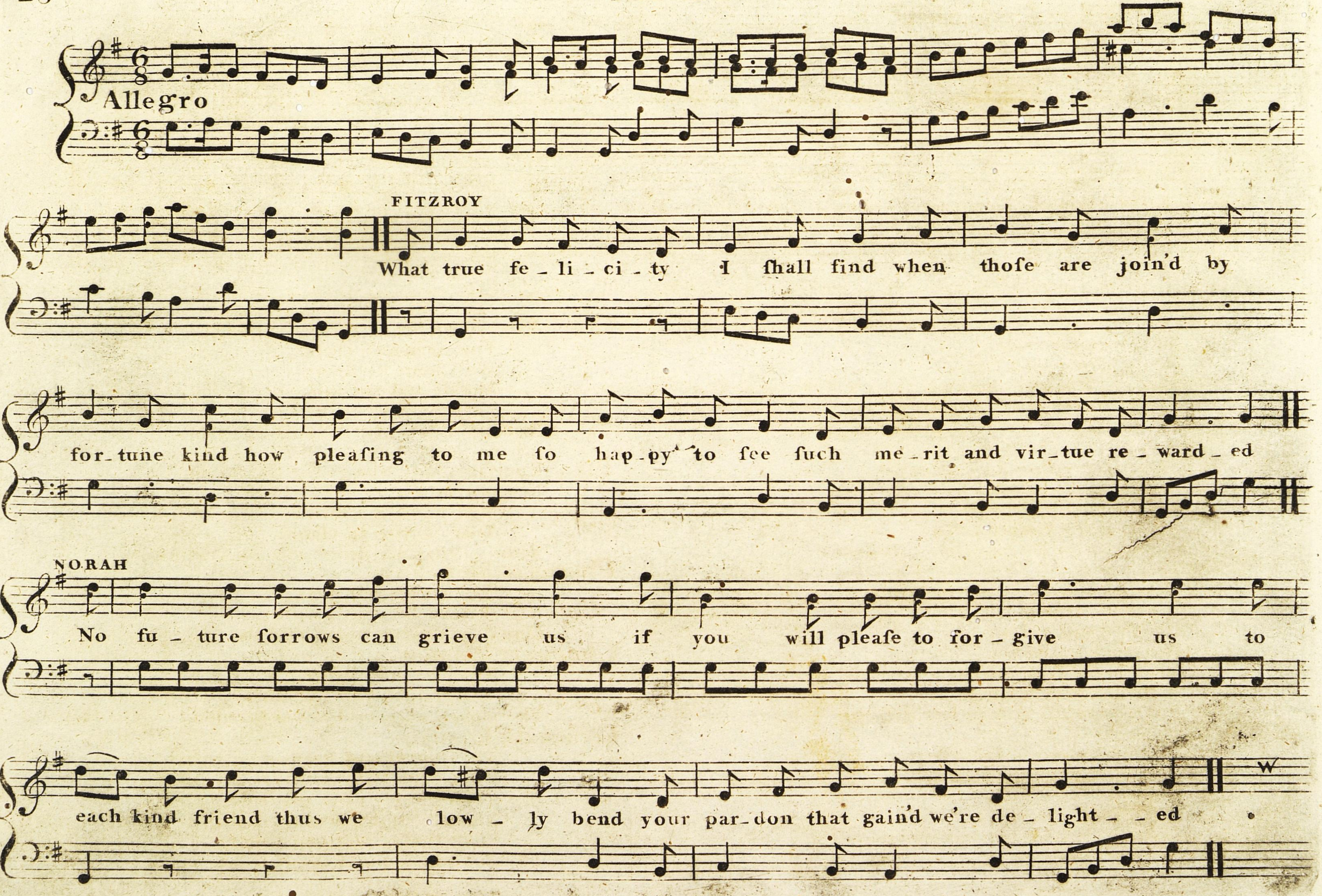
2

In town I ſhall cut a great daſh;
But how for to compaſs the caſh.
At gaming, perhaps I may win,
With cards I can take the flats in,
Or trundle falſe dice and they're nick'd;
If found out, I ſhall only be kick'd.

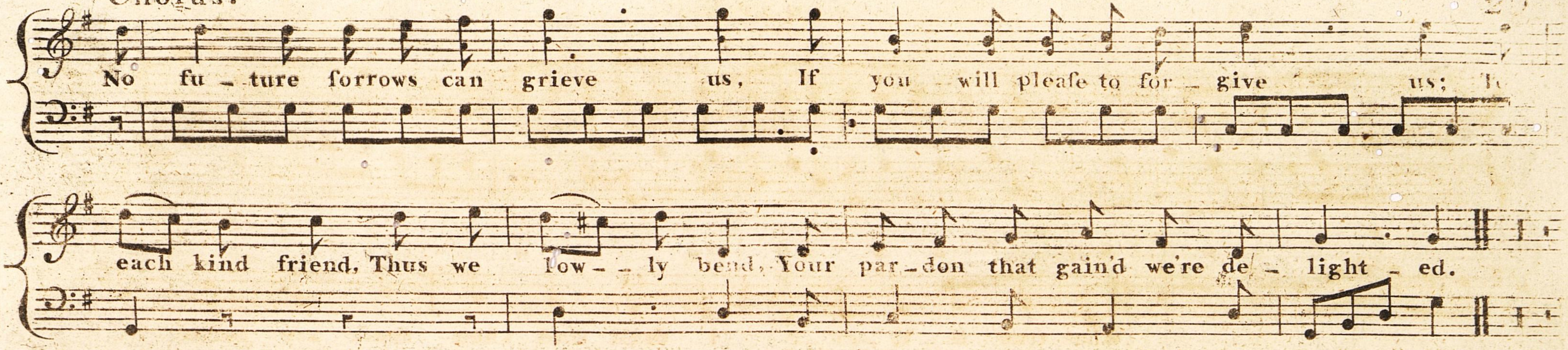
3

But firſt for to get a great name,
A duel eſtabliſh my fame;
To my man then a challenge I'll write,
But firſt I'll be ſure he won't fight.
We'll ſwear not to part 'till we fall,
Then ſhoot with out powder, and the devil a ball.

FINALE


Allegro
FITZROY
What true fe_li_ci_ty I ſhall find when thoſe are join'd by
for_tune kind how pleaſing to me ſo hap_py to ſee ſuch me_rit and vir_tue re_ward_ed
NORAH
No fu_ture ſorrows can grieve us if you will pleaſe to for_give us to
each kind friend thus we low_ly bend your par_don that gain'd we're de_light_ed
W

Chorus.



Pat: With my Commiſſion, yet deareſt life;
My charming wife,
When drum and fife,
Shall beat up to arms,
The plunder your charms:
In love your poor Soldier you'll find me.

Kath: This love my wiſhes has granted,
I get the dear lad that I wanted;
Leſs pleaſ'd with a Duke,
When good Father Luke;
To my own little Dermot has Join'd me.

Cho.s This love &c:

Dar: You impudent huſſey, (Dermot frowns)
A pretty rate,
Of love you prate;
But hark ye Kate,
Your little dear lad;
Will find that his pad
Has got a nice — kick in her gallop.

Father Luke.
Now Darby upon my Salvation,
You merit excommunication;
In love but agree,
And ſhortly you'll ſee;
In marriage I'll ſoon tie you all up.

Cho.s Now Darby &c:

Der: The devil a bit o' me cares a bean,
For neat and clean,
We'll both be ſeen;
Myſelf and my laſs,
Next Sunday at maſs;
And there we'll be coupled for ever.

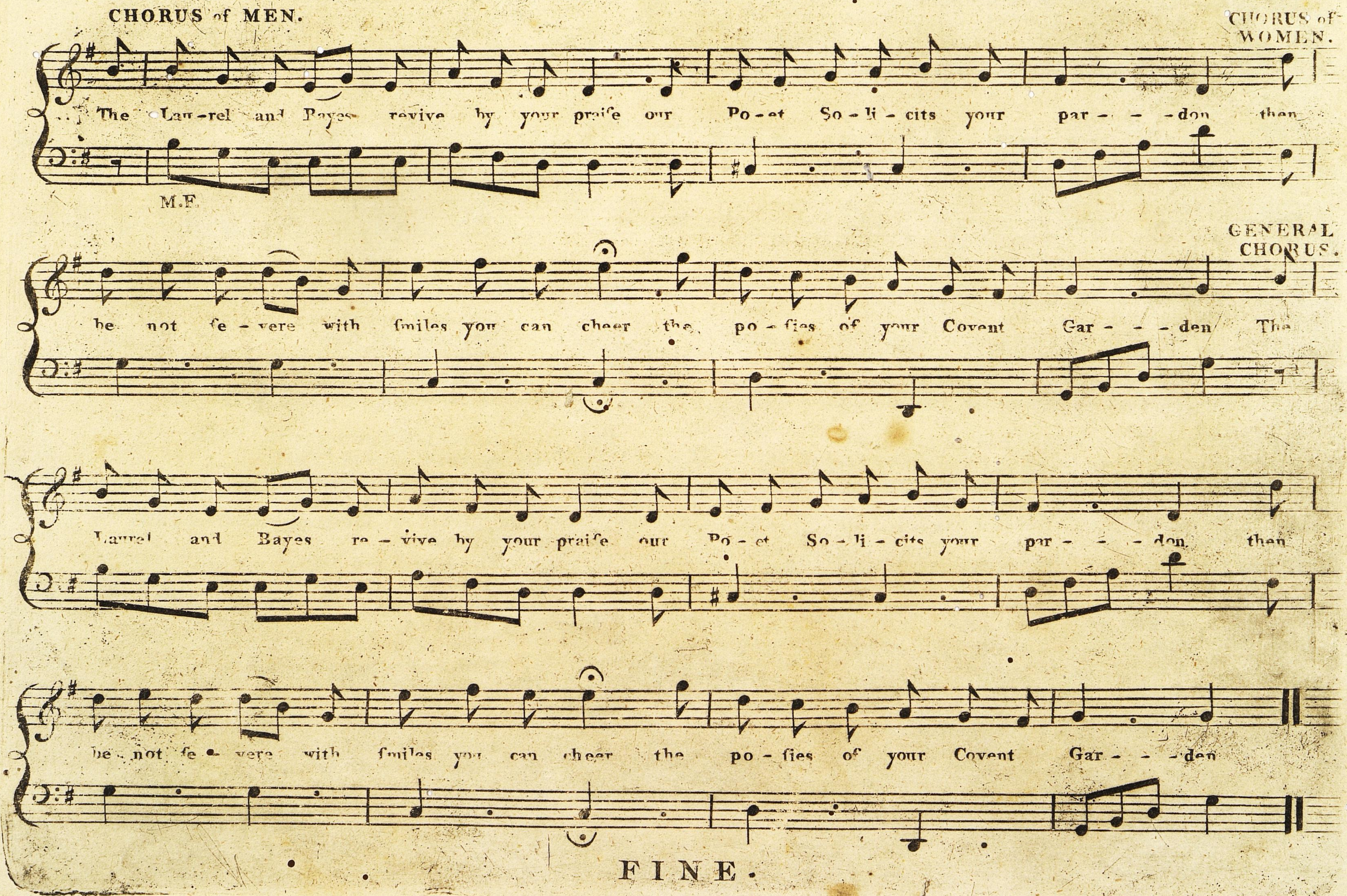
Pat: The laurel I've won in the field, Sir;
Yet now in a garden I yield, Sir;
Nor think it a ſhame,
Your mercy to claim;
Your mercy's my ſword and my ſhield, Sir.

Chorus of Men.
The laurel and bays,
Revive by your praiſe;
Our Poet ſolicits your pardon.

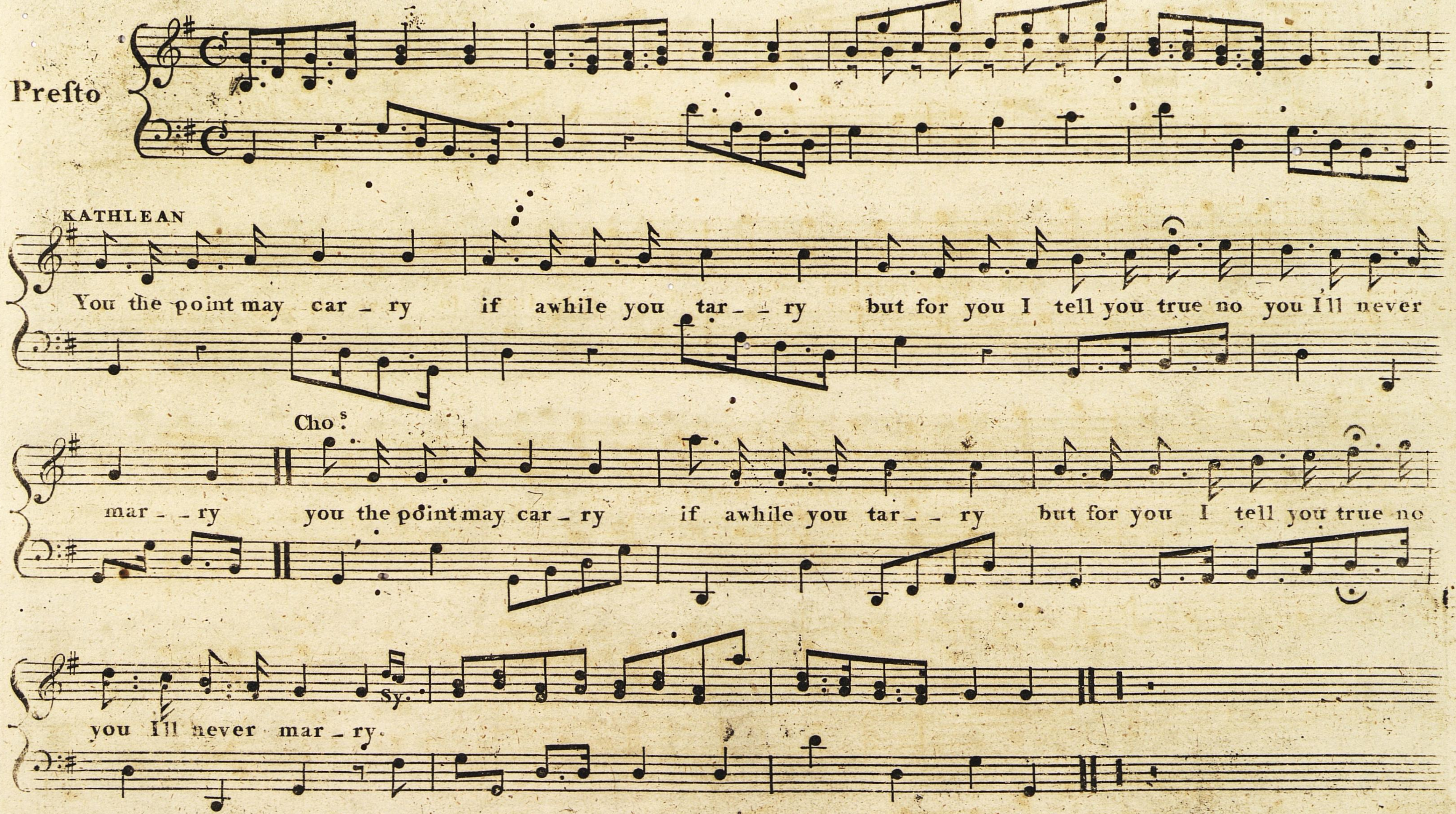
Chorus of Women.
Then be not ſevere,
With ſmiles you can cheer;
The poſies of your Covent Garden.

General Chorus.
The laurel and bays,
Revive by your praiſe;
Our Poet ſolicits your pardon:
Then be not ſevere,
With ſmiles you can cheer;
The poſies of your Covent Garden.

The Muſic on Page, 30.


CHORUS of MEN.
CHORUS of WOMEN.
The Lau-rel and Bayes re-vive by your praiſe our Po-et So-li-cits your par- - -don then
M.F.
GENERAL CHORUS.
be not ſe-vere with ſmiles you can cheer the po-ſies of your Covent Gar- - -den The
Laurel and Bayes re-vive by your praiſe our Po-et So-li-cits your par- - -don then
be not ſe-vere with ſmiles you can cheer the po-ſies of your Covent Gar- - -den
FINE.

Quartetto Katlean, Dermot, Fa! Luke, and Darby.



Care our souls disowning,
Punch our sorrows drowning,
Laugh and love
And ever prove
Joys our wishes crowning.
Cho^s. Care our &c:

To the Church I'll hand her,
Then thro' the world I'll wander,
I'll sob and sigh
Until I die
A poor forsaken gander.
Cho^s. To the Church &c:

Each pious priest since Moses,
One mighty truth discloses,
You're never vext
If this his text
Go fuddle all your noses.
Cho^s. Each pious &c:

TROIS SONATES

POUR LE FORTEPIANO ET VIOLON OBLIGÉ

composées et dédiées

à

Mons. J. Partisch

Docteur en Droits Avocat de la Cour et de la Justice à Vienne

par

F. A. HOFFMEISTER.

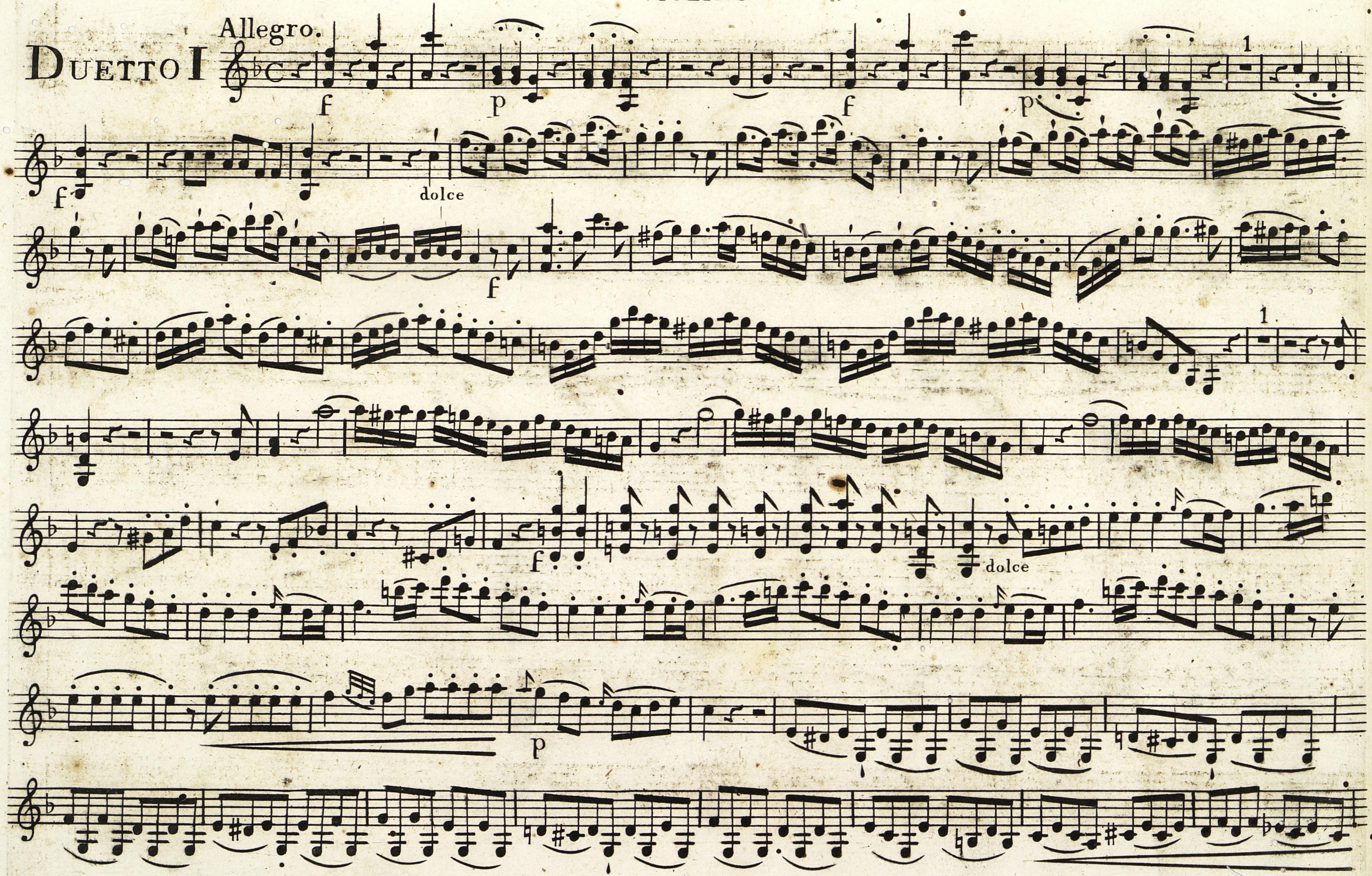
Oeuvre IX pour Clavecin

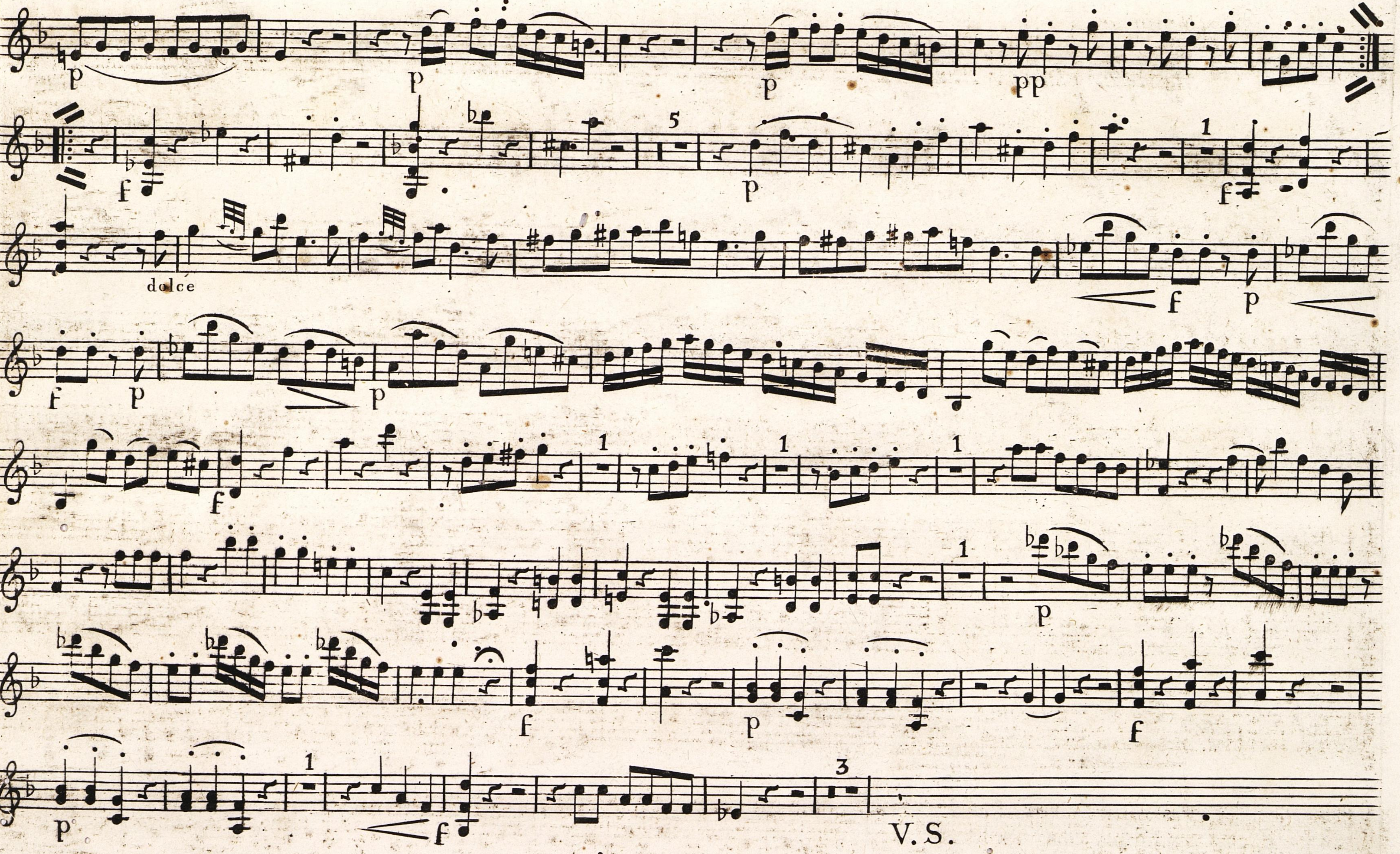
à Vienne chez Hoffmeister & Comp.
à Leipsic, au Bureau de Musique.

No. 8.

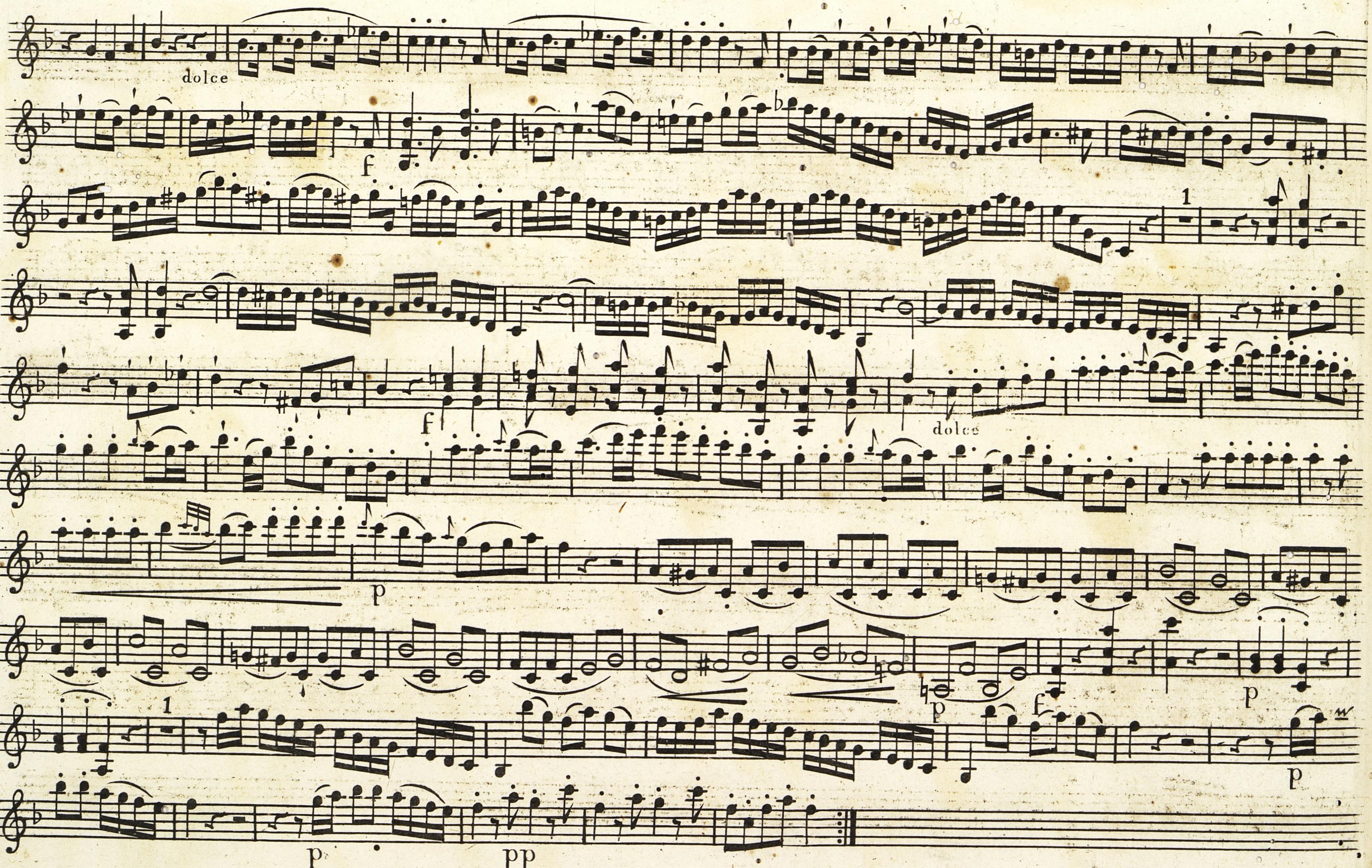
Pr. 2. Rthlr. 12. Ggr.

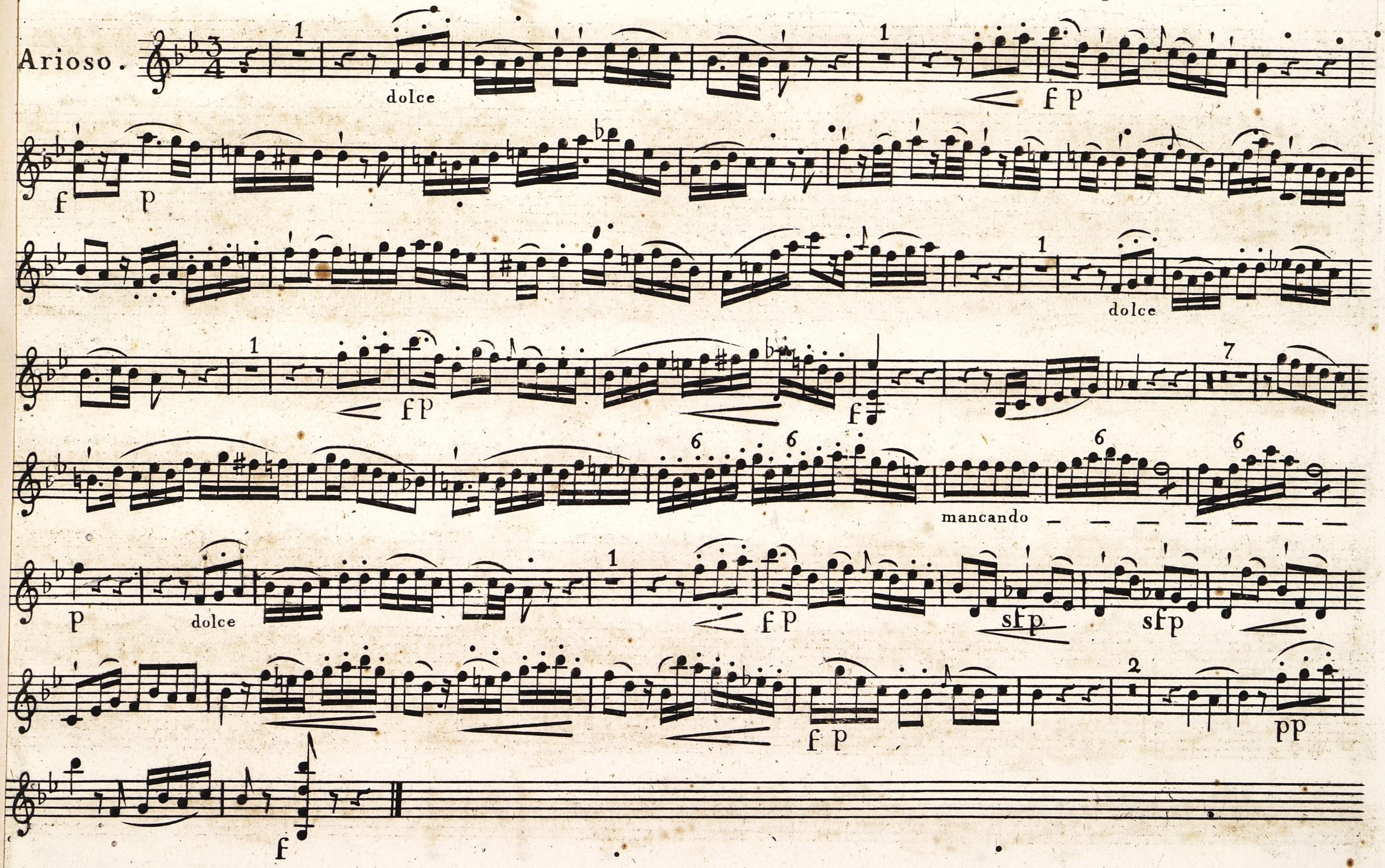
DUETTO I

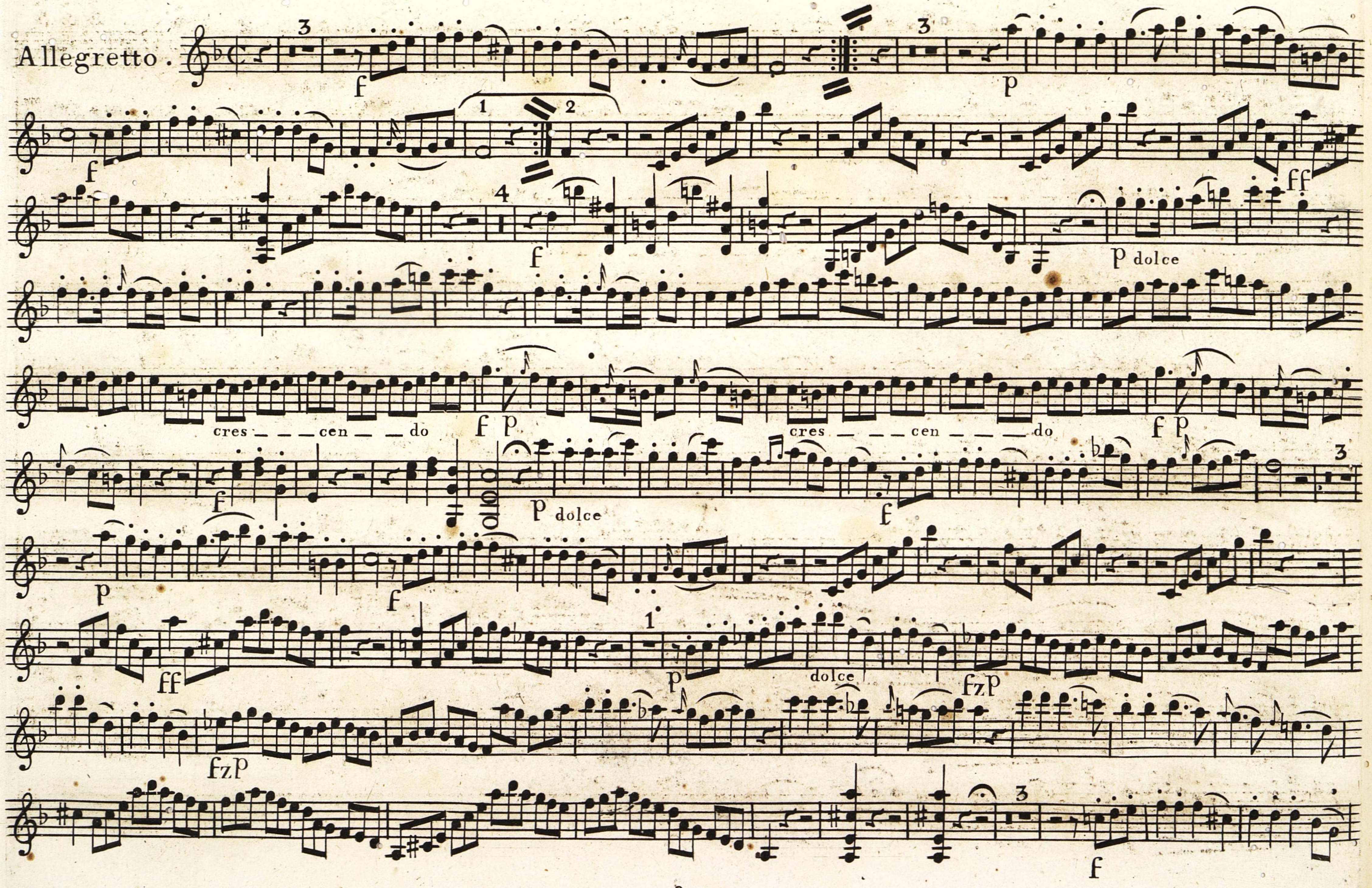


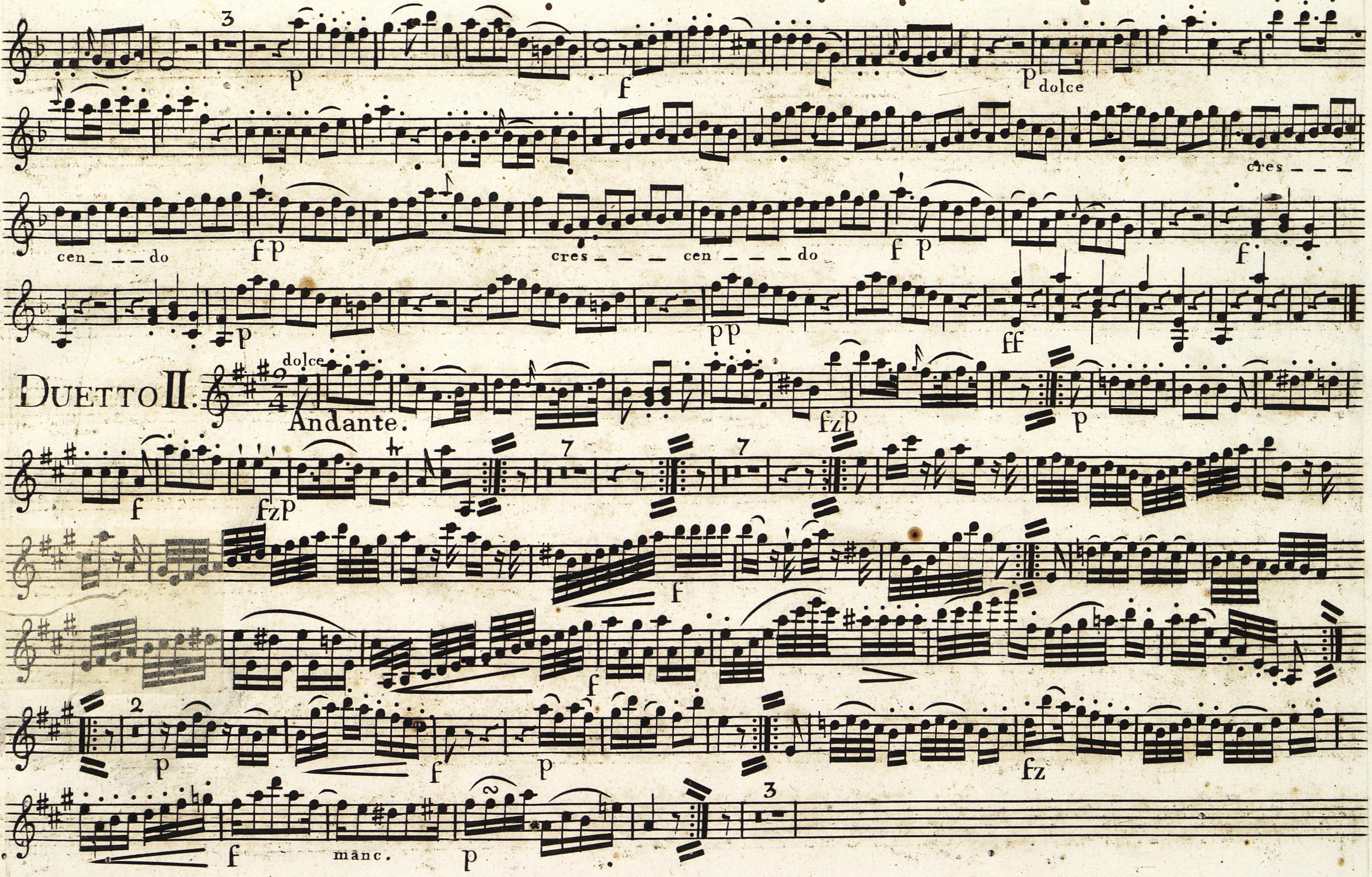

dolce
V.S.

VIOLINO

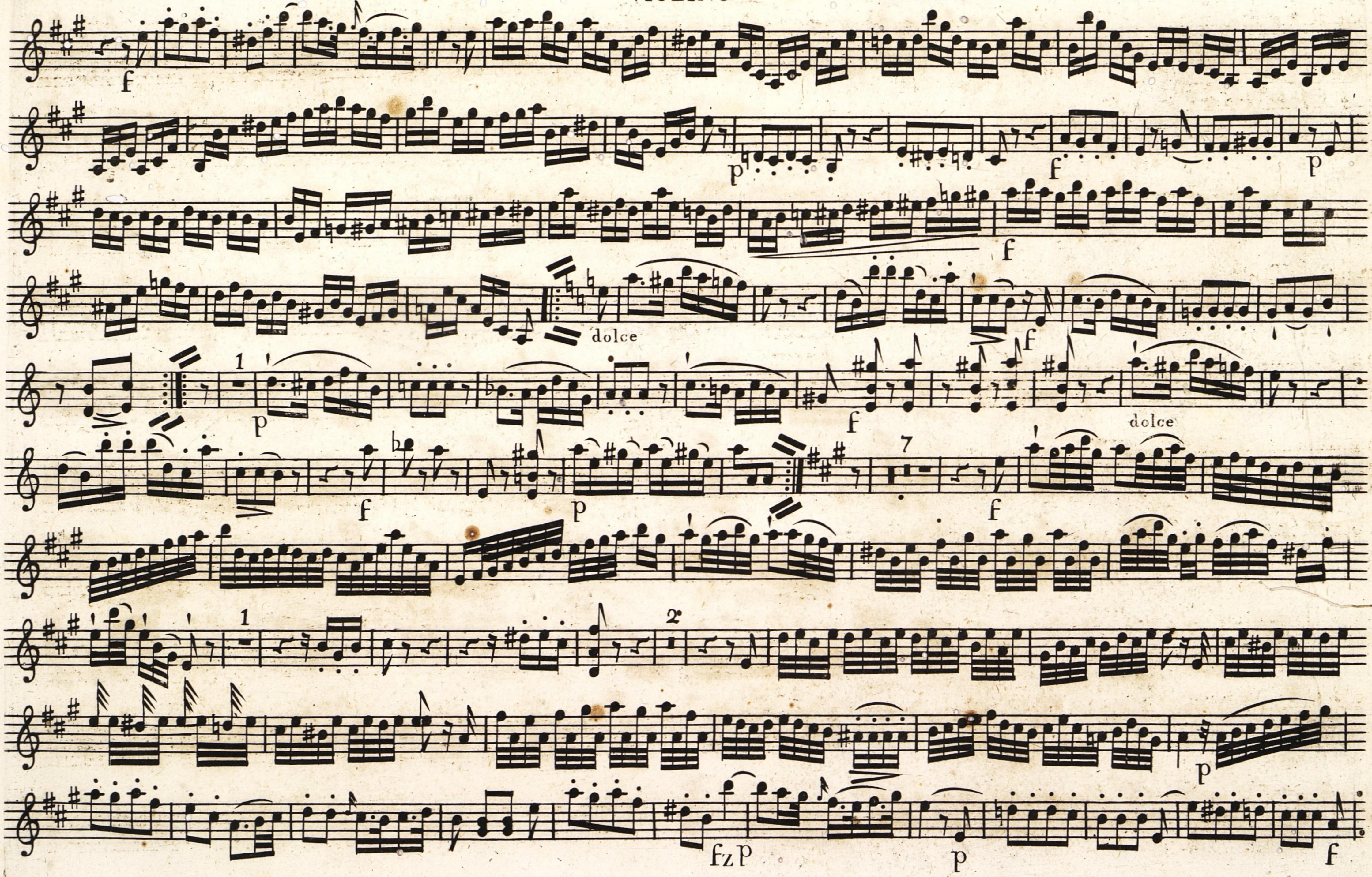


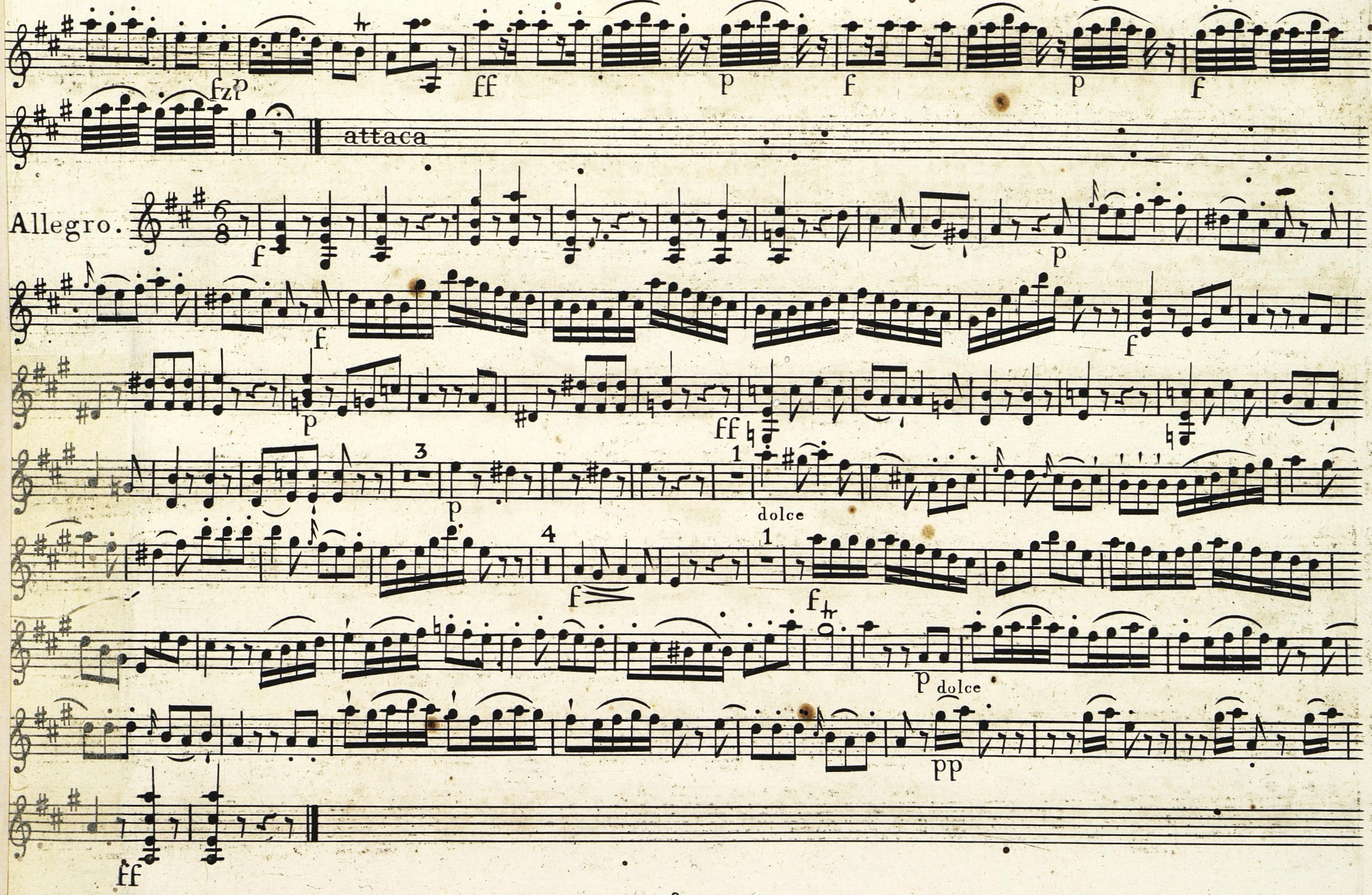

Arioso.
dolce
fp
f
p
dolce
fp
f
mancando
p
dolce
fp
sfp
sfp
fp
pp
f


Allegretto
cres
cen
do
p dolce
dolce
fzp
ff

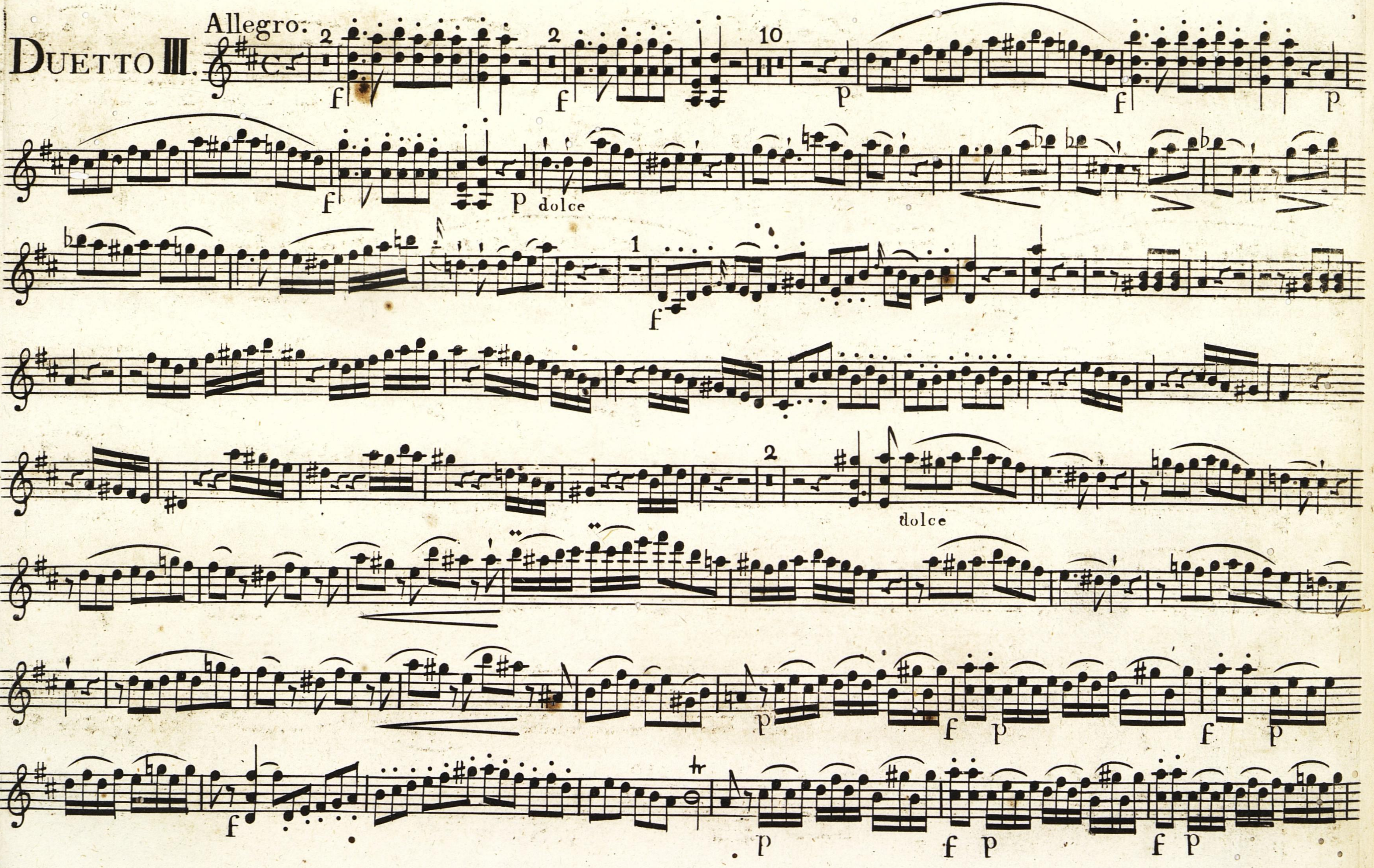

p
f
p dolce
cres
cen do
fp
cres cen do
f p
f
p
pp
ff
DUETTO II.
dolce
Andante.
fzp
p
f
fzp
f
f
p
f
p
fz
f
manc.
p

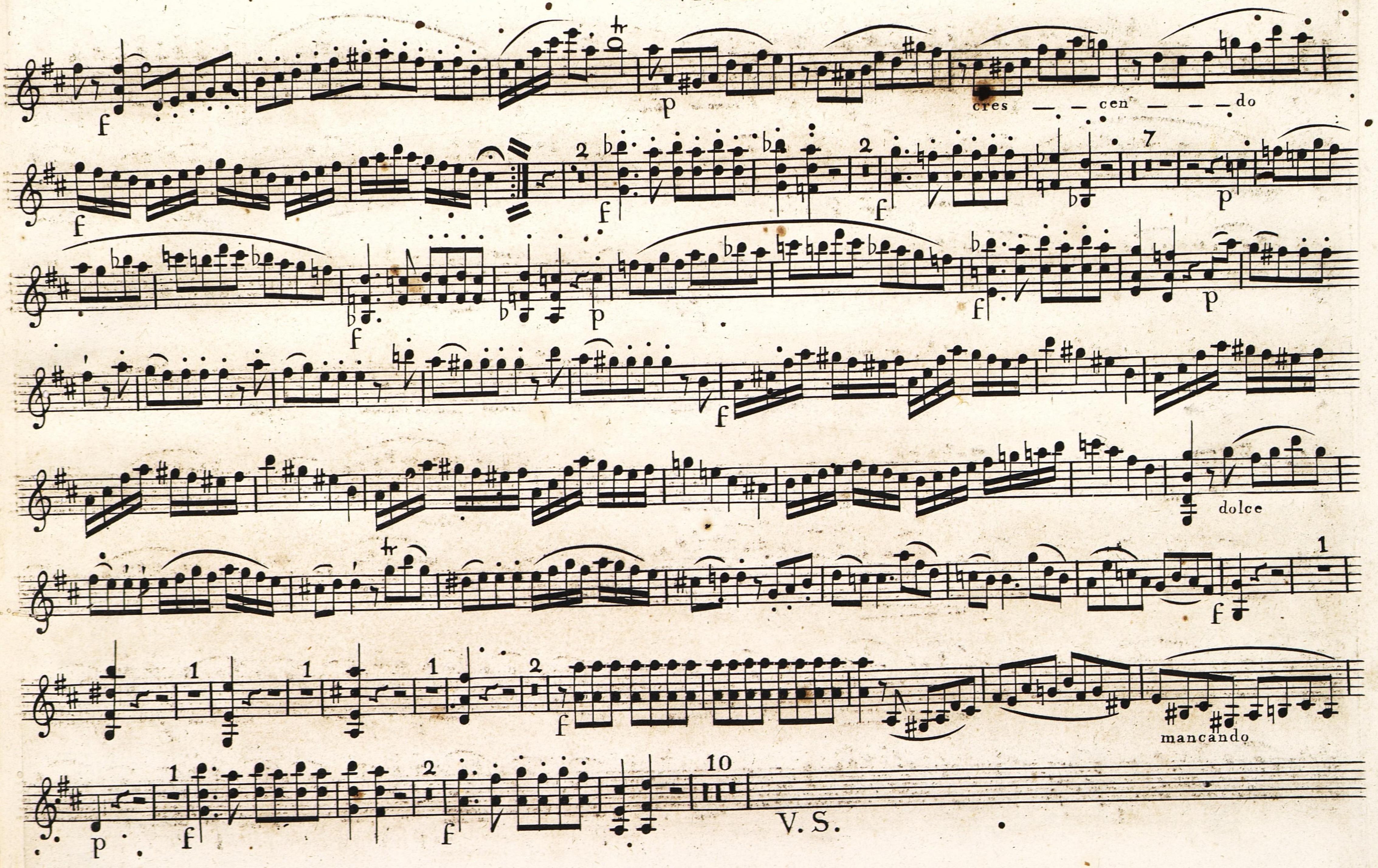
VIOLINO

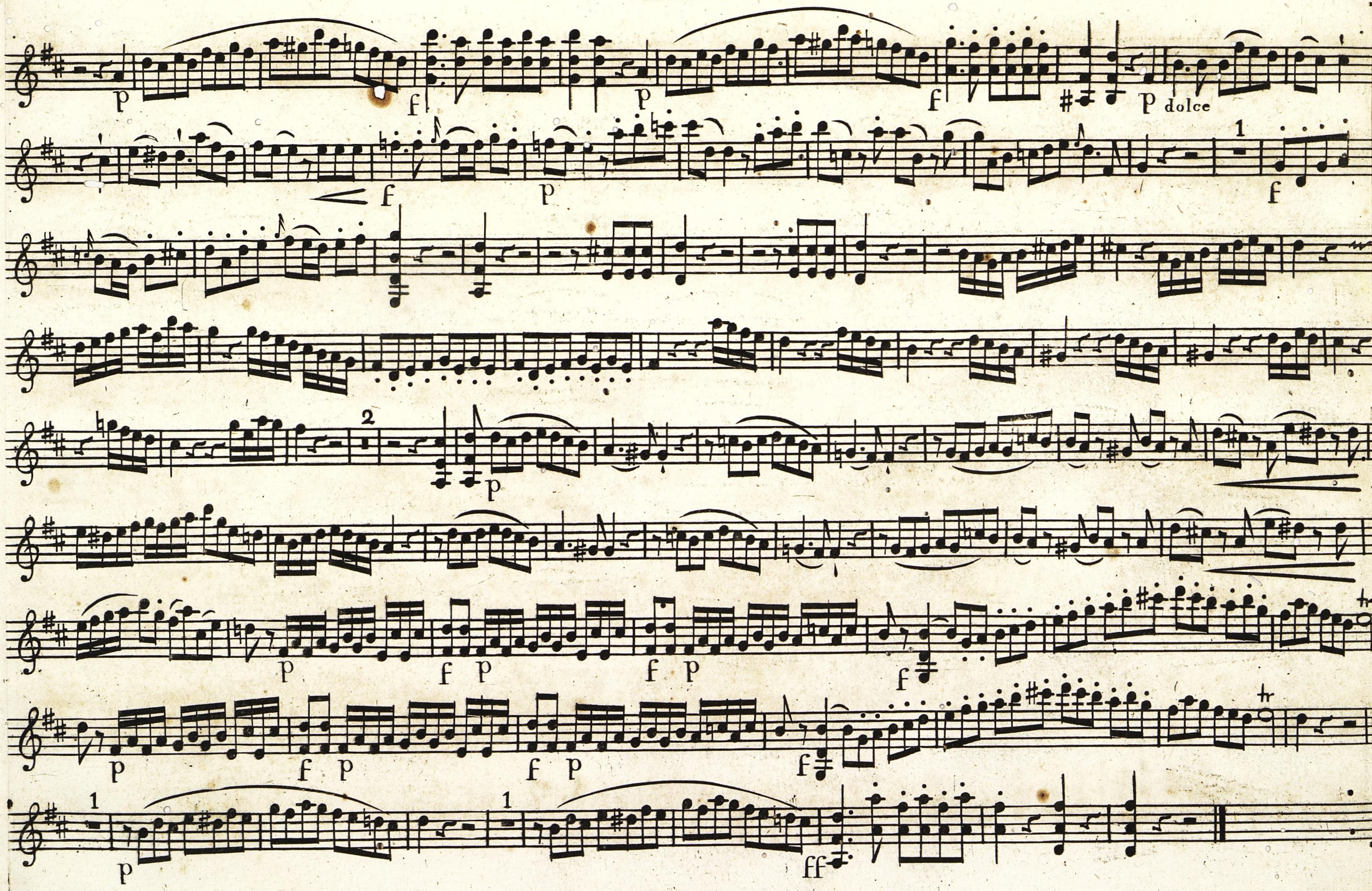


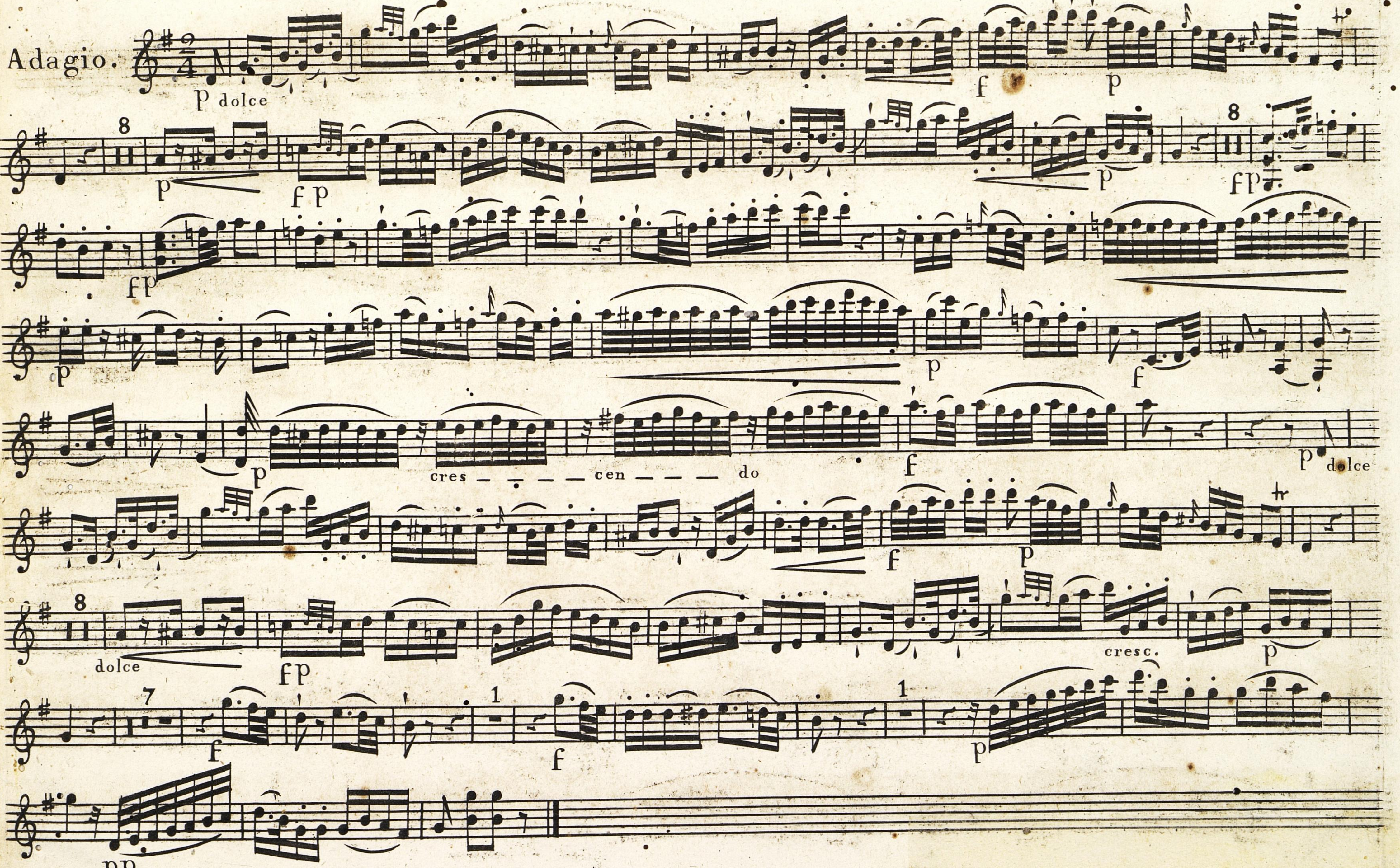

fzp
ff
p
f
p
f
attaca
Allegro.
f
p
f
f
p
ff
p
dolce
f
f
p dolce
pp
ff

DUETTO III.

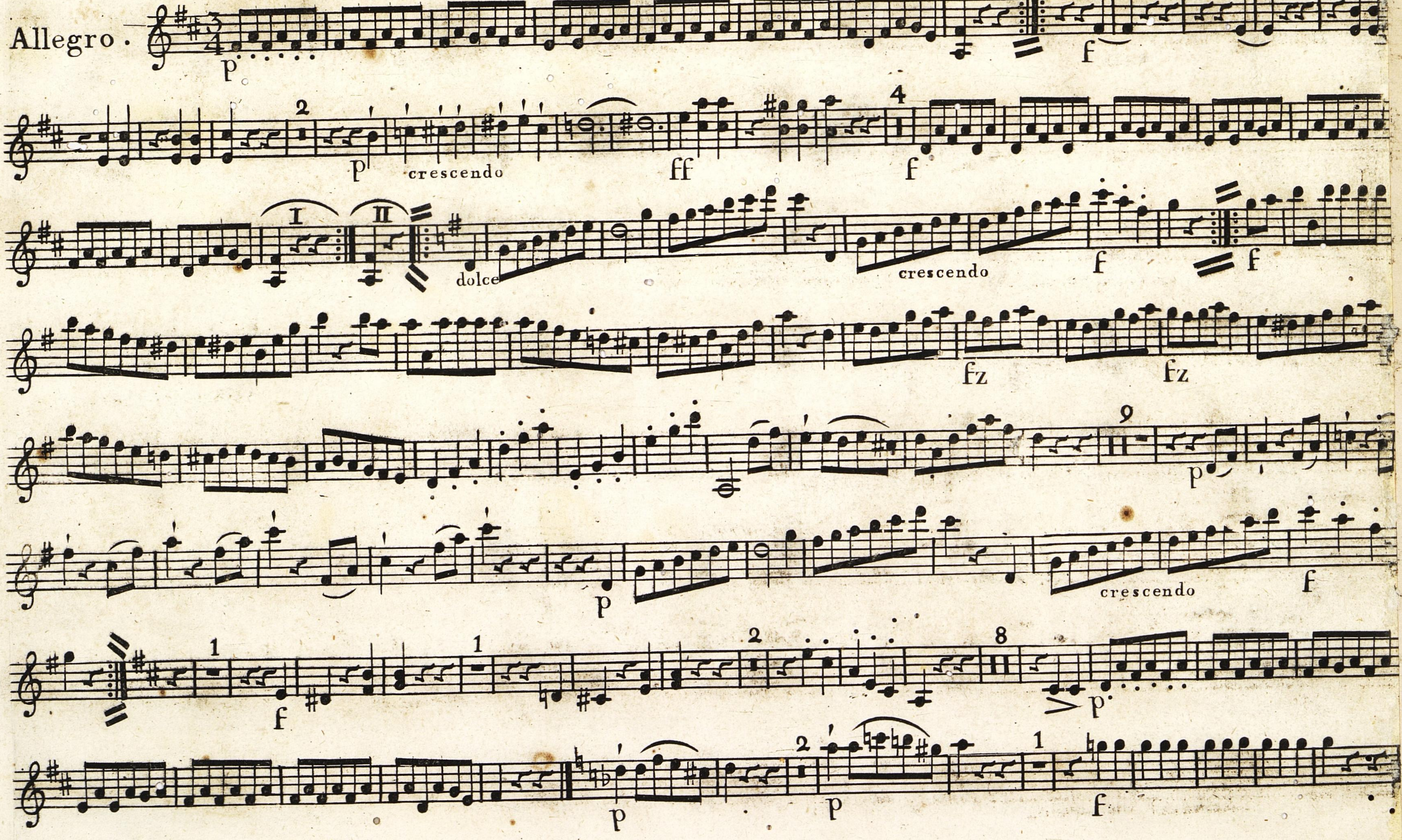


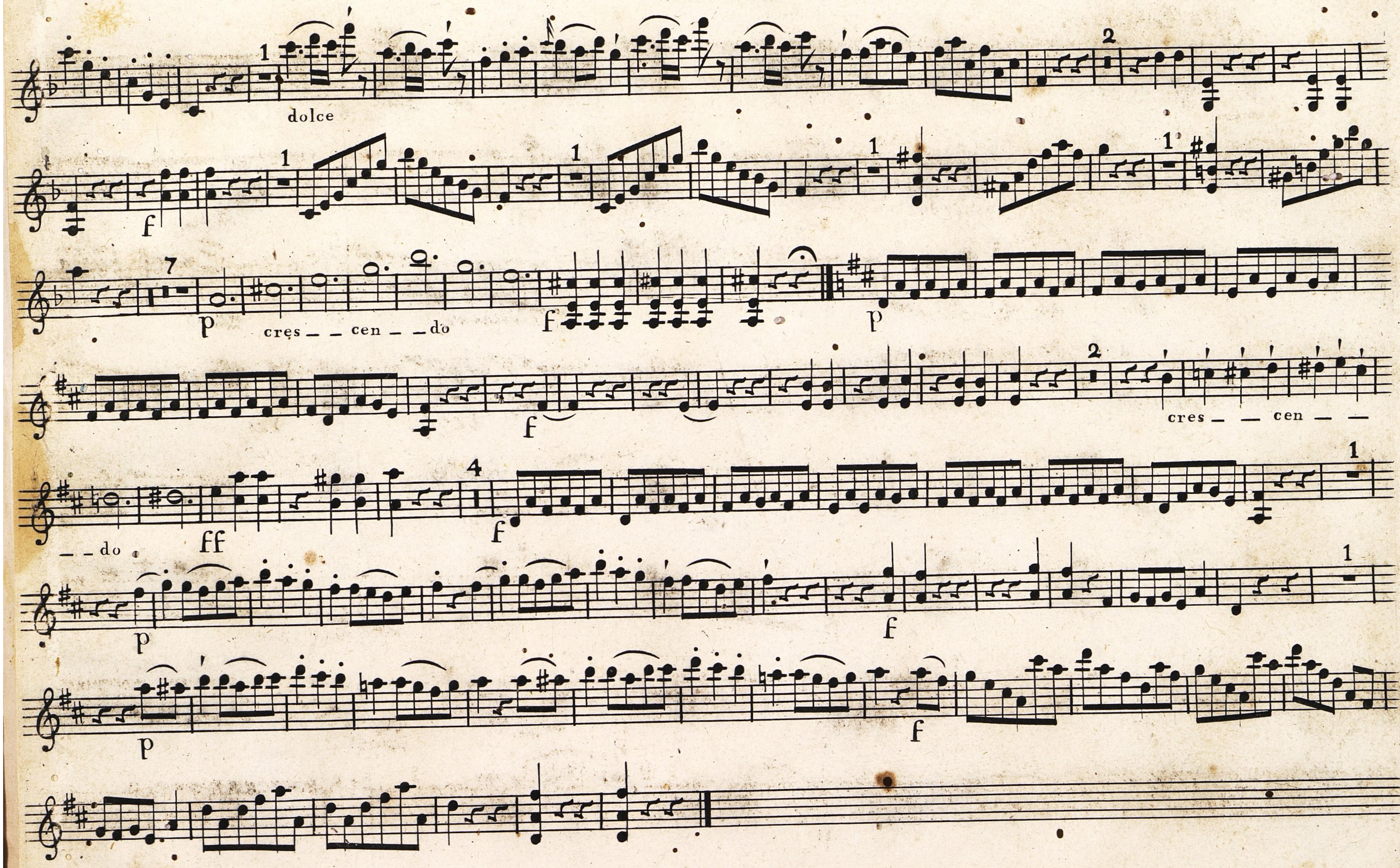

cres
cen
do
dolce
mancando
V.S.


p dolce


Adagio.
p dolce
f
p
fp
fp
fp
p
p
f
p
cres
cen
do
f
p dolce
f
p
dolce
fp
cresc.
p
f
f
p
pp.

Alla Tedesco.




dolce
cres _ _ cen _ _ do
cres _ _ cen _ _
_ _ do